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MEDULLA

POETARUM ROMANORUM:

OR, THE

Moſt Beautiful and Inſtructive

PASSAGES

OF THE

ROMAN POETS.

BEING A

COLLECTION,

(Diſpoſed under proper HEADS,)

Of ſuch DESCRIPTIONS, ALLUSIONS, COMPARISONS, CHARACTERS, and SENTIMENTS, as may beſt ſerve to ſhew the RELIGION, LEARNING, POLITICKS, ARTS, CUSTOMS, OPINIONS, MANNERS, and CIRCUMSTANCES of the ANTIENTS.

WITH

TRANSLATIONS of the ſame in ENGLISH VERSE.

By Mr. HENRY BAKER.

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REX. Vide Admonitio Principi. Potentia. Tyrannus.

TU quicunque es, qui Sceptra tenes,
Licet omne tua vulgus in aula
Centum pariter limina pulſet:
Cum tot populis ſtipatus eas,
In tot populis vix una fides.

Tenet auratum limen Erinnys,
Et cum magnæ patuere fores,
Intrant fraudes, cautique doli,
Ferrumque latens.—Cumque in populos
Prodire parant, comes invidia eſt.
Noctem quoties ſummovet Eos,
Regem toties credite naſci.

Pauci Reges, non Regna colunt:
Plures fulgor convocat aulæ.——

Sen. Herc. Œt.

Neſcitis

THE

Moſt Beautiful and Inſtructive

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ROMAN POETS.

KING. See Advice to a Prince. Greatneſs. Tyrant.

HOwever great, whoe'er you are,
That Earth's imperial Scepters bear,
Tho' thouſands in your Palace wait,
And crowd your hundred Rooms of State:
Of all the Slaves that cringe around,
Scarce ev'n in one can Truth be found.
The Furies in proud Domes reſide,
And thro' the Doors extended wide
Steal covert Fraud, and cautious Guile,
The dark Deſign, the treach'rous Smile,
And Dagger hid:—in Publick go,
Envy attends the pompous Show:
Each Night outliv'd, each riſing Morn,
To Life renew'd, the Prince is born.
How few that wait around the Throne,
It's Welfare ſeek, and not their own!
What Numbers to the Courts of Kings,
Or Av'rice, or Ambition brings!—— *Ward.*

BASIA.

Neſcitis cupidi arcium,
Regnum quo jaceat loco.
Regem non faciunt opes,
Non veſtis Tyriæ color,
Non frontis nota regiæ,
Non auro nitidæ trabes.
Rex eſt, qui poſuit metus,
Et diri mala Pectoris:
Quem non ambitio impotens,
Et numquam ſtabilis favor
Vulgi præcipitis movet.—— *Sen. Thyeſtes.*
Nil ullis opus eſt equis,
Nil armis, & inertibus
Telis, quæ procul ingerit
Parthus.——————
Rex eſt, qui metuit nihil.
Rex eſt, quique nihil cupit.
Hoc regnum ſibi quiſque dat.—— *Ibid.*

Sed piger ad pœnas Princeps, ad præmia velox:
Quique dolet quoties cogitur eſſe ferox.——
Claud.

——————Hoc Reges habent
Magnificum & ingens, nulla quod rapiat dies,
Prodeſſe miſeris, ſupplices fido lare
Protegere.—————— *Senec. Med.*

——At pueri ludentes, Rex eris, aiunt,
Si rectè facies.—————— *Hor.* Lib. I. Epiſt. 1.

Fallitur, egregio quiſquis ſub Principe credit
Servitium: nunquam Libertas gratior exſtat,
Quàm ſub Rege pio.——————
Claud. Stil. Lib. III.

BASIA.

VIvamus, mea Leſbia, atque amemus,
Rumoréſque ſenum ſeveriorum
Omnes unius æſtimemus aſſis.

Soles

Give Ear, ambitious Princes! and be wiſe:
Liſten, and learn wherein true Greatneſs lies:
Place not your Pride in Roofs that ſhine with Gems,
In purple Robes, nor ſparkling Diadems,
Nor in Dominion, nor Extent of Land;
He's only Great who can himſelf command.
Whoſe Guard is peaceful Innocence, whoſe Guide
Is faithful Reaſon, who is void of Pride,
Checking Ambition, nor is idly vain
Of the falſe Incenſe of a popular Train.—*Ld. Lanſdowne.*

What need of Troops, or Inſtruments of War,
Or *Parthian* Arrows which deſtroy from far?
Who Lord of his own Hopes and Fears can be,
The greateſt King and Conqueror is He:
Bleſt with a Power which he derives from none,
He's Great, and Happy, in Himſelf alone.— *Id.* alter'd.

Quick to reward a King ſhould always be,
To puniſh ſlow: and griev'd whenever He
By Juſtice is compell'd to uſe Severity.——
This great, this godlike Happineſs have Kings,
A Happineſs which never can be loſt:
To ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd, and grant to Thoſe
Who ſue for Safety their protecting Pow'r.——
Ev'n Boys at Play to one another cry,
Thou ſhalt be King, if Thou wilt govern right.——
He's much deceiv'd, who thinks a worthy King
Can ever aim at arbitrary Sway:
For Liberty ne'er flouriſhes ſo well
As under a good Prince.——

KISSES.

LET's live, my deareſt *Leſbia!* and love,
The little Time that Nature lends, improve:
In Love and Pleaſure let us ſpend the Day,
Nor care one Farthing what old Dotards ſay!

Soles occidere, & redire poſſunt:
Nobis, quum ſemel occidit brevis lux,
Nox eſt perpetua una dormienda.
Da mi baſia mille, deinde centum,
Dein mille altera, deinde ſecunda centum,
Dein uſque altera mille, deinde centum.
Dein quum millia multa fecerimus,
Conturbabimus illa, ne ſciamus:
Aut ne quis malus invidere poſſit,
Quum tantum ſciat eſſe baſiorum.——

Catull. Carm. V.

Quæris, quot mihi baſiationes
Tuæ, Leſbia, ſint ſatis, ſuperque?
Quam magnus numerus Lybiſſæ arenæ
Laſerpiciferis jacet Cyrenis
Oraculum Jovis inter æſtuoſi,
Et Batti veteris ſacrum Sepulcrum:
Aut quam ſidera multa, quum tacet nox,
Furtivos hominum vident amores:
Tam te baſia multa baſiare
Veſano ſatis, & ſuper Catullo eſt,
Quæ nec pernumerare curioſi
Poſſint, nec mala faſcinare lingua.——

Catull. Carm. VII.

NOSCE TEIPSUM.

——E Cœlo deſcendit, γνῶθι σεαυτὸν,
Figendum, & memori tractandum pectore.—
Juv. Sat. XI.
——Nec te quæſiveris extra.—— *Perſ.* Sat. I.

——Seu tu magno diſcrimine cauſam
Protegere affectas, te conſule, dic tibi quis ſis;

Orator

The Sun may riſe again when once 'tis ſet,
Its uſual Labour, and old Courſe repeat:
But when our Day is once depriv'd of Light,
Sleep is our Portion, and eternal Night.
A thouſand Kiſſes give: an hundred more:
Another thouſand, *Leſbia!* I implore:
Another hundred quickly add to theſe:
Another thouſand inſtant let me ſeize:
And when repeated thouſands num'rous grow,
We'll kiſs at random, nor pretend to know
How many you have lent, or what I owe.
Leſt wicked Envy ſhould attempt to ſay,
How many thouſands we have kiſs'd away.— *Anon.* alt.

Want you to know how many Kiſſes
Would ſatisfy my boundleſs Wiſhes?
Not fewer than the *Lybian* Sands
Spread o'er the parch'd *Cyrene's* Lands,
Between *Jove's* Temple and the Fane
Where *Battus'* ſacred Bones remain:
Not fewer than the Stars above,
Which ſee by Night Men's ſtolen Love.
So many Kiſſes would I give,
(Who now for Want of Kiſſes grieve,)
As ſhould in Number far ſurmount,
All that Arithmetic can count.
Nor all the Force of magic Art,
My Lips from yours ſhould ever part.— *Anon.* alter'd.

KNOW THYSELF.

FRom Heav'n, to Mortals, ſure, that Rule was ſent,
Of *Know Thyſelf:* and, by ſome God, was meant,
To be our never-erring Pilot here,
Thro' all the various Courſes which we ſteer.— *Congreve.*

Seek not Thyſelf without Thyſelf to find.——
E'er Thou attempt weak Cauſes to ſupport,
Be ſure, be very ſure, Thou'rt able for't;

Orator vehemens, an Curtius, an Matho: buccæ
Noſcenda eſt menſura tuæ; ſpectandaque rebus
In ſummis, minimiſque.——————

Juv. Sat. XI.

Tecum habita, ut noris, quàm ſit tibi curta ſupellex.—

Perſ. Sat IV.

Stat contrà Ratio, & ſecretam garrit in aurem,
Ne liceat facere id, quod quis vitiabit agendo.
Diluis helleborum, certo compeſcere puncto
Neſcius examen? vetat hoc natura medendi.
Navem ſi poſcat ſibi peronatus arator
Luciferi rudis, exclamat Melicerta periſſe
Frontem de rebus.——————————

Perſ. Sat. V.

——Nemo in ſeſe tentat deſcendere, nemo:
Sed præcedenti ſpectatur mantica tergo!——

Perſ. Sat. IV.

——————————Teipſum
Concute, num qua tibi vitiorum inſeverit olim
Natura, aut etiam conſuetudo mala: namque
Neglectis urenda filix innaſcitur agris.——

Hor. Lib. I. Sat. III.

——————Dii voſtram fidem!
Itan' comparatam eſſe hominum naturam omnium,
Aliena ut meliùs videant, & dijudicent
Quàm ſua?————————— *Teren. Heaut.*

LABOR. Vide APES. INDUSTRIA.

PRO pretio labor eſt: nec ſunt immunia tanta.
—Niſi perfoſſis fugiet te montibus aurum,
Rurſus & in magna mergis caligine mentem,
Obſtabítque ſuis opibus ſuperaddita tellus.

And don't miſtake ſtrong Lungs, and Impudence,
For Harmony of Words, and Force of Senſe.
Fools only make Attempts beyond their Skill:
A wiſe Man's Pow'r's the Limits of his Will.—*Creech* alt.

Thyſelf conſider well, that Thou may'ſt find,
How much there wants to furniſh out thy Mind.——
Sound Reaſon ſtill is whiſpering in your Ear,
Where you are ſure to fail, th' Attempt forbear.
Unſkill'd in *Hellebore*, if You ſhould try,
To mix it, and miſtake the Quantity,
The Rules of Phiſic would againſt You cry.
The high-ſhoo'd Plowman, ſhould he quit the Land,
To take the Pilot's Rudder in his Hand,
Artleſs of Stars, and of the ſhifting Sand;
The Gods would leave him to the Waves and Wind,
And think all Shame was loſt in Humankind.——*Dryd.*

None, none deſcends into himſelf, to find
The ſecret Imperfections of his Mind:
But ev'ry one is Eagle-ey'd to ſee
Another's Failings and Deformity.—— *Id.*

Thy Breaſt examine with ſevereſt Care,
And find what Vices are prevailing there,
What Nature plants, and what ill Cuſtoms bear.
This Search is good, for a neglected Field
Or Thorns, or uſeleſs Fern, will quickly yield.—*Creech* alt.

Bleſs me! what an odd Compoſition Men are of! that they ſhould ſee farther, and judge better, of other People's Affairs than their own!

LABOUR. See BEES. INDUSTRY.

ALL noble Things are difficult to gain,
And without Labour none can them attain.
Is Gold thy Aim? what mighty Pains attend?
Mountains are level'd, and the Mines deſcend
To Earth's deep Center: tho' ſhe hides her Store,
We tare her up, and reach the hidden Ore.

For

Ut veniant gemmæ, totus tranſibitur orbis:
Nec lapidum pretio pelagus cepiſſe pigebit.
Annua ſoliciti conſumant vota coloni,
Et quantæ mercedis erunt fallacia rura.
Quæremus lucrum navibus, mortémque ſequemur
In prædas.——————————
Luxuriæ quoque militia eſt, vigilátque ruinis
Venter, & ut pereant ſuſpirant ſæpe nepotes.—*Man.* Lib. IV.

Qualis apes æſtate nova per florea rura
Exercet ſub Sole labor: cum gentis adultos
Educunt fœtus, aut cum liquentia mella
Stipant, & dulci diſtendunt nectare cellas,
Aut onera accipiunt venientum, aut agmine facto
Ignavum fucos pecus à præſepibus arcent.——
Æn. Lib. I.

Ac velutí ingentem formicæ farris acervum
Cum populant, hyemis memores, tectóque reponunt;
It nigrum campis agmen, prædámque per herbas
Convectant calle anguſto: pars grandia trudunt
Obnixæ frumenta humeris: pars agmina cogunt,
Caſtigántque moras: opere omnis ſemita fervet.
Æn. IV.

LAMENTATIO. Vide DOLOR.

ERipui, fateor, leto me, & vincula rupi:—
Nec mihi jam patriam antiquam ſpes ulla videndi,
Nec dulces natos exoptatúmque parentem:
Quos illi fors ad pœnas ob noſtra repoſcent

Effugia,

For ſhining Gems we cut the burning Zone,
Such Dangers are the Purchaſe of a Stone!
The fearful Farmer makes his yearly Vow,
And Pain ſtill preſſeth the deceiving Plow.
In War no Danger's ſhunn'd, we fight for Spoil:
Ev'n lazy Luxury leads us on to Toil:
For Food and Cloths from Eaſt to Weſt we run,
And Spend-thrifts take much Pains to be undone.—*Creech* [alt.

Thus to their Toils, in early Summer, run
The cluſt'ring Bees, and labour in the Sun:
Lead forth, in Colonies, their buzzing Race,
Or work the liquid Sweets, and thicken to a Maſs.
The buſy Nation flies from Flow'r to Flow'r,
And hoards, in curious Cells, the golden Store.
A choſen Troop before the Gate attends,
Heaves off the Burdens, and relieves their Friends:
Warm at the fragant Work, in Bands, they drive
The Drone, a lazy Robber, from the Hive.—— *Pitt.*

So when the Piſmires, an induſtrious Train,
Embody'd rob ſome golden Heap of Grain,
Studious e'er ſtormy Winter frowns, to lay
Safe in their darkſom Cells the treaſur'd Prey:
In one long Track, the duſky Legions lead
Their Prize in Triumph thro' the verdant Mead.
Here bending with the Load, a panting Throng
With Force conjoyn'd heave ſome huge Grain along.
Some, laſh the Stragglers to the Taſk aſſign'd,
Some, to their Ranks, the Bands that lay behind:
They crowd the peopled Path in thick Array,
Glow at the Work, and darken all the Way.—— *Id.*

LAMENTATION. See GRIEF.

DEath, I confeſs, I 'ſcap'd, and broke my Bonds:—
And now to me, forlorn, no Hope is left
Of e'er beholding my ſweet native Soil,
Or my dear Children, or my long'd for Sire:
Whoſe forfeit Lives, perhaps, for my Eſcape,

They

Effugia, & culpam hanc miſerorum morte piabunt.——
Æn. Lib. 2.

——————Modo maxima rerum,
Tot generis natíſque potens, nuribúſque, viróque,
Nunc trahor exſul, inops, tumulis avulſa meorum,
Penelopæ munus. Quæ me data penſa trahentem
Matribus oſtendens Ithacis, Hæc Hectoris illa eſt
Clara parens: hæc eſt, dicet, Priameïa conjux.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XIII.

An gravis inceptum peragit fortuna tenorem?
Et manet in curſu ſemper acerba ſuo?
Sex mihi nataleis ierant, cum lecta parentis,
Ante diem lachrymas oſſa bibere meas.
Arſit inops frater victus meretricis amore;
Mixtaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.
Et tanquam deſint, quæ me ſine fine fatigent,
Accumulat curas filia parva meas.— *Ovid. Epiſt.* XXI.

PRÆLIUM Maris in Limine.

TOT lecti proceres ter denis navibus ibant
Subſidio Trojæ, & campos ſalis ære ſecabant.
Æneas (neque enim membris dat cura quietem)
Ipſe ſedens clavúmque regit, velíſque miniſtrat.
Principio ſociis edicit, ſigna ſequantur,
Atque animos aptent armis, pugnæque parent ſe.

Jamque in conſpectu Teucros habet & ſua caſtra,
Stans celſa in puppi: clypeum tum deinde ſiniſtrâ
Extulit ardentem. Clamorem ad ſidera tollunt
Dardanidæ è muris: ſpes addita ſuſcitat iras:
Tela manu jaciunt. Quales ſub nubibus atris
Strymoniæ dant ſigna grues, atque æthera tranant
Cum ſonitu, fugiúntque Notos clamore ſecundo.

At

They will demand: and expiate this Offence
By their untimely Death.——— *Trap.*

I, who ſo long had Pow'r, and Wealth, and State,
Bleſs'd in my Children, in my Huſband Great;
Muſt now, in Poverty, an Exile mourn,
Ev'n from the Tombs of my dead Offſpring torn:
Giv'n to *Penelope*, who proud of Spoil,
Allots me to the Loom's ungrateful Toil:
Points to her Dames, and cries, with ſcornful Mein,
See *Hector*'s Mother, and great *Priam*'s Queen!——
Stanyan alter'd.

Shall Fortune ſtill in one ſad Tenor run,
And ſtill increaſe the Woes ſo ſoon begun?
Enur'd to Sorrows from my tender Years,
My Parent's Aſhes drank my early Tears:
My Brother next, neglecting Wealth and Fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a deſtructive Flame.
An Infant Daughter late my Griefs increas'd,
And all a Mother's Cares diſtract my Breaſt.—— *Pope.*

LANDING Oppos'd.

FULL thirty Ships * tranſport the choſen Train,
For *Troy*'s Relief, and ſcour the briny Main.
The careful Chief who never clos'd his Eyes,
Himſelf the Rudder holds, the Sails ſupplies.
He charg'd the Soldiers with preventing Care,
The Flags to follow, and their Arms prepare: [War.
Warn'd of th' enſuing Fight, and bad them hope the
Now, from his lofty Poop, he view'd below
His Camp encompaſs'd, and th' incloſing Foe.
His brazen Shield, embrac'd, he held on high:
The Camp receive the Sign, and with loud Shouts reply:
Hope Arms their Courage: from their Towers they throw
Their Darts with double Force, and drive the Foe.
Thus, at the Signal giv'n, the Cranes ariſe,
With joyful Clang, and leave the ſtormy Skies.

* The Landing of *Æneas* with his auxiliary Troops, to relieve his Friends beſieged *by the Latins, and in* the utmoſt Diſtreſs.

The

At Rutulo Regi ducibúſque ea mira videri
Auſoniis: donec verſas ad litora puppes
Reſpiciunt, totúmque allabi claſſibus æquor.
Haud tamen audaci Turno fiducia ceſſit
Litora præripere, & venientes pellere terra.
Ultro animos tollit dictis; ——————
Quod votis optaſtis, adeſt perfringere dextrâ:
In manibus Mars ipſe, viri. ——————
——————Ultro occurramus ad undam,
Dum trepidi, egreſsíſque labant veſtigia prima.
Audentes fortuna juvat.

Hæc ait: & ſecum verſat, quos ducere contrà,
Vel quibus obſeſſos poſſit concredere muros.

Interea Æneas ſocios de puppibus altis
Pontibus exponit. Multi ſervare recurſus
Languentis pelagi, & brevibus ſe credere ſaltu:
Per remos alii. Speculatus litora Tarchon,
Qua vada non ſperat, nec fracta remurmurat unda,
Sed mare inoffenſum creſcenti allabitur æſtu,
Advertit ſubito proras: ſociósque precatur:
Nunc, ô lecta manus, validis incumbite remis:
Tollite, ferte rates: inimicam findite roſtris
Hanc terrum, ſulcúmque ſibi premat ipſa carina.
Frangere nec tali puppim ſtatione recuſo,
Arreptâ tellure ſemel. ——————

——————Quæ talia poſtquam
Effatus Tarchon: ſocii conſurgere tonſis,
Spumantéſque rates arvis inferre Latinis:
Donec roſtra tenent ſiccum.

Nec Turnum ſegnis retinet mora, ſed rapit acer
Totam aciem in Teucros, & contra in litore ſiſtit.
Signa canunt. ——————Expellere tendunt

The *Latins* wonder'd at the Fight renew'd:
Till, looking back, the *Trojan* Fleet they view'd:
The Seas with ſwelling Canvas cover'd o'er,
And the ſwift Ships deſcending on the Shore.
But, nought diſmay'd, bold *Turnus'* Mind is bent
To man the Beach, and hinder their Deſcent.
He thus awakes the Courage of his Friends:
What You ſo long have wiſh'd kind Fortune ſends:
In ardent Arms to meet th' invading Foe:
You find, and find him at Advantage now.
Now take the Time, while ſtagg'ring yet they ſtand
With Feet unfirm: attack them as they land:
Fortune befriends the Bold. No more he ſaid,
But ballanc'd whom to leave, and whom to lead:
Then Theſe elects, the Landing to prevent:
And Thoſe he leaves to keep the City pent.
Mean time, the *Trojan* ſends his Troops aſhore:
Some are by Boats expos'd, by Bridges more:
With lab'ring Oars they bear along the Strand,
Where the Tide languiſhes, and leap to Land.
Tarchon obſerves the Coaſt with careful Eyes,
And where no Ford he finds, no Water fries,
Nor Billows with unequal Murmur roar,
But ſmoothly ſlide along, and ſwell the Shore:
That Courſe he ſteer'd, and thus he gave Command,
Here ply your Oars, and at all Hazard land:
Force on the Veſſel, that her Keel may wound
This hated Soil, and furrow hoſtile Ground.
Let me ſecurely land, I aſk no more,
Then ſink my Ships, or ſcatter on the Shore.
This fiery Speech inflames his daring Friends,
They tug at ev'ry Oar, and ev'ry Stretcher bends:
They run their Ships a-ground, the Veſſels knock,
(Thus forc'd aſhore) and tremble with the Shock.
Turnus leads on his Troops without Delay,
Advancing to the Margin of the Sea.
The Trumpets ſound a Charge. On either Hand,
Theſe fight to keep, and Thoſe to win the Land.

Nunc hi, nunc illi: certatur limine in ipſo
Auſoniæ. Magno diſcordes æthere venti
Prælia ceu tollunt, animis & viribus æquis:
Non ipſi inter ſe, non nubila, non mare cedit:
Anceps pugna diu, ſtant obnixi omnia contra.
Haud aliter Trojanæ acies, aciéſque Latinæ
Concurrunt: hæret pede pes, densúſque viro vir.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. X.

LEGES. Vide JUSTITIA.

JUra inventa metu injuſti fateare neceſſe eſt,
Tempora ſi, faſtóſque velis evolvere mundi:
Nec Natura poteſt juſto ſecernere iniquum,
Dividit ut bona diverſis, fugienda petendis:
Nec vincet ratio hoc, tantundem ut peccet, idémque
Qui tenores caules alieni fregerit horti,
Et qui nocturnus Divûm ſacra legerit. Adſit
Regula, peccatis quæ pœnas irroget æquas:
Ne ſcuticâ dignum, horribili ſectêre flagello.——
Hor. Lib. I. Sat. 3.

——————Humana malignas
Cura dedit leges: & quod Natura remittit,
Invida jura negant.—————— *Ovid. Met.* Lib. X.

——————Convallem ruris aviti
Improbus, aut campum mihi ſi vicinus ademit,
Aut ſacrum effodit medio de limite ſaxum,
Quod mea cum vetulo coluit plus annua libo:
Debitor aut ſumptos pergit non reddere nummos,
Vana ſupervacui dicens chirographa ligni:
Expectandus erit, qui lites inchoet, annus

With mutual Blood th' *Auſonian* Soil is dy'd,
While on it's Borders each their Claim decide.
As wintry Winds contending in the Sky,
With equal Rage of Lungs their Titles try:
They rage, they roar: The doubtful Rack of Heav'n
Stands without Motion, and the Tide undriv'n:
Each bent to conquer, neither Side to yield,
They long ſuſpend the Fortune of the Field:
Both Armies thus perform what Courage can,
Foot ſet to Foot, and Man oppos'd to Man.—— *Dryden.*

LAWS. See JUSTICE.

HE that will ſearch far into former Times,
Muſt grant that *Laws* were made for fear of Crimes:
Since Nature can't diſcern what's Wrong, or Right,
What's proper to purſue, and what unfit:
Yet Reaſon knows, to break a Neighbour's Hedge
Is not ſo great a Sin as Sacrilege.
Then fix ſome Rule, that Puniſhments may be
Proportion'd to Offences, and that He,
Whoſe Fault a gentle Beating ſhould attone,
May not be whipt with Scourges to the Bone.——
Malicious Senates, with an over Care
To make Us better than our Kind can bear,
Have daſh'd a Spice of Envy in the Laws,
And ſtraining up too high, have ſpoil'd the Cauſe.—*Dryd.*
If any Rogue vexatious Suits advance
Againſt me, for my known Inheritance:
Enter by Violence my fruitful Grounds,
Or take the ſacred Land-Mark from my Bounds:
Thoſe Bounds, which with Poſſeſſion and with Pray'r,
And offer'd Cakes, have been my annual Care:
Or, if my Debtors do not keep their Day,
Deny their Hands, and then refuſe to pay;
I muſt with Patience all the Terms attend,
Among the common Cauſes that depend,

Totius populi: ſed tunc quoque mille ferendæ
Tædia, mille moræ: toties ſubſellia tantùm
Sternuntur: jam facundo ponente lacernas
Cæditio: Fuſco jam mictûriente, parati
Digredimur, lentâque fori pugnamus arenâ.——
Juv. Sat. XVI.

LIBERTAS. Vide SERVITIUM.

—QUI cupiet, metuet quoque: porro
Qui metuens vivit, liber mihi non erit unquam.—
Hor. Lib. I. Epiſt. 16.

————Jampridem, ex quo Suffragia nulli
Vendimus, effudit Curas. Nam qui dabat olim
Imperium, faſces, legiones, omnia, nunc ſe
Continet, atque duas tantùm res anxius optat,
Panem & Circenſes.———— *Juv.* Sat. X.

————Tibi recto vivere talo
Ars dedit? & veri ſpeciem dignoſcere calles,
Ne qua ſubærato mendoſùm tinniat auro?
Quæque ſequenda forent, quæque evitanda viciſſim,
Illa priùs cretâ, mox hæc carbone notâſti?
Et modicus voti, preſſo lare, dulcis amicis:
Jam nunc aſtringas, jam nunc granaria laxes:
Inque luto fixum poſſis tranſcendere nummum:
Nec glutto ſorbere ſalivam Mercurialem?
Hæc mea ſunt, teneo, cùm verè dixeris: eſto
Liberque ac Sapiens, Prætoribus ac Jove dextro.

Sin tu, cùm fueris noſtræ paulò antè farinæ,
Pelliculam veterem retines, & fronte politus
Aſtutam vapido ſervas ſub pectore vulpem:
Quæ dederam ſuprà, repeto, funemque reduco.

Till mine is call'd :—And that long-look'd for Day
Is ſtill encumber'd with ſome new Delay :
Perhaps, the Cloth of State is only ſpread,
Some of the Bench perhaps are ſick a-bed :
That Judge is hot, and doffs his Gown, while this
O'er Night was bowſy, and goes out to P—ſs.
So many Rubs appear, the Time is gone
For hearing, and the tedious Suit goes on.—— *Id.*

LIBERTY. See SLAVERY.

——HE that ſtill doth crave
Muſt fear, and he that fears muſt be a Slave.—
Creech.

Now, free from Care, thoſe Slaves the People live,
No longer plagu'd with Votes to ſell, or give :
That mighty People whom the World obey'd,
Whoſe Voices Conſuls, Armies, Emp'rors made,
Now Liberty's no more, are ſunk ſo low,
Their whole Ambition aſks but Bread and Show.— *Dryd.*

Tell me, my Friend, from whence haſt Thou the Skill,
So nicely to diſtinguiſh Good from Ill ?
Or, by the Sound to judge of Gold and Braſs,
What Piece is Tinker's Metal, what will paſs ?
And what Thou art to follow, what to fly,
This to condemn, and that to ratify ?
When to be bountiful, and when to ſpare,
But never craving, or oppreſs'd with Care ?
The Baits of Gifts and Money to deſpiſe,
And look on Wealth with undeſiring Eyes ?
When Thou canſt truly call theſe Virtues thine,
Be wiſe and free, by Heav'n's Conſent, and mine.

But Thou, who lately of the common Strain,
Wer't one of Us, if ſtill Thou doſt retain
The ſame ill Habits, the ſame Follies too,
Gloſs'd over only with a ſpecious Show :
Then I reſume the Freedom which I gave,
Still Thou art bound to Vice, and ſtill a Slave.

Liber ego.—Unde datum hoc ſumis, tot ſubdite rebus?
An Dominum ignoras, niſi quem vindicta relaxat?
I, puer, & ſtrigiles Criſpini ad Balnea defer,
Si increpuit: ceſſas Nugator? Servitium acre
Te nihil impellit, nec quicquam extrinſecùs intrat,
Quod nervos agitet.———
———Si intus, & in jecore ægro
Naſcantur domini, quî tu impunior exis,
Atque hic, quem ad ſtrigiles ſcutica & metus egit herilis?
Perſ. Sat. V.

Manè piger ſtertis: ſurge, inquit Avaritia; eja
Surge. Negas. Inſtat: ſurge, inquit. Non queo. Surge.
Et quid agam? rogitas? ſaperdas advehe Ponto,
Caſtoreum, ſtuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa:
Tolle recens primus piper è ſitiente camelo,
Verte aliquid: jura.—Sed Jupiter audiet.—Eheu!
Baro, reguſtatum digito terebrare ſalinum
Contentus perages, ſi vivere cum Jove tendis.

Jam pueris pellem ſuccinctus, & œnophorum aptas
Ocyùs ad navem: nihil obſtat, quin trabe vaſtâ
Ægæum rapias, niſi ſolers Luxuria antè
Seductum moneat: Quò deinde, inſane, ruis? quò?
Quid tibi vis? calido ſub pectore maſcula bilis
Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ.

Tun-

In ſpight of this, my Freedom ſtill remains.
Free! what, and fetter'd with ſo many Chains?
Canſt Thou no other Maſter underſtand,
Than him that freed Thee by the *Prætor*'s Wand?
Should he, who was thy Lord, command Thee now,
With a harſh Voice, and ſupercilious Brow,
To ſervile Duties, Thou would'ſt fear no more:
The Gallows and the Whip are out of Door.
But if ſtrong Paſſions lord it in thy Breaſt,
Art Thou not ſtill a Slave, and ſtill oppreſt,
No leſs than he, whom the afflicting Rod,
Compels to all the Ills of Servitude?—— *Dryden* alter'd.

When Thou woud'ſt take a lazy Morning's Nap:
Up, up, ſays *Avarice*:——Thou ſnor'ſt again,
Stretcheſt thy Limbs, and yawn'ſt, but all in vain:
The Tyrant *Lucre* no Denial takes:
At his command th' unwilling Sluggard wakes.
What muſt I do? he cries:—What? ſays his Lord;
Why riſe; make ready: and go ſtreight aboard:
With Fiſh, from *Euxine* Seas, thy Veſſel freight;
Flax, Caſtor, *Coan* Wines, the precious Weight
Of Pepper, and *Sabæan* Incenſe, take
With thy own Hands from the tir'd Camel's Back;
And with Poſt-haſte thy running Markets make.
Be ſure to turn the Penny: lye, and ſwear:
'Tis wholſom Sin:—but *Jove*, thou ſayſt, will hear.
Swear, Fool! or ſtarve: for the Dilemma's even:
A Tradeſman Thou! and hope to go to Heav'n?
Reſolv'd for Sea, the Slaves thy Baggage pack,
Each ſaddl'd with his Burden on his Back;——
Nothing retards thy Voyage, now, unleſs
Thy other Lord forbids, *Voluptuouſneſs*:
And he may aſk this civil Queſtion: Friend,
What doſt thou make a Shipboard?—to what End?—
Art thou of *Bedlam*'s noble College free?
Stark, ſtaring mad, that thou would'ſt tempt the Sea?

Tun' mare tranſilias ? tibi tortâ cannabe fulto
Cœna ſit in tranſtro ? Veientanumque rubellum
Exhalet vapidâ læſum pice feſſilis obba ?
Quid petis, ut nummi, quos hîc quincunce modeſto
Nutriêras, pergant avidos ſudare deunces ?
Indulge Genio : carpamus dulcia : noſtrum eſt
Quòd vivis : cinis & manes & fabula fies.
Vive memor lethi, fugit hora : hoc, quod loquor, inde eſt.

En quid agis ? duplici in diverſum ſcinderis hamo :
Hunccine, an hunc ſequeris ? ſubeas alternus oportet
Ancipiti obſequio dominos : alternus oberres.
Nec tu, cùm obſtiteris ſemel, inſtantique negâris
Parêre imperio, rupi jam vincula, dicas.
Nam & luctata canis nodum arripit : attamen illi,
Cùm fugit, à collo trahitur pars longa catenæ.——
Perſ. Sat. V.

Quiſnam igitur liber ? Sapiens, ſibi qui imperioſus :
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent :
Reſponſare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis, & in ſeipſo totus teres, atque rotundus :
In quem manca ruit ſemper Fortuna.——
Hor. Lib. II. Sat. 7.

——Eripe turpi
Colla jugo : Liber, liber ſum, dic age.—— *Ibid.*

VITA HUMANA.

OPtima quæque dies miſeris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit : ſubeunt morbi, triſtiſque ſenectus,
Et labor, & duræ rapit inclementia Mortis.——
Virg. Georg. Lib. III.

Stat

Cubb'd in a Cabbin, on a Mattreſs laid,
On a brown *George*, with louſy Swobbers fed:
Dead Wine that ſtinks of the *Borracchio* ſup,
From a foul Jack, or greaſy maple Cup?
Say, wou'dſt Thou bear all this, to raiſe thy Store
From ſix i'th' Hundred to ſix hundred more?——
Indulge, and to thy *Genius* freely give:
For, not to live at Eaſe, is not to live.
Death ſtalks behind Thee, and each flying Hour
Does ſome looſe Remnant of thy Life devour.
Live, while thou liv'ſt: for Death will make Us all
A Name,—a Nothing but an old Wife's Tale.
Speak; wilt Thou *Avarice* or *Pleaſure* chuſe
To be thy Lord?—take one, and one refuſe.
But both, by turns, the Rule of Thee will have:
And Thou, betwixt them both, wilt be a Slave.
Nor think, when once thou haſt reſiſted One,
That all thy Marks of Servitude are gone:
The ſtruggling Greyhound gnaws his Leaſh in vain,
If, when 'tis broken, ſtill he drags the Chain.— *Dryden.*
Who then is free?—The Wiſe, that can controul
And govern all the Paſſions of the Soul:
Whom Poverty, nor Chains, nor Death affright;
Who's Proof againſt the Charms of vain Delight:
Who ſquares his Actions all by Virtue's Laws,
Regardleſs of Contempt, or popular Applauſe.
Whom feeble Fortune ſtrives in vain to wound,
Since in himſelf his Happineſs is found,
Collected all, and in a perfect Round.— *Creech* alter'd.
Get looſe thy Neck from this ignoble Chain
And boldly cry, I'm free.———

LIFE.

THE beſt of Life, which wretched Mortals ſhare,
Flies firſt away: Diſeaſes, ſick old Age,
And Pain, and Death's Inclemency, ſucceed.—— *Trap.*

Stat ſua cuique dies, breve & irreparabile Tempus
Omnibus eſt vitæ : ſed famam extendere factis,
Hoc virtutis opus.———— *Virg. Æn.* Lib. X.

Denique tantopere in dubiis trepidare periclis,
Quæ mala nos ſubigit vitaï tanta cupido ?
Certa quidem finis vitæ mortalibus adſtat,
Nec devitari Lethum pote, quin obeamus.
Prætęrea, verſamur ibidem, atque inſumus uſque :
Nec nova vivendo procuditur ulla voluptas.
Sed dum abeſt, quod avemus, id exſuperare videtur
Cætera : poſt aliud, cùm contigit illud, avemus :
Et ſitis æqua tenet vitaï ſemper hianteis ;
Poſteráque in dubio 'ſt fortunam quam vehat ætas,
Quìdve ferat nobis caſus, quìve exitus inſtet.——
Lucret. Lib. III.

———Si vocem rerum Natura repente
Mittat, & hoc alicui noſtrûm ſic increpet ipſa :
Quid tibi tantopere 'ſt, Mortalis, quòd nimis ægris
Luctibus indulges ? quid mortem congemis, ac fles ?
Nam ſi grata fuit tibi vita anteacta, priórque,
Et non omnia pertuſum congeſta quaſi in vas
Commoda perfluxere, atque ingrata interiere :
Cur non, ut plenus vitæ Conviva, recedis ?

Æquo animóque capis ſecuram, ſtulte, quietem ?
Sin ea, quæ fructus cumque es, periere profuſa,
Vitaque in offenſu 'ſt, cur amplius addere quæris,
Rurſum quod pereat malè, & ingratum occidat omne ?
Nec potiùs vitæ finem facis, atque laboris ?
Nam tibi præterea quod machiner, inveniamque
Quod placeat, nihil eſt : eadem ſunt omnia ſemper,

Si

Fix'd ſtands the Date of mortal Lives: the Space
Is ſhort, and irretrievable to all:
But by their Actions to extend their Fame,
Is Virtue's Taſk.———— *Id.*

Why are we then ſo fond of mortal Life,
Beſet with Dangers, and maintain'd with Strife?
A Life, which all our Care can never ſave;
One Fate attends Us, and one common Grave.
Beſides, we tread but a perpetual Round;
We ne'er ſtrike out, but beat the former Ground:
And the ſame maukiſh Joys in the ſame Track are found.
For ſtill we think an abſent Bleſſing beſt;
Which cloys, and is no Bleſſing when poſſeſs'd:
A new ariſing Wiſh expels it from the Breaſt.
The feveriſh Thirſt of Life increaſes ſtill:
We call for more and more, and never have our fill:
Yet know not what to Morrow we ſhall try:
What Dregs of Life in the laſt Draught may lie.—*Dryd.*

Now let's ſuppoſe great *Nature*'s Voice ſhould call
To Thee, or me, or any of Us all;
What doſt Thou mean, ungrateful Wretch! Thou vain,
Thou mortal Thing! thus idly to complain:
And ſigh and ſob, that Thou ſhalt be no more?——
For, if thy Life were pleaſant heretofore,
If all the bounteous Bleſſings I could give
Thou haſt enjoy'd, if Thou haſt known to live,
And Pleaſure not leak'd thro' Thee like a Sieve:
Why doſt Thou not give Thanks as at a plenteous Feaſt,
Cram'd to the Throat with Life, and riſe and take thy Reſt?
But if my Bleſſings Thou haſt thrown away,
If indigeſted Joys paſs'd thro' and would not ſtay:
Why doſt Thou wiſh for more to ſquander ſtill?
If Life be grown a Load, a real Ill,
And I would all thy Cares and Labours end,
Lay down thy Burden, Fool! and know thy Friend.
To pleaſe Thee I have empty'd all my Store:
I can invent, and can ſupply no more,
But run the Round again, the Round I ran before.

Suppoſe

Si tibi non annis Corpus jam marcet, & artus
Confecti languent: eadem tamen omnia reſtant,
Omnia ſi pergas vivendo vincere ſæcla:
Atque etiam potiùs, ſi nunquam ſis moriturus.—— *Ibid.*
Nunc aliena tua tamen ætate omnia mitte,
Æquo animóque, agedum, jam aliis concede.——
———Omnia te vita perfuncta ſequentur:
Nec minùs ergo ante hæc, quàm nunc, cecidere, cadéntque:
Sic aliud ex alio nunquam deſiſtit oriri:
Vitaque mancupio nulli datur, omnibus uſu.—— *Ibid.*

———————Properat curſu
Vita citato, volucríque die
Rota præcipitis vertitur anni.——— *Senec. Her. fur.*
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda ſecum,
Multa recedentes adimunt.——— *Hor. Art. Poet.*

LEO.

IMpaſtus ſtabula alta Leo ſeu ſæpe peragrans,
(Suadet enim veſana fames) ſi forte fugacem
Conſpexit capream, aut ſurgentem in cornua cervum:
Gaudet hians immane, comáſque arrexit, & hæret
Viſceribus ſuper accumbens: lavit improba teter
Ora cruor.——— *Æn.* Lib. X.

———Pœnorum qualis in arvis,
Saucius ille gravi venantum vulnere pectus,
Tum demum movet arma Leo: gaudétque comantes
Excutiens cervice toros, fixúmque latronis
Impavidus frangit telum, & fremit ore cruento.——
Æn. Lib. XII.

Impaſtus ceu plena Leo per ovilia turbans,
(Suadet enim veſana fames) mandítque trahítque
Molle pecus, mutúmque metu: fremit ore cruento.——
Æn. Lib. IX.

—Velut

Suppoſe Thou art not broken yet with Years,
Yet ſtill the ſelf-ſame Scene of Things appears,
And would be ever, couldſt Thou ever live;
For Life is ſtill but Life, there's Nothing new to give.—*Id.*
Now leave thoſe Joys, unſuiting to thy Age,
To a freſh Comer, and reſign the Stage.
All Things, like Thee, have Times to riſe and rot,
And from each Others Ruin are begot:
For Life is not confin'd to him or Thee;
'Tis giv'n to all for Uſe, to none for Property.—— *Id.*

——————Life poſts away,
And Day from Day drives on with ſwift Career,
The Wheel that hurries on the headlong Year.— *Addiſon.*
The Flow of Life brings in a wealthy Store:
The Ebb draws back whate'er was brought before.—*Eames.*

LION.

—AS when a Lion, pinch'd
With raging Hunger, ranges round the Stalls:
If chance he ſpy a tim'rous Goat, or Deer
Lofty with branching Horns: he yawns o'er-joy'd
With vaſt expanded Jaws, erects his Mane,
Sticks to the Prey, and lies upon it preſs'd
Cloſe to the Ground. Black Gore, beſmearing, laves
His ſavage Mouth.———— *Trap.*
The lordly Lion thus, on *Lybia*'s Plain,
Gor'd by the Hunter's Spear, within his Breaſt
Infix'd, at length ſprings furious to the Fight,
And ſhakes with dreadful Pride his ſhaggy Mane:
Intrepid ſnaps the ſticking Dart, and roars,
And foams with bloody Mouth.———— *Id.*
So foams the Lion thro' the crowded Folds,
By furious Hunger pinch'd: and rends, and drags
The tender Cattle, mute with Fear: and raves
With bloody Mouth.———— *Id.*

——Velut ſtabuli decus armentíque juvencam
Cum Leo poſſedit, nudataque viſcera fodit
Unguibus, & rabiem totos exegit in armos:
Stat craſſa turpis ſanie, nodóſque jubarum
Excutit, & viles paſtorum deſpicit iras.——
Claud. Rapt. Proſ.

——————Sicut ſqualentibus arvis
Æſtiferæ Libyes viſo Leo cominus hoſte
Subſedit dubius, totam dum colligit iram.
Mox ubi ſe ſævæ ſtimulavit verbere caudæ,
Erexítque jubas, vaſto & grave murmur hiatu
Infremuit: tum torta levis ſi lancea Mauri
Hæreat, aut latum ſubeunt venabula pectus,
Per ferrum tanti ſecurus vulneris exit.——
Lucan. Lib. I.

VULTUS. Vide HYPOCRISIS.

SI facere hoc, aliàmve poteſt præponere nobis,
Occidat ingratus. Sed non is vultus in illo:
Non ea nobilitas animo eſt, ea gratia formæ,
Ut timeam fraudem, meritíque oblivia noſtri.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. VII.

O vita fallax! abditos ſenſus geris,
Animíſque pulchram turpibus faciem induis.
Pudor impudentem celat, audacem quies,
Pietas nefandum, vera fallaces probant,
Simulántque molles dura.——— *Senec. Hyppol.*

Fronti nulla fides.——— *Juv.* Sat. II.

AMOR. Vide AMATOR. VENUS.

——CApta lepore,
Illecebríſque tuis omnis natura animantum
Te ſequitur cupide, quo quamque inducere pergis.

—Per

As when a Lion ſeizes ſome fair Cow,
The Grace of all the Herd, and with his Claws
Tares out it's reeking Bowels: o'er the Prey
Furious he ſtands, and growling gluts his Maw:
Beſmear'd with Gore, he ſhakes his rugg'd Mane;
And ſcorns the Shepherds unavailing Rage.——
So, when on ſultry *Libya*'s deſart Sand,
The Lion ſpies the Hunter hard at Hand,
Couch'd on the Earth the doubtful Savage lies,
And waits a-while till all his Fury riſe:
His laſhing Tail provokes his ſwelling Sides,
And high upon his Neck his Mane with Horror rides:
Then, if at length the flying Dart infeſt,
Or the broad Spear invade his ample Breaſt,
Scorning the Wound he yawns a dreadful Roar,
And flies like Light'ning on the hoſtile Moor.——*Rowe.*

LOOKS. See HYPOCRISY.

IF He is falſe, let the Ingrateful Bleed!
But no ſuch Symptom in his Looks I read:
That noble Spirit, and that manly Grace,
Can never ſure belong to One that's baſe.——
Tate alter'd.

O Life! deceitful! ever in Diſguiſe!
With a fair Face thou hid'ſt a wicked Heart.
Pretended Modeſty is made the Maſk
Of Impudence: the Daring and Ambitious
Seem ſatisfy'd, and covetous of Peace:
Guilt ſkulks beneath the Cloak of Piety:
The Falſe and Treach'rous ring the Praiſe of Truth:
And Cowards counterfeit the Bold and Brave.——
Men's Looks are falſe, to them no Credit give.

LOVE. See LOVER. VENUS.

GReat Love! thy Empire o'er the World extends!
To thy ſoft Charms the whole Creation bends!

—Per maria, ac monteis, fluviósque rapaceis,
Frondiferáſque domos avium, campósque virenteis,
Omnibus incutiens blandum per pectore amorem,
Efficis, ut cupide generatim ſæcla propagent.—*Luc.* L.I.

————Hinc autem 'ſt nomen Amoris,
Hinc illæ primùm Veneris dulcedinis in cor
Stillavit gutta, & ſucceſſit frigida cura.
Nam ſi abeſt quod ames, præſto ſimulacra tamen ſunt
Illius, & nomen dulce obverſatur ad aureis.—*Lucret.* L.IV.

——Cibus atque humor membris adſumitur intus:
Quæ quoniam certas poſſunt obſidere parteis,
Hoc facilè expletur laticum, frugúmque cupido:
Ex hominis verò facie, pulcróque colore,
Nil datur in corpus præter ſimulacra fruendum
Tenuia, quæ vento ſpes raptat ſæpe miſella.
Ut bibere in ſomnis Sitiens cum quærit, & humor
Non datur, ardorem in membris qui ſtinguere poſſit:
Sed laticum ſimulacra petit, fruſtraque laborat:
In medióque ſitit torrenti flumine potens.
Sic in amore Venus ſimulacris ludit Amanteis,
Nec ſatiare queunt ſpectando corpora coràm.—— *Ibid.*

Improbe Amor! quid non mortalia pectora cogis?—
Æn. Lib. IV.

Omne adeo genus in terris hominúmque ferarúmque,
Et genus æquoreum, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
In furias ignemque ruunt: amor omnibus idem.

Quid Juvenis, magnum cui verſat in oſſibus ignem
Durus amor? nempue abruptis turbata procellis
Nocte natat cæcâ ſerus freta: quem ſuper ingens
Porta tonat cœli, & ſcopulis illiſa reclamant

Æquora:

On Hills, in Streams, thro' all the rolling Main,
The leafy Foreſt, and the graſſy Plain,
Thy kindling Warmth the various Nations find,
And ruſh with Joy to generate their Kind.——
Such is the Nature of that pleaſing Smart,
Whoſe burning Drops diſtil upon the Heart:
The Fever of the Soul, ſhot from the Fair,
And the cold Ague of ſucceeding Care.
If abſent, her Idea ſtill appears:
And her ſweet Name is chiming in your Ears.— *Dryden.*
Nature for Meat and Drink provides a Space,
And when receiv'd they fill their certain Place:
Hence Thirſt and Hunger may be ſatisfy'd;
But this Repletion is to Love deny'd.—— *Id.*
However charming Beauty may excite
The longing Lover's endleſs Appetite,
His fond deluded Graſp can only find
Aerial Shapes, that fleet before the Wind.—— *Id.* alter'd.
As he, who in a Dream with Drought is curſt,
And finds no real Drink to quench his Thirſt,
Runs to imagin'd Lakes his Heat to ſteep,
And vainly ſwills and labours in his Sleep:
So Love with Phantoms cheats our longing Eyes,
Which hourly ſeeing never ſatisfies.——— *Dryden.*
————————Cruel Love!
To what Extreams does not thy Tyrant Pow'r
Urge mortal Breaſts?————
Of ev'ry Kind on Earth, of Men, and Beaſts,
Of Cattle, Fiſh, and parti-colour'd Fowl,
All ruſh into this Frenzy, and this Fire:
Love is the ſame to All.———
What does that * Youth, whom unrelenting Love
Conſumes, and with his Vitals blends his Fire?——
Darkling, in dead of Night, he ſwims the Sea
Turbid with ſudden Storms: while o'er his Head
Thunders the Gate of Heav'n, and from the Rocks
With dreadful Roar the broken Waves rebound:

* *Leander.*

Æquora: nec miſeri poſſunt revocare parentes,
Nec moritura ſuper crudeli funere Virgo.——
Virg. Geor. Lib. III.

Militiæ ſpecies amor eſt: diſcedite ſegnes:
Non ſunt hæc timidis ſigna tuenda viris.
Nox, & hyems, longæque viæ, ſævique labores,
Mollibus his caſtris, & dolor omnis adeſt.
Sæpe feres imbrem cœleſti nube ſolutum:
Frigidus in nuda ſæpe jacebis humo.——
Ovid. Art. Am. II.

Quot lepores in Atho, quot apes paſcuntur in Hybla,
Cærula quot baccas Palladis arbor habet:
Littore quot conchæ; tot ſunt in amore Dolores.——
Art. Amand. Lib. II.

Sed, quia delectat Veneris decerpere fructus,
Dicimus aſſidue, cras quoque fiet idem:
Interea tacitæ ſerpunt in viſcera flammæ.——
Ovid. Remed. Amor.

ICTUS AMORE.

——Miſero quod omnes
Eripit ſenſus mihi: Nam ſimul te
Leſbia aſpexi, nihil eſt ſuper mî
Quod loquar amens:
Lingua ſed torpet, tenuis ſub artus
Flamma dimanat, ſonitu ſuopte
Tinniunt aures, gemina teguntur
Lumina nocte.—— *Catul. Epig.* 52.

——Videt igne micantes
Sideribus ſimiles oculos. Videt oſcula: quæ non
Eſt vidiſſe ſatis. Laudat digitoſque, manuſque,
Brachiaque, & nudos media plus parte lacertos.
Et qua latent, meliora putat.——
Utque leves ſtipulæ demtis adolentur ariſtis,
Ut facibus ſepes ardent, quas forte viator
Vel nimis admovit, vel jam ſub luce reliquit:

Sic

Nor can his wretched Parents Tears, nor She,
Th' unhappy Maid, whoſe Death muſt follow his,
Diſſwade him.———— *Trap.*

Love is a Warfare: and ignoble Sloth
Seems equally contemptible in both:
In both are Watchings, Marches, cruel Cares:
The Soldier thus, and thus the Lover fares.
With Rain he's drench'd, with the rough Tempeſt ſhakes,
And on the naked Ground his Lodging takes.— *Dryden.*

What Hares on *Athos*, Bees on *Hybla* feed,
Or Berries on the Tree of *Pallas* breed,
What num'rous Shells the ſandy Shores afford,
With Woes as num'rous anxious Love is ſtor'd.——
Pleas'd with the kindling Warmth of *Cupid*'s Fire,
We, Day by Day, indulge the fond Deſire:
Till like a Serpent it has eat it's Way,
And, uncontroul'd, does on our Entrails prey.— *Tate.*

LOVE (Falling in.)

DEAR Maid! In Love's ſoft Tranſport toſt,
My every Senſe at once was loſt,
When firſt I ſaw Thee: not a Word
Could my diſabled Tongue afford:
My Boſom glow'd: the ſubtle Flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital Frame:
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung:
And o'er my Eyes a Darkneſs hung.—*Philips* alter'd.

* He view'd her Eyes; like heav'nly Lamps that ſhone;
He view'd her Lips: too ſweet to view alone;
Her Fingers, and her Hands, his Paſſion raiſe,
While his fond Tongue grows wanton in their Praiſe:
Her Shoulders almoſt bare, her fine turn'd Arms
He views, and thinks her Dreſs conceals ſuperior Charms.
As Fields of Stubble after Harveſt burn:
As Hedges into ſudden Blazes turn,
If Paſſengers, or bring too near, or throw
When Light their Torches by, and kindle all the Row.

* *Apollo falling in Love with Daphne.*

Sic Deus in flammas abit: ſic pectore toto
Uritur, & ſterilem ſperando nutrit amorem.—*Ov. Met.* I.

Noverat ante alios faciem ducis Europæi:
Plus etiam, quam nôſſe ſat eſt. Hac judice Minos,
Seu caput abdiderat criſtata caſſide pennis,
In galea formoſus erat: ſeu ſumpſerat auro
Fulgentem clypeum, clypeum ſumſiſſe decebat.
Torſerat adductis haſtilia lenta lacertis:
Laudabat Virgo junctam cum viribus artem.
Impoſito patulos calamo ſinuaverat arcus:
Sic Phœbum ſumtis jurabat ſtare ſagittis.

Cum verò faciem demto nudaverat ære,
Purpureuſque albi ſtratis inſignia pictis
Terga premebat equi, ſpumantiaque ora regebat:
Vix ſua, vix ſanæ Virgo Niſeïa compos
Mentis erat. Felix jaculum, quod tangeret ille,
Quæque manu premeret, felicia fræna vocabat.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. VIII.

Sepibus in noſtris parvam te roſcida mala,
(Dux ego veſter eram) vidi cum matre legentem:
Alter ab undecimo tum me jam ceperat annus:
Jam fragiles poteram à terra contingere ramos.
Ut vidi! ut perii! ut me malus abſtulit error!——
Virg. Ecl. VIII.

FAX MUTUA.

PYramus & Thiſbe, juvenum pulcherrimus alter,
Altera, quas Oriens habuit prælata puellis,
Contiguas tenuere domos: ubi dicitur altam
Coctilibus muris cinxiſſe Semiramis urbem.

Notitiam

So burns the God, conſuming with Deſire,
And feeding in his Breaſt a fruitleſs Fire.—*Dryd.* alter'd.

Europa's Son * ſhe knew above the reſt,
And more than well became a Virgin Breaſt:
In vain the creſted Helmet veils his Face,
She thinks it adds a more commanding Grace:
His ample Shield, emboſs'd with burniſh'd Gold,
Still makes the Bearer lovelier to behold:
When the tough Javelin, with a Whirl, he ſends,
His Strength and Skill the ſighing Maid commends:
Or, when he ſtrains to draw the circling Bow,
And his fine Limbs a manly Poſture ſhow,
Compar'd with *Phœbus*, he performs ſo well,
Let her be Judge, and *Minos* ſhall excell.
But when the Helm, put off, diſplay'd to Sight,
And ſet his Features in an open Light:
When vaulting to his Seat, his Steed he preſs'd,
Capariſon'd in Gold, and richly dreſt:
Himſelf in Scarlet ſumptuouſly array'd;
New Paſſions riſe, and fire the frantic Maid.
O happy Spear! ſhe cries, that feels his Touch:
Nay, ev'n the Reins he holds are bleſt too much.—*Croxall.*

Thee, with thy Mother, in our Meads I ſaw,
Gath'ring freſh Apples: I myſelf thy Guide:
Then Thou wert little: I, juſt then advanc'd
To my twelfth Year, could barely from the Ground
Touch with my reaching Hand the tender Boughs:
How did I look! how gaze my Soul away!
How did I die! in fatal Error loſt!—— *Trap.*

LOVE MUTUAL.

IN *Babylon*, whoſe haughty † Queen for State,
Rais'd Walls of Brick magnificently great,
Liv'd *Pyramus* and *Thiſbe*: lovely Pair!
He found no Eaſtern Youth his Equal there,
And ſhe beyond the faireſt Nymph was fair.

* *Scylla* falls in Love with *Minos*, who was beſieging her Father Niſus in his Capital *City*.

† *Semiramis*.

Notitiam primóſque gradus vicinia fecit:
Tempore crevit amor: tædæ quoque jure coiſſent:
Sed vetuere patres, quod non potuere vetare.
Ex æquo captis ardebant mentibus ambo.
Conſcius omnis abeſt. Nutu ſigníſque loquuntur.
Quoque magis tegitur, tectus magis æſtuat ignis.—
Ovid. Met. Lib. IV.

Acmen Septimius ſuos amores
Tenens in gremio, Mea inquit Acme,
Ni te perdite amo, atque amare porro
Omnis ſum aſſidue paratus annos,
Quantum qui pote plurimum perire:
Solus in Lybia, Indiáque toſta,
Cæſio veniam obvius leoni.

Hoc ut dixit, Amor ſiniſtra,——
Dextram ſternuit adprobationem.

At Acme leviter caput reflectens,
Et dulcis pueri ebrios ocellos
Illo purpureo ore ſuaviata,
Sic, inquit, mea vita ſeptimille,

Huic

ieſe two, as tho' by Fate for each deſign'd,
ere ſuch near Neighbours that their Houſes join'd:
quaintance grew; Acquaintance they improve
) Friendſhip: Friendſhip ripen'd into Love:
ve had been crown'd, but impotently mad,
hat Parents could not hinder, they forbad.
e lov'd like *Pyramus*, like *Thiſbe* He,
r both felt Paſſion in the laſt Degree:
t Prudence taught, their Paſſion to diſguiſe,
efraining Words, for fear of liſt'ning Spies,)
) correſpond by Nods, and ſpeaking Eyes.
ie Fire of Love the more it is ſuppreſt,
ie more it glows, and rages in the Breaſt.— *Euſden* alt.

While on *Septimius*' panting Breaſt,
Acme lean'd her loving Head,
Thus the pleas'd *Septimius* ſaid,
My deareſt *Acme* if I be
Once alive, and love not Thee,
With a Paſſion far above
All that e'er was called Love,
In a *Lybian* Deſart may
I become ſome Lion's Prey;
Let him, *Acme*, let him tear
My Breaſt, when *Acme* is not there.
The God of Love who ſtood to hear him
(The God of Love was always near him)
Pleas'd and tickled with the Sound,
Sneez'd aloud: and all around,
The little Loves that waited by,
Bow'd, and bleſs'd the Augury.
Acme enflam'd with what he ſaid,
Rear'd her gently-bending Head:
And her purple Mouth with Joy
Stretching to the delicious Boy,
Twice (and twice could ſcarce ſuffice)
She kiſs'd his drunken rolling Eyes.
My little Life! my All! ſaid ſhe,
So may we ever Servants be

Huic uno domino uſque ſerviamus:
Ut multo mihi major, acriorque
Ignis mollibus ardet in medullis.

Hoc ut dixit, amor ſiniſtra, ut ante,
Dextram ſternuit adprobationem.

Nunc ab auſpicio bono profecti,
Mutuis animis amant, amantur.
Unam Septimius miſellus Acmen
Mavult, quam Syrias, Britanniáſque,
Uno in Septimio fidelis Acme
Facit delitias libidinéſque.
Quis ullos homines beatiores
Vidit? quis Venerem auſpicatiorem?——
Catull. Carm. XLVI.

——————Taliſque apparuit illi,
Qualis ubi oppoſitas nitidiſſima Solis imago
Evicit nubes, nulláque obſtante reluxit.
——————————Figurâ
Capta Dei Nympha eſt, & mutua vulnera ſentit.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XIV.

Multæ illum petiere ſua de gente: ſed una
Abſtulit Hylonome.——————————
Hæc & blanditiis, & amando, & amare fatendo
Cyllaron una tenet.——————————

To this beſt God, and ne'er retain
Our hated Liberty again:
So may thy Paſſion laſt for Me,
As I a Paſſion have for Thee:
Greater and fiercer much than can
Be conceiv'd by Thee a Man:
Into my Marrow it is gone,
Fix'd and ſettl'd in the Bone:
It reigns not only in my Heart,
But runs, like Life, thro' ev'ry Part.
She ſpoke: the God of Love aloud
Sneez'd again, and all the Crowd
Of Little Loves that waited by
Bow'd, and bleſs'd the Augury.
This good Omen, thus from Heav'n,
Like a happy Signal giv'n,
Their Loves and Lives, all four, embrace,
And Hand in Hand run all the Race.
To poor *Septimius*, (who did now
Nothing elſe but *Acme* grow)
Acme's Boſom was alone
The whole World's Imperial Throne:
And to the faithful *Acme*'s Mind,
Septimius was all Humankind.
Happy Lover! happy Fair!
Who e'er knew ſo bleſt a Pair?—— *Cowley* alter'd.
So bright, ſo beauteous now the Youth appears,
As does the Sun, when with refulgent Ray,
The Clouds he diſſipates, and gives the Day.
The Sight ſo warms the fair admiring Maid,
Like Snow ſhe melts: ſo ſoon can Youth perſwade.
Conſent, on eager Wings, ſucceeds Deſire:
And both the Lovers glow with mutual Fire.— *Garth* alt.
Belov'd by many Maidens of * his Kind,
Hylonome alone poſſeſs'd his Mind:
Not leſs her Blandiſhments than Beauty move,
At once both loving, and confeſſing Love.

* *Cyllarus* the Centaur.

Pars amor eſt illis: errant in montibus una:
Antra ſimul ſubeunt.

Auctor in incerto eſt: jaculum de parte ſiniſtra
Venit: & inferius, quam collo pectora ſubſunt,
Cyllare, te fixit: parvo cor vulnere læſum
Corpore cum toto poſt tela educta refrixit.
Protinus Hylonome morientes excipit artus:
Impoſitáque manu vulnus fovet: oráque ad ora
Admovet: atque animæ fugienti obſiſtere tentat.
Ut videt extinctum, telo, quod inhæſerat illi,
Incubuit: moriénſque ſuum complexa maritum eſt.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XII.

AMATOR. Vide AMOR.

POrrigis irato puero cùm poma, recuſat:
Sume, Catelle: negat: ſi non des, optat. Amator
Excluſus quî diſtat? agit ubi ſecum, eat, an non,
Quò rediturus erat, non arceſſitus, & hæret
Inviſis foribus? Nec nunc, cùm me vocet ultro,
Accedam? an potiùs mediter finire dolores?
Excluſit: revocat: redeam? non, ſi obſecret.——

——————————Ecce
Servus non paulò ſapientior: O here, quæ res
Nec modum habet, neque conſilium, ratione modóque

r each other felt an equal Flame,
l their ſylvan Pleaſures were the ſame;
r they hunted: and when Day expir'd,
r to ſome ſhady Cave retir'd.
rtain from what Hand, a flying Dart
rus was ſent: which pierc'd his Heart.
r'lin drawn from out the mortal Wound,
ts with ſtagg'ring Steps, and ſeeks the Ground.
: within her Arms receiv'd his Fall,
ove his wand'ring Spirits to recall:
ile her Hand the ſtreaming Blood oppos'd,
Face to Face his Lips with her's ſhe clos'd.
ſhe ſaw him dead, ſhe ſeiz'd the Dart,
awn, and reeking from her Lover's Heart:
bare Boſom the ſharp Point apply'd,
ounded fell: and falling by his Side, [*Dryd.* alt.
:'d him in her Arms, and thus embracing dy'd.—

LOVER. See LOVE.

FER an Apple to a peeviſh Boy,
nd he'll refuſe it:——Here, my pretty Joy,
prithee take it:——*No, Sir, I'll have none:*
unoffer'd, he would beg for one.
im's the Lover, who hath ſu'd in vain;
bt he ſtands, if to return again,
he's deſir'd; tho' he would gladly wait
l, and linger at the hated Gate.
e invites, and ſwears ſhe will be kind:
ſhall I go, or rather cure my Mind?
'ts me out; then courts me to return:
ſhall I go?—No, tho' ſhe begs, I'll ſcorn.
lo, his wiſer Slave did thus reprove:—
eaſon *muſt be never us'd in* Love:
ws unequal, and its Rules unfit:
ve's *a Thing, by Nature oppoſite,*
mon Reaſon, common Senſe, *and* Wit.

All

Tractari non vult. In amore hæc ſunt mala: bellum
Pax rurſum. Hæc ſi quis, tempeſtatis propè ritu
Mobilia, & cæcâ fluitantia ſorte, laboret
Reddere certa: ſibi nihilo plus explicet, ac ſi
Inſanire paret certâ ratione, modóque.——

Hor. Lib. II. Sat.

——Homines plerumque cupidine cæci,
Et tribuunt ea, quæ non ſunt his commoda verè.
Et prætermittas animi vitia omnia primùm,
Tum quæ corpori' ſunt ejus, quam percupis, ac vis.
Nigra μελίχρως eſt immunda, & fœtida, ἄκοσμος.
Cælia, παιδάδιον. Nervoſa, & lignea, δορκάς.
Parvola, pumilio, χαρίτων ἴα, tota merum ſal:
Magna, atque immanis, κατάπληξις, plenáque honoris:
Balba, loqui non quit, τραυλίζει· muta, pudens eſt.
At flagrans, odioſa, loquacula, λαμπάδιον fit.
Ἰσχνὸν ἰμπρόμον tum fit, quom vivere non quit
Præ macie: ῥαδινὴ verò eſt, jam mortua tuſſi.
At gemina & mammoſa, Ceres eſt ipſa ab Iaccho:
Simula, σιλλὰ, ac ſatyra 'ſt: labioſa, φίλημα.

Lucret. Lib. I

Dave, citò, hoc credas jubeo, finire dolores
Præteritos meditor: (crudum Chæreſtratus unguem)
Abrodens ait hæc) an ſiccis dedecus obſtem
Cognatis? an rem patriam rumore ſiniſtro
Limen ad obſcœnum frangam, dum Chryſidis udas
Ebrius ante fores extinctâ cum face canto?
Euge, puer, ſapias: Dîs depellentibus agnam
Percute: ſed cenſen' plorabit, Dave, relicta?
Nugaris. Soleâ, puer, objurgabere rubrâ,
Ne trepidare velis, atque arctos rodere caſſes.

All is in Love, *unſteady, empty, vain,*
There's War *and* Peace, *and* Peace *and* War *again.*
Now he that ſtrives to ſettle ſuch as theſe,
Meer things of Chance, and faithleſs as the Seas,
He might as well deſign to be a Fool
By Art *and* Wiſdom, *and run* mad *by* Rule.—*Creech* alt.

The Tribe of *Lovers*, led by blind Deſire,
Imagine Charms, and then thoſe Charms admire.
Thou view'ſt thy Miſtreſs with a partial Eye:
No Fault ſhe has, or thou no Fault can'ſt ſpy.
The ſallow Skin is for the ſwarthy put,
And Love can make a Slattern of a Slut:
If Cat-ey'd, then a *Pallas* is thy Love:
If freckled, ſhe's a party-colour'd Dove.
If little, then ſhe's Life and Soul all o'er:
An *Amazon*, the large two-handed Whore.
She ſtammers: Oh, what Grace in liſping lies!
If ſhe ſays nothing, to be ſure ſhe's wiſe.
If ſhrill, and with a Voice to drown a Choir,
Sharp-witted ſhe muſt be, and full of Fire.
The lean, conſumptive Wench, with Coughs decay'd,
Is call'd a pretty, tight, and ſlender Maid.
Th' o'ergrown, a goodly *Ceres* is expreſt,
A Bed-Fellow for *Bacchus* at the leaſt.
Flat Noſe the Name of Joker never miſſes:
And hanging blobber Lips, but pout for Kiſſes.—*Dryd.*

Says *Phædra* to his Man, Believe me, Friend,
To this uneaſy Love I'll put an End:
Shall I run out of all, my Friends diſgrace,
And be the firſt lewd Unthrift of my Race?
Shall I the Neighbour's nightly Reſt invade
At her deaf Doors, with ſome vile Serenade?
Well haſt thou freed thyſelf, his Man replies,
Go thank the Gods, and offer Sacrifice.
Ah! ſays the Youth, if we unkindly part,
Will not the poor fond Creature break her Heart?
Weak Soul! and blindly to Deſtruction led!
She break her Heart! ſhe'll ſooner break thy Head:

She

Nunc ferus & violens: at ſi vocet, haud mora, dicas:
Quidnam igitur faciam? ne nunc, cùm accerſat, & ultrò
Supplicet, accedam? Si totus & integer illinc
Exiêris, nec nunc.——————

Perſ. Sat. V.

——————Ut intabeſcere flavæ
Igne levi ceræ, matutinæve pruinæ
Sole repente ſolent: ſic attenuatus amore
Liquitur: & cæco paulatim carpitur igni.—*Ov. Met.* III.

Concipit interea validos Æëtias ignes,
Et luctata diu, poſtquam ratione furorem
Vincere non poterat: Fruſtra, Medea, repugnas,
Neſcio quis Deus obſtat, ait. Mirúmque niſi hoc eſt,
Aut aliquid certè ſimile huic, quod amare vocatur.—
Excute virgineo conceptas pectore flammas,
Si potes, infelix. Si poſſem, ſanior eſſem.
Sed trahit invitam nova vis: aliúdque Cupido,
Mens aliud ſuadet. Video meliora, probóque:
Deteriora ſequor.——————

Erubuere genæ, totoque recanduit ore,
Ut ſolet à ventis alimenta aſſumere, quæque
Parva ſub inducta latuit ſcintilla favilla,
Creſcere, & in veteres agitata reſurgere vires:
Sic jam lentus Amor, jam quam languere putares,
Ut vidit Juvenem, ſpecie præſentis inarſit.
Spectat; & in vultu, veluti nunc denique viſo,
Lumina fixa tenet: nec ſe mortalia demens
Ora videre putat: nec ſe declinat ab illo.
Ut verò cœpítque loqui, dextrámque prehendit:
Hoſpes & auxilium ſubmiſſa voce rogavit,
Promiſitque torum: lacrymis ait illa profuſis
Quid faciam video: nec me ignorantia veri
Decipiet, ſed amor.——————

Ovid. Met. Lib. VII.

——Regina

She knows her Man, and when you rant and ſwear,
Can draw you to her with a ſingle Hair.
But ſhall I not return? Now, when ſhe ſues?
Shall I my own and her Deſires refuſe?
Sir, take your Courſe: but my Advice is plain:
Once freed, 'tis Madneſs to reſume your Chain.— Dryden.

As Wax diſſolves, as Ice begins to run,
And trickle into Drops before the Sun,
So melts the * Youth, and languiſhes away,
His Beauty withers, and his Limbs decay.—— *Addiſon.*

Mean while † *Medea* ſeiz'd with fierce Deſire,
By Reaſon ſtrives to quench the raging Fire:
But ſtrives in vain!—Some God, ſhe cries, withſtands,
And Reaſon's baffl'd Council countermands.
What unſeen Power does this Diſorder move?
'Tis Love:—at leaſt, 'tis like what Men call Love.
Wretch! from thy Virgin Breaſt this Flame expel,
And ſoon:——Ah could I, all would then be well!
But Love, reſiſtleſs Love my Soul invades:
Diſcretion this, Affection that perſwades.
I ſee the Right, and I approve it too:
Condemn the wrong,—and yet the wrong purſue.—*Tate.*

————Now her Face, by turns,
Deadens with Paleneſs, and with Bluſhes burns:
As Fire, that ſleeping under Aſhes lies,
Freſh-blown, and rouz'd, does up in Blazes riſe,
So roſe her Paſſion at the Hero's Sight,
(Tho' dead it ſeem'd before,) and rag'd outright.
Her raviſh'd Eyes ſurvey him o'er and o'er,
As ſome bright Being never ſeen before:
Fixt to his lovely Face ſhe ſeems to be,
And thinks ſhe gazes on a Deity.
But when he ſpoke, and preſs'd her trembling Hand,
And did with tender Words her Aid demand,
With Vows and Oaths to take her for his Bride:
She wept a Flood of Tears, and thus reply'd:
I ſee my Error, yet to Ruin move,
Nor owe my Fate to Ignorance, but Love.— *Id.* alter'd.

* *Narciſſus.* † *In Love with Jaſon.*

Now

——Regina gravi jamdudum ſaucia cura,
Vulnus alit venis, & cæco carpitur igni.
Multa viri virtus animo, multúſque recurſat
Gentis honos : hærent infixi pectore vultus,
Verbáque : nec placidam membris dat cura quietem.

Uritur infelix Dido, totâque vagatur
Urbe furens. Qualis conjecta cerva ſagittâ
Quam procul incautam nemora inter Creſſia fixit
Paſtor agens telis, liquítque volatile ferrum
Neſcius : illa fugâ ſylvas ſaltúſque peragrat
Dictæos : hæret lateri letalis arundo.
Nunc media Æneam ſecum per mœnia ducit :
Incipit effari, mediáque in voce reſiſtit.
Nunc eadem labente die, convivia quærit :
Iliacóſque iterum demens audire labores
Expoſcit, pendétque iterum narrantis ab ore.

Poſt, ubi digreſſi, luménque obſcura viciſſim
Luna premit, ſuadéntque cadentia ſidera ſomnos :
Sola domo mœret vacuâ, ſtratíſque relictis
Incubat : illum abſens abſentem audítque vidétque :
Aut gremio Aſcanium, genitoris imagine capta,
Detinet, infandum ſi fallere poſſit amorem.
Non cœpta aſſurgunt turres, non arma juventus
Exercet, portùſve aut propugnacula bello
Tuta parant : pendent opera interrupta——

Virg. Æn. Lib. IV.

——Somno pecudes pictæque volucres
Lenibant curas, & corda oblita laborum.

At

Now with conſuming Care the reſtleſs * Queen
Already bleeding, nouriſhes a Wound
Deep in her Veins, and waſtes with hidden Fire.
Much to her Thoughts the Hero's brave Exploits
Recur, and much the Glories of his Race:
Fix'd in her Soul his Looks, and Words remain:
And ſoft Repoſe is baniſh'd from her Breaſt.
Th' unhappy *Dido* burns, and wildly roves
O'er all the City: like a wounded Deer,
Whom heedleſs of her Fate, in *Cretian* Woods
The Swain at Diſtance with his Shafts purſu'd,
And in her Body left the miſſive Steel,
Unknowing: She thro' the *Dictæan* Groves,
And Thickets flying ſtrays: the mortal Dart
Sticks in her Side.——Sometimes the *Trojan* Prince
She takes alone, and leads him round the Walls:
Begins to ſpeak, and in the middle ſtops
Her falt'ring Tongue. At Ev'ning ſhe renews
Her Banquets: fondly begs again to hear
The *Trojan* Wars: again, while He relates,
She liſtens fix'd, and hangs upon the Sound.
Then, after All are to their Reſt retir'd,
When in her turn the Moon obſcure withdraws
Her Light, and ſetting Stars perſuade to Sleep:
Lonely ſhe pines within the empty Court,
Lies on the Couch, which juſt before ſhe left:
Him abſent, abſent ſtill ſhe hears, and ſees.——
Sometimes, his Father's Image all her Soul
Poſſeſſing, young *Aſcanius* on her Lap
She long detains; if poſſible, to cheat
With that Amuſement her unbounded Love.
Th' unfiniſh'd Tow'rs no longer riſe; the Youth,
Undiſciplin'd in Arms, no longer form
Ports, and ſtrong Fortreſſes of War: the Works
Neglected ſtand.—— *Trap.*
Reliev'd with ſoft Repoſe the Beaſts and Birds,
Forget their Cares, and loſe the Toils of Day:

* *Dido.*

Not

At non infelix animi Phœniſſa: neque umquam
Solvitur in ſomnos, oculiſve aut pectore noctem
Accipit: ingeminant curæ, rurſúſque reſurgens
Sævit amor, magnóque irarum fluctuat æſtu.——

Ibid.

AMATOR Perditus.

VIderat à veteris generoſam ſanguine Teucri
Iphis Anaxareten humili de ſtirpe creatus.
Viderat: & totis perceperat oſſibus æſtum.
Luctatúſque diu, poſtquam ratione furorem
Vincere non potuit, ſupplex ad limina venit.
Et modo nutrici miſerum confeſſus amorem,
Ne ſibi dura foret, per ſpes oravit alumnæ.
Et modo de multis blanditus cuique miniſtris,
Sollicita petiit propenſum voce favorem.

Sæpe ferenda dedit blandis ſua verba tabellis:
Interdum madidas lachrymarum rore coronas
Poſtibus intendit: poſuítque in limine duro
Molle latus: triſtíque feræ convicia fecit.

Surdior illa freto ſurgente cadentibus Hœdis,
Durior & ferro, quod Noricus excoquit ignis,
Et ſaxo, quod adhuc vivum radice tenetur;
Spernit, & irridet: factíſque immitibus addit
Verba ſuperba ferox: & ſpe quoque fraudat Amantem.

Non tulit impatiens longi tormenta doloris
Iphis: & ante fores hæc verba noviſſima dixit:
Vincis, Anaxarete, neque erunt tibi tædia tandem

Not ſo the wretched *Dido*: no ſweet Sleep
Lulls her a Moment: In her Eyes, or Soul,
Not for a Moment ſhe receives the Night:
Her Pangs redouble: Love with boiling Foam
Rages afreſh, and with a various Tide
Of warring Paſſions fluctuates in her Breaſt.—— *Id.*

LOVER Deſperate.

FAIR *Anaxaretè*, of Form divine,
High-born, from ancient *Teucer*'s Royal Line,
Poor *Iphis* ſaw, a mean-deſcended Swain,
And, ſeeing, felt Love glow in every Vein.
Reaſon long ſtruggled to deſtroy his Flame,
But when no Reaſon could his Madneſs tame,
An humble Suitor to her Houſe he came:
There to her Nurſe his wretched Caſe diſplay'd,
And, for her Miſtreſs' Sake, implor'd her Aid:
Each fav'rite Servant too, with earneſt Pray'r,
He begg'd to ſpeed his Paſſion to the Fair.
Letters indited in the ſofteſt Strain,
Frequent he ſends, expreſſive of his Pain.
Oft to the Columns flow'ry Wreaths he ties,
Bedew'd with Tears that trickle from his Eyes:
Oft, at his Length, on the hard Threſhold laid,
His Groans th' inexorable Gates upbraid.
The Nymph more deaf than Seas, when Tempeſts roar,
And foaming Surges daſh the ſounding Shore:
Harder than burniſh'd Steel, or rooted Rocks,
Diſdains the Lover, and his Paſſion mocks:
Of Inſolence arraigns th' aſpiring Swain,
And proudly tells him, all his Hopes are vain.
Deſpairing *Iphis* could endure no more
The Torments of his Grief:——
But utter'd theſe laſt Words before her Door.
Thy Conqueſt is compleat, relentleſs Maid!
Of my bold Love be never more afraid:

Ulla ſerenda mei. Lætos molire triumphos,
Et Pæana voca, nitidáque incingere lauro.
Vincis enim, moriórque libens: age, ferrea, gaude.
Certè aliquid laudare mei cogeris, erítque
Quo tibi ſim gratus: meritúmque fatebere noſtrum.
Non tamen ante tui curam ceſſiſſe memento,
Quam vitam: geminámque ſimul mihi luce carendum.
Nec tibi fama mei ventura eſt nuncia leti:
Ipſe ego, ne dubites, adero: præſénſque videbor,
Corpore ut exanimi crudelia lumina paſcas.
Si tamen, ô Superi, mortalia fata videtis,
Eſte mei memores: nihil ultra lingua precari
Suſtinet: & longo facite ut memorémur in ævo:
Et quæ demſiſtis vitæ, date tempora famæ.

Dixit: & ad poſtes ornatos ſæpe coronis
Humentes oculos & pallida brachia tendens,
Cum ſoribus laquei religaret vincula ſummi:
Hæc tibi ſerta placent, crudelis & impia, dixit,
Inſeruitque caput: ſed tum quoque verſus ad illam:
Atque onus infelix eliſa fauce pependit.
Icta pedum motu trepidantum, ut multa gementem
Viſa dediſſe ſonum eſt, adapertaque janua factum
Prodidit: exclamant famuli: fruſtráque levatum
(Nam pater occiderat) referunt ad limina matris.

Accipit illa ſinu, complexaque frigida nati
Membra ſui, poſtquam miſerarum verba parentum
Edidit, & matrum miſerarum facta peregit:
Funera ducebat mediam lachrymoſa per urbem,
Luridaque arſuro portabat membra feretro.

Forte viæ vicina domus, qua flebilis ibat

Pom

O *Anaxaretè!* unkind!
ns, and thy Brows with Lawrel bind:
o'ercome, and willingly I die:
ted Fair, enjoy thy Cruelty!
Thou ſhalt publiſh my Deſert,
oft Pity working in thy Heart:
thy Charms have kindled ſuch a Fire,
not, but with Life itſelf, expire.
truſt Report my Death to ſpread,
all ſee it, and behold me dead:
ied Life I'll end before thy Gate,
thy cruel Pride, and glut thy Hate.
You Gods! if Mortals Fates you know,
r me, and this one Boon beſtow;
-Ages celebrate my Name,
You take from Life, make up in Fame.
d, he upwards to the Door-poſts bends
Eyes, and his pale Arms extends:
ie Top, ſo oft with Garlands crown'd,
ilter, with a Nooſe, he bound.
aths beſt pleaſe thy ſavage Soul, he ſaid,
cruel, unrelenting Maid!
: Rope, towards her he turning ſprung,
the Neck, th' unhappy Lover hung:
ſtrong Pangs his Feet kick'd ope the Door,
m'd with groan-like Sounds his Raſhneſs to de-
ks the Servants view the dying Swain, [plore.
heir Help, but all their Help is vain.
and pale they to his Mother bore
led Son, his Father dead before:
s Corpſe ſhe in her Boſom plac'd,
r Arms his cold dead Limbs embrac'd:
; long, as woeful Parents uſe,
g all a woeful Mother's Dues,
al Pomp ſhe thro' the City led,
Pile bore the lamented Dead.
'd the cruel Virgin's Dwelling lay,
: the Mourners took their ſolemn Way:

Pompa, fuit: duræque ſonus plangoris ad aures
Venit Anaxaretes: quam jam Deus ultor agebat.
Mota tamen, Videamus, ait, miſerabile funus:
Et patulis iniit tectum ſublime feneſtris.
Vſxque bene impoſitum lecto proſpexerat Iphin:
Diriguere oculi: calidúſque è corpore ſanguis
Inducto pallore fugit. Conataque retro
Ferre pedes, hæſit: conata avertere vultus,
Hoc quoque non potuit: paulatimque occupat artus,
Quod fuit in duro jam pridem pectore, ſaxum.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XIV.

Nec modus aut requies, niſi mors, reperitur Amoris.
Mors placet. Erigitur: laqueóque innectere fauces
Deſtinat: &, zona ſummo de poſte revincta,
Care, vale, Cinyra, causámque intellige mortis,
Dixit: & aptabat pallenti vincula collo.
Murmura verborum fidas nutricis ad aures
Perveniſſe ferunt, limen ſervantis alumnæ.
Surgit anus, reſerátque fores: mortíſque paratæ
Inſtrumenta videns, ſpatio conclamat eodem,
Seque ferit, ſcindítque ſinus, ereptaque collo
Vincula dilaniat. ——— *Ovid. Met.* Lib. X.

AMATORIS SALTUS.

——QUID nunc non ignibus æquis
Ureris? Ambraïca eſt terra petenda tibi.
Phœbus ab excelſo, quantum patet, aſpicit æquor:
Actæum populi, Leucadiúmque vocant.
Hinc ſe Deucalion Pyrrhæ ſuccenſus amore
Miſit, & illæſo corpore preſſit aquas.
Nec mora: juſſus amans tetigit lætiſſima Pyrrhæ
Pectora: Deucalion igne levatus erat.
Hanc legem locus ille tenet: pete protinus altam
Leucada: nec ſaxo deſiluiſſe time.——
Ovid. Sap. Phaoni.

Their Lamentations loud her Ears invade,
And Heav'ns juſt Vengeance cloſe purſues the Maid.
Let's view this mournful Pomp, ſurpriz'd, ſhe cries;
And inſtant to the open Window flies:
Whence ſeeing *Ipbis* on his burial Bed,
Her Eye-Balls ſtiffen'd, and her Colour fled.
Retire ſhe would, but fixt was forc'd to ſtay,
And ſtrove in vain to turn her Eyes away:
Life left her by Degrees, and every Part
To Stone was harden'd, like her ſtony Heart.——

No Mean, no Cure for Love was left, but Death:
Death pleas'd: * She roſe, reſolv'd to ſtop her Breath.
And while her Girdle round the Beam ſhe ty'd,
Farewell, Dear *Cinyras!* ſhe ſoftly cry'd:
Of my untimely End know you're the Cauſe:
Then round her Neck the fatal Nooſe ſhe draws.
The Nurſe, who lay without, her faithful Guard,
Tho' not the Words, the Murmurs over-heard:
Startled ſhe riſes, opes the Door, and ſtraight
Beholds the ready Inſtrument of Fate.
Screaming ſhe beats her Breaſt, and rends her Hairs,
And from the Virgin's Neck the Halter tares.— *Dryd.* alt.

LOVER'S LEAP.

——O You that love in vain!
Fly hence: and ſeek the far *Leucadian* Main:
There ſtands a Rock, from whoſe impending Steep,
Apollo's Fane ſurveys the rolling Deep:
There injur'd Lovers leaping from above,
Their Flames extinguiſh, and forget to love.
Deucalion once with hopeleſs Fury burn'd,
In vain he lov'd, relentleſs *Pyrrha* ſcorn'd:
But when from hence he plung'd into the Main,
Deucalion ſcorn'd, and *Pyrrha* lov'd in vain.
Haſte, thither haſte: from high *Leucadia* throw
Your wretched Weight, nor dread the Deeps below.—*Pope.*

* *Myrrha* in love with her Father *Cinyras.*

Libido.

NON ſecus exarſit conſpectâ virgine Tereus,
Quam ſi quis canis ignem ſupponat ariſtis:
Aut frondem, poſitáſque cremet fœnilibus herbas.
Digna quidem facies: ſed & hunc innata libido
Exſtimulat.——————
Impetus eſt illi, comitum corrumpere curam,
Nutriciſque fidem: nec non ingentibus ipſam
Sollicitare datis: totúmque impendere regnum:
Aut rapere, & ſævo raptam defendere bello.
Et nihil eſt, quod non effræno captus amore
Auſit; nec capiunt incluſas pectora flammas.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. VI.

——————Patrióſque lacertis
Blanda tenens humeros:——————
Spectat eam Tereus: præcontrectátque videndo:
Oſculáque, & collo circumdata brachia cernens,
Omnia pro ſtimulis, facibúſque, cibóque furoris
Accipit. Et quoties amplectitur illa parentem,
Eſſe parens vellet: neque enim minus impius eſſet.——
Ibid.

At ſimul impoſita eſt pictæ Philomela carinæ:
Admotúmque fretum remis, tellúſque repulſa eſt:
Vicimus, exclamat: mecum mea vota feruntur.
Exſultatque, & vix animo ſua gaudia differt
Barbarus: & nuſquam lumen detorquet ab illa.

LUST.

TEREUS beheld the * Virgin, and admir'd,
And with the Coals of burning Luſt was fir'd:
Like crackling Stubble, or the Summer Hay,
When forked Lightnings o'er the Meadows play.
Such Charms in any Breaſt might kindle Love,
But him the Heats of inbred Lewdneſs move.
Straight her Attendants he deſigns to buy,
And with large Bribes her Governeſs would try:
Herſelf with ample Gifts reſolves to bend,
And his whole Kingdom in th' Attempt expend:
Or, ſnatch'd away by Force of Arms, to bear,
And juſtify the Rape with open War.——
All Things he dares, provok'd by wild Deſire:
Nor can his Breaſt endure ſo fierce a Fire.—*Croxall* alter'd.
Her ſnowy Arms her aged Sire embrace,
And claſp his Neck with an endearing Grace.
Tereus ſurveys her with a luſcious Eye,
And in his Mind foreſtalls the bliſsful Joy:
Her circling Arms a Scene of Luſt inſpire,
And ev'ry Kiſs foments the raging Fire.
Fondly he wiſhes for the Father's Place,
To feel, and to return the warm Embrace:
Nor would the neareſt Ties of filial Blood,
Abate his Flame, or force him to be good.—— *Croxall.*
Now *Philomela*, ſcarce receiv'd on Board,
And in the Royal gilded Barque ſecur'd:
While from the Shore with Oars and Sails it flies,
We've gain'd our Point! the rough *Barbarian* cries:—
Now I poſſeſs the dear, the bliſsful Hour,
And ev'ry Wiſh ſubjected to my Pow'r!
Tranſports of Luſt his vicious Thoughts employ,
And he forbears, with Pain, th' expected Joy.
His gloating Eyes inceſſantly ſurvey'd
The Virgin Beauties of the lovely Maid.

* *Philomela* his Wife's Siſter.

Non aliter, quam cum pedibus prædator obuncis
Depoſuit nido leporem Jovis ales in alto:
Nulla fuga eſt capto: ſpectat ſua præmia raptor.
Ibid.

Jamque iter effectum: jamque in ſua littora feſſis
Puppibus exierant: cum rex Pandione natam
In ſtabula alta trahit, ſylvis obſcura vetuſtis:
Atque ibi pallentem, trepidámque & cuncta timentem,
Et jam cum lachrymis, ubi ſit germana, rogantem,
Includit: faſsúſque nefas, & virginem, & unam,
Vi ſuperat: fruſtra clamato ſæpe parente,
Sæpe ſorore ſua: magnis ſuper omnia Divis.

Illa tremit, velut agna pavens, quæ ſaucia cani
Ore excuſſa lupi, nondum ſibi tuta videtur:
Utque columba, ſuo madefactis ſanguine plumis,
Horret adhuc, avidóſque timet, quibus hæſerat, ungues.—
Ibid.

LUXURIA. Vide PRODIGALITAS. GULA.

OPtima ſylvarum interea, pelagíque vorabit
Rex horum, vacuíſque toris tantùm ipſe jacebit:
Nam de tot pulchris, & latis orbibus, & tam
Antiquis, unâ comedunt patrimonia mensâ.——
Juv. Sat. I.

Hic

As when the bold rapacious Bird of *Jove*,
With crooked Talons ſtooping from above,
Has ſnatch'd, and carry'd to his lofty Neſt
A captive Hare, with cruel Gripes oppreſt:
Secure, with fix'd and unrelenting Eyes,
He ſits, and views the helpleſs trembling Prize.
Their Veſſels now had made th' intended Land,
And all with Joy deſcend upon the Strand:
When the falſe Tyrant ſeiz'd the princely Maid,
And to a Lodge in diſtant Woods convey'd:
Pale, ſinking, and diſtreſs'd with jealous Fears,
And aſking for her Siſter all in Tears.
The Letcher, for Enjoyment fully bent,
No longer now conceal'd his baſe Intent;
But with rude Haſte the blooming Maid deflow'r'd,
Alone, defenceleſs, and with Eaſe o'erpow'r'd.
Her piercing Accents to her Sire complain,
And to her abſent Siſter, but in vain!
In vain ſhe importunes, with doleful Cries,
Each unattentive Godhead of the Skies.
She pants, and trembles, like the bleating Prey,
From ſome cloſe-hunted-Wolf juſt ſnatch'd away,
That ſtill, with fearful Horror, looks around,
And on its Flank regards the bleeding Wound:
Or as a Dove, whoſe bloody Feathers ſhow
The cruel Fury of her greedy Foe,
Still pants, and trembles, tho' the Danger's o'er,
And dreads the Talons, which ſhe felt before.—*Croxall* alt.

LUXURY. See EXTRAVAGANCE. GLUTTONY.

MEAN time his Lordſhip lolls within at Eaſe,
Pamp'ring his Paunch with foreign Rarities:
Both Sea and Land are ranſack'd for the Feaſt,
And his own Gut the ſole invited Gueſt:
Such Plate, ſuch Tables, Diſhes dreſs'd ſo well,
That whole Eſtates are ſwallow'd at a Meal.— *Dryden.*

——Attir'd

Hîc ultra vires habitûs nitor, hic aliquid plus,
Quam ſatis eſt interdum alienâ ſumitur arcâ.
——————Vivimus ambitioſa
Paupertate omnes.—————— *Juv.* Sat. III.

——————Mullum ſex millibus emit,
Æquantem ſanè paribus ſeſtertia libris,
Ut perhibent, qui de magnis majora loquuntur.
Conſilium laudo artificis, ſi munere tanto
Præcipuam in tabulis ceram ſenis abſtulit orbi.
Eſt ratio ulterior, magnæ ſi miſit amicæ,
Quæ vehitur clauſo latis ſpecularibus antro.
Nil tale expectes: emit ſibi: multa videmus
Quæ miſer & frugi non fecit Apicius.——
Juv. Sat. IV.

Unde hæc monſtra tamen, vel quo de fonte requiris?
Præſtabat caſtas humilis fortuna Latinas
Quondam, nec vitiis contingi parva ſinebat
Tecta labor, ſomnique breves, & vellere Tuſco
Vexatæ, duræque manus, ac proximus urbi
Annibal.——————————

Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala: ſævior armis
Luxuria incubuit, victúmque ulciſcitur orbem.
Nullum crimen abeſt, faſcinúſque libidinis, ex quo
Paupertas Romana perît: hinc fluxit ad Hiſtros
Et Sybaris colles, hinc & Rhodos, & Miletos,
Atque coronatum, & petulans, madidúmque Tarentum.
Prima peregrinos obſcœna pecunia mores
Intulit, & turpi fregerunt ſecula luxu
Divitiæ molles.——————————
Juv. Sat. VI.

——Publica

———Attir'd beyond our Purſe we go;
or uſeleſs Ornament and flaunting Show.
Ve take on Truſt; in coſtly Robes we ſhine;
nd poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.—— *Id.*

———The laviſh Slave
ix thouſand * Pieces for a Barbel gave:
Seſterce for each Pound it weigh'd, as they
ive out, who hear great Things, but greater ſay.
f by this Bribe well plac'd, he would enſnare
ome ſapleſs Uſurer that wants an Heir:
r if this Preſent the ſly Courtier meant,
hould to ſome Punk of Quality be ſent,
Who in her eaſy Chair in State does ride,
The Glaſſes all drawn up on ev'ry Side,
'd praiſe his Cunning:——but expect not this:
For his own Gut he bought the ſtately Fiſh.
Now ev'n *Apicius* frugal ſeems, and poor,
Outvy'd in Luxury unknown before.—— *Id.*

You aſk from whence proceed theſe monſtrous Crimes?
Once poor, and therefore chaſte, in former Times
Our Matrons were: No Luxury found Room
In low-roof'd Houſes, and bare Walls of Loom:
Their Hands with Labour harden'd while 'twas light,
And frugal Sleep ſupply'd the quiet Night,
While pinch'd with Want, their Hunger held 'em ſtraight,
And *Hannibal* was hov'ring at the Gate.
But wanton, now, and lolling at our Eaſe,
We ſuffer all th' inveterate Ills of Peace
And waſteful Riot, whoſe deſtructive Charms
Revenge the vanquiſh'd World of our victorious Arms,
No Crime, no luſtful Actions are unknown,
Since Poverty, our Guardian God, is gone.
Pride, Lazineſs, and all luxurious Arts,
Pour like a Deluge in from foreign Parts.
Since Gold obſcene, and Silver found the Way,
Strange Faſhions with ſtrange Bullion to convey.
And our plain ſimple Manners to betray.—— *Id.*

* Six thouſand of the *Roman Seſtertii* make ſix *Seſtertia*: according to our Account, 46*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

Theſe

——————— Publica belli
Semina, quæ populos ſemper merſere potentes.
Namque ut opes nimias mundo fortuna ſubacto
Intulit, & rebus mores ceſſere ſecundis,
Prædàque & hoſtiles luxum ſuaſere rapinæ:
Non auro, tectiſve modus: menſáſque priores
Aſpernata fames: cultus geſtare decoros
Vix nuribus, rapuere mares: fœcunda virorum
Paupertas fugitur, totóque accerſitur orbe,
Quo gens quæque perit.———

Lucan. Lib. I.

Indè iræ faciles, &, quod ſuaſiſſet egeſtas,
Vile nefas: magnúmque decus, ferróque petendum,
Plus patriâ potuiſſe ſuâ: menſuráque juris
Vis erat: hinc leges, & plebiſcita coactæ,
Et cum Conſulibus turbantes jura Tribuni:
Hinc rapti faſces pretio, ſectórque favoris
Ipſe ſui populus, letalíſque ambitus urbi,
Annua venali referens certamina campo:
Hinc uſura vorax, avidúmque in tempore fœnus,
Et concuſſa fides, & multis utile bellum.——

Ibid.

——Eutrapelus,

Thoſe fatal Seeds luxurious Vices ſow,
Which ever lay a mighty People low.
To *Rome* the vanquiſh'd Earth her Tribute paid,
And deadly Treaſures to her View diſplay'd:
Then Truth and ſimple Manners left the Place,
While Riot rear'd her lewd diſhoneſt Face:
Virtue to full Proſperity gave way,
And fled from Rapine and the Luſt of Prey.
On every Side proud Palaces ariſe,
And laviſh Gold each common Uſe ſupplies:
Their Father's frugal Tables ſtand abhorr'd,
While foreign Dainties ſmoke upon the Board:
In ſilken Robes the minion Men appear,
Which Maids and youthful Brides ſhould bluſh to wear.
That Age, by honeſt Poverty adorn'd,
Which brought the manly *Romans* forth, is ſcorn'd:
Where-ever ought pernicious does abound,
For Luxury all Lands are ranſack'd round,
And dear-bought Deaths the ſinking State confound.
Hence Wrath and Rage their ready Minds invade,
And Want could ev'ry Wickedneſs perſwade:
Hence impious Pow'r was firſt eſteem'd a Good,
Sought for by Arms, and bought with Streams of Blood:
With Glory, Tyrants did their Country awe,
And Violence preſcrib'd the Rule to Law.
Hence pliant ſervile Voices were conſtrain'd,
And Force in popular Aſſemblies reign'd:
Conſuls and Tribunes, with oppoſing Might,
Join'd to confound and overturn the Right:
Hence ſhameful Magiſtrates were made for Gold,
And a baſe People by themſelves were ſold:
Hence Slaughter in the venal Field returns,
And *Rome* her yearly Competition mourns:
Hence Debt unthrifty, careleſs to repay,
And Uſury ſtill watching for its Day:
Hence Perjuries in ev'ry wrangling Court:
And War, the needy Bankrupt's laſt Reſort.—— *Rowe.*

——Eutrapelus,

——Eutrapelus, cuicunque nocere volebat,
Veſtimenta dabat pretioſa. Beatus enim jam
Cum pulchris tunicis ſumet nova conſilia, & ſpes:
Dormiet in lucem: ſcorto poſtponet honeſtum
Officium: nummos alienos poſcet: ad imum
Thrax erit, aut olitoris aget mercede caballum.——
Hor. Lib. I. Ep. 18.

VIS MAGICA. Vide CIRCE. VENEFICA.

CArmina vel cœlo poſſunt deducere Lunam:
Carminibus Circe ſocios mutavit Ulyſſei:
Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis.——
Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena
Ipſe dedit Mœris: naſcuntur plurima Ponto.
His ego ſæpe lupum fieri, & ſe condere ſylvis
Mœrin, ſæpe animas imis exire ſepulcris,
Atque ſatas aliò vidi traducere meſſes.——
Virg. Ecl. VIII.

Protinus innumeris effœtus laniger annis
Attrahitur, flexo circum cava tempora cornu:
Cujus ut Hæmonio marcentia guttura cultro
Fodit, & exiguo maculavit ſanguine ferrum:
Membra ſimul pecudis, validóſque venefica ſuccos
Mergit in ære cavo. Minuuntur corporis artus:
Cornuáque exuitur, nec non cum cornibus annos:
Et tener auditur medio balatus aheno.
Nec mora, balatum mirantibus exilit agnus:
Laſcivítque fuga, lactantiaque ubera quærit.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. VII.

Carmine Theſſalidum dura in præcordia fluxit
Non ſatis adductus amor: flammíſque ſeveri
Illicitis arſere ſenes, nec noxia tantùm
Pocula proficiunt: aut cum turgentio ſucco
Frontis amaturæ ſubducunt pignora fœtæ.

——————————*Eutrapelus*,
Beſtow'd fine Cloaths on thoſe he meant to hurt.
A gaudy Dreſs will make the Wearer vain,
Thought he, and change his Purpoſes and Hopes:
He'll ſleep till Noon: his Buſineſs he'll neglect,
To follow Whores, and deeply run in Debt:
Till, beggar'd quite, a Bully he'll become,
Or drive an Herb-man's Cart for wretched Hire.——

MAGIC POWER. See CIRCE. ENCHANTRESS.

CHarms ev'n from Heav'n can conjure down the Moon:
Circe with Charms *Ulyſſes'* Mates transform'd:
In Meadows the cold Snake with Charms is burſt.
Theſe Poiſons, and theſe magic Simples, cull'd
In *Pontus* (many ſuch in *Pontus* grow)
Sage *Mæris* gave me: Oft with Theſe I've ſeen
Mæris into a Wolf himſelf transform,
And howling ſeek the Woods: oft raiſe up Ghoſts [*Trap.*
From Graves: and Crops to Fields not their's transfer.—
A wreath-horn'd Ram is brought, ſo far o'ergrown
With Years, his Years was to that Age unknown:
His craggy Throat * ſhe cuts, and lets out Life:
The little Blood ſcarce ſtains the wounding Knife.
The Carcaſs in the boiling Cauldron ſwims,
And Drugs are blended with the mangled Limbs:
Each Limb, now leſſen'd by Degrees, appears,
He caſts his Horns, and with his Horns his Years,
And ſoon a tender Bleating ſtrikes their Ears.
While they admire, forth ſkips a friſking Lamb,
That bounds away, and wants to ſuck the Dam.—*Tate* alt.
The coldeſt Hearts *Theſſalian* Numbers warm,
And ruthleſs Boſoms own the potent Charm:
In frozen Age they rouſe perverſe Deſire,
And kindle into Luſt the wintry Sire.
Where noxious Cups, and pois'nous Philters fail,
More potent Spells, and myſtic Verſe prevail.

* *Medea.*

No

Mens hauſti nullâ ſanie polluta veneni
Excantata perit: quos non concordia mixti
Alligat ulla tori, blandæque potentia formæ,
Traxerunt torti magicâ vertigine fili.
Ceſſavere vices rerum: dilatáque longâ
Hæſit nocte dies: legi non paruit æther:
Torpuit & præceps audito carmine mundus:
Axibus & rapidis impulſos Jupiter urgens
Miratur non ire polos. nunc ſomnia complent
Imbribus & calido producunt nubila Phœbo:
Et tonat ignaro cœlum Jove. vocibus iiſdem
Humentes latè nebulas, nimbóſque ſolutis
Excuſſere comis: ventis ceſſantibus, æquor
Intumuit: rurſus vetitum ſentire procellas
Conticuit turbante Noto: puppímque ferentes
In ventum tumuere ſinus. de rupe pependit
Abſciſſâ fixus torrens: amníſque cucurrit,
Non quà pronus erat.——————

Lucan. Lib. VI.

Omne potens animal lethi, genitúmque nocere,
Et pavet Æmonias, & mortibus inſtruit artes.
Has avidæ tigres, & nobilis ira leonum
Ore fovent blando: gelidos hic explicat orbes,
Inque pruinoſo coluber diſtenditur arvo.
Viperei coëunt, abrupto corpore, nodi:
Humanóque cadit Serpens afflata veneno.——

Ibid.

——Illis

No Draught ſo ſtrong the * Knots of Love prepare,
Cropt from her Younglings by the Parent Mare.
Ev'n thoſe whom neither Ties of nuptial Love,
Nor Beauty's radiant Blandiſhments could move,
Melt, as the Thread runs on, and ſighing, feel
The giddy Whirling of the magic Wheel.
Charm'd by the Hag's all powerful Command,
Eternal Motion ſtops her active Hand:
The glorious Sun forgets his Time to riſe,
And pitchy Night pollutes the ſable Skies:
No more Heav'n's rapid Circles roll away,
But univerſal Nature's at a Stay:
Great *Jupiter*, with Wonder, ſees the Pole,
Urg'd onward by himſelf, refuſe to roll.
Now, at a Word, the Rains pour down apace,
And bellying Clouds obſcure the Sun's bright Face:
Surpriz'd again, from his celeſtial Tow'r,
Jove hears around unbidden Thunders roar:
Once more they ſpeak, and ſhake their flowing Hair,
And ſtrait the Storms are gone, the Heav'ns are fair.
In the ſtill Calm they bid the Waves run high,
Or ſmooth the Deep, tho' *Boreas* ſhakes the Sky;
The ſtretching Canvas ſwell againſt the Wind:
This blows before, and that is fill'd behind.
Streams have run back at Murmurs of their Tongue,
And Torrents from the Rock, ſuſpended, hung.—*Rowe* alt.
Each deadly Kind, by Nature form'd to kill,
Fear the dire Hags, and execute their Will.
Lions, to them, their nobler Rage ſubmit,
And fawning Tygers couch beneath their Feet.
For them the Snake forgoes her wintry Hold,
And on the hoary Froſt untwines her Fold.
The mangled Viper they can re-unite,
Or with their poys'nous Breath the Serpent ſplit.—*Id.* alt.

* Little fleſhy Excreſcencies upon the Foreheads of Foals, which the Mares bite off as ſoon as they are foaled. If they are hindered from ſo doing, and theſe Knots are cut away, 'tis ſaid they'll hate their Foals, and not ſuffer them to ſuck. They were accounted of mighty Efficacy in Love Potions.

——————Illis & ſidera primùm
Præcipiti deducta polo: Phœbéque ſerena
Non aliter diris verborum obſeſſa venenis
Palluit, & nigris, terreníſque ignibus arſit,
Quàm ſi fraternâ prohiberet imagine tellus,
Inſererétque ſuas flammis cœleſtibus umbras:
Et patitur tantos cantu depreſſa labores,
Donec ſuppoſitas proprior deſpumet in herbas.——

Ibid.

VIRGO NUBILIS.

JAM vicina toro plenis adoleverat annis
Virginitas: tenerum jam pronuba flamma pudorem
Sollicitat: miſtáque tremit formidine votum.——

Claud. Rapt. Proſ.

MAJESTAS.

REgina ad templum forma pulcherrima Dido
Inceſſit, magnâ juvenum ſtipante catervâ.
Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros, quam mille ſecutæ
Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades: illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradiénſque Deas ſupereminet omnes:
Latonæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus.
Talis erat Dido, talem ſe læta ferebat
Per medios.——————————
Tum foribus Divæ, mediâ teſtudine templi,
Septa armis ſolióque alte ſubnixa, reſedit.
Jura dabat legéſque viris.——————

Virg. Æn. Lib. I.

Reginam

Magic the ſtarry Lamps from Heav'n can tare,
And ſhoot them headlong, gleaming thro' the Air:
Can blot fair *Cynthia*'s Countenance ſerene,
And poiſon with foul Spells the ſilver Queen:
Now, pale, the ghaſtly Goddeſs ſhrinks with Dread,
And now, black ſmoky Fires involve her Head:
As when Earth's envious interpoſing Shade,
Cuts off her beamy Brother from her Aid.
Held by the potent Charm, ſhe ſtrives in vain,
And labours with the long purſuing Pain:
Till down, and downward ſtill, compell'd to come,
On hallow'd Herbs ſhe ſheds her fatal *Foam.—— *Id.*

MAID MARRIAGEABLE.

THE Maid, now paſt an Infant, feels the Flames
Of ſprightly Love, and innocently claims:
She hopes the nuptial State, but hopes with Fear:
And wiſhes, but her Wiſh is unſincere.——

MAJESTY.

UP to the Temple moves the beauteous Queen,
Dido, ſurrounded with a Troop of Guards:
As on *Eurotas'* Banks, or *Cynthus'* Top
Diana leads her Train: a thouſand Nymphs
Encloſe her round: Herſelf her Quiver bears
High on her Shoulder, and with ſtately Walk
O'er-looks them all: a ſecret Pleaſure ſlides
Along *Latona*'s Breaſt. Such *Dido* was,
So ſmiling thro' the Crowd ſhe paſs'd.——
Then in the Entrance of the Dome, beneath
The middle of the Temple's Arch, ſhe ſat,
Fenc'd round with Arms: and, on her Throne aloft
Leaning majeſtic, to her Subjects gave
Commands and Laws.—— *Trap.*

* The Ancients fancy'd the Moon to be drawn down from Heaven by Witchcraft, when ſhe was eclipſed; and that, at thoſe Times, ſhe ſhed a Sort of *venomous Juice upon certain Herbs*, of great Uſe in Magic.

Reginam thalamo cunctantem ad limina primi
Pœnorum exſpectant: oſtróque inſignis & auro
Stat ſonipes, ac fræna ferox ſpumantia mandit.
Tandem progreditur, magnâ ſtipante catervâ,
Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo:
Cui pharetra ex auro, crines nodantur in aurum,
Aurea purpuream ſubnectit fibula veſtem.——

Virg. Æn. Lib. IV.

Interea Reges, ingenti mole Latinus
Quadrijugo vehitur curru, cui tempora circum
Aurati bis ſex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis avi ſpecimen: bigis it Turnus in albis,
Bina manu lato criſpans haſtilia ferro.
Hinc pater Æneas, Romanæ ſtirpis origo,
Sidereo flagrans clypeo & cœleſtibus armis,
Et juxta Aſcanius, magnæ ſpes altera Romæ.——

Æn. Lib. XII.

———Atque illi ſtellatus jaſpide fulvâ
Enſis erat, Tyrióque ardebat murice læna
Demiſſa ex humeris: dives quæ munera Dido
Fecerat, & tenui telas diſcreverat auro.——

Æn. IV.

HOMO. Vide INFANS.

SAnctius his animal, mentíſque capacius altæ
Deerat adhuc, & quod dominari in cætera poſſet.
Natus Homo eſt. Sive hunc divino ſemina fecit
Ille opifex rerum, mundi melioris origo:
Sive recens tellus, ſeductaque nuper ab alto
Æthere, cognati retinebat ſemina cœli.

Pronaque

Their Queen, whom in her Chamber Dreſs detains,
Before her Gates the Punic Nobles wait:
Her Steed adorn'd with Purple, and with Gold,
Stands pawing, fierce, and champs the foaming Bit.
At length attended with a num'rous Guard,
She comes majeſtic: Her *Sidonian* Veſt
Border'd with crimſon Fringe: Her Quiver, Gold:
Her Treſſes in a golden Knot confin'd:
A golden Buckle claſps her purple Robe.—— *Id.*

Mean while the Kings in long Proceſſion move;
High in his Chariot, by four Horſes drawn,
Latinus rides: twelve golden Rays incloſe
His Temples round: illuſtrious Argument
Of his high Lineage, from the Sun deriv'd.
In his white Car, young *Turnus* next ſucceeds,
Shaking two Jav'lins of broad pointed Steel.
Then, from the oppoſite embattl'd Line,
Comes the great Father of the *Roman* Race,
Æneas, with his Shield's broad ſtarry Orb
All bright, and blazing in celeſtial Arms:
Aſcanius by his Side, the other Hope
Of mighty *Rome*.—————— *Id.*

A Sword, all ſtarr'd with Gems, and ſpangled o'er
With yellow Jaſpers, at his Side he wore;
A Robe refulgent from his Shoulders flow'd,
That flaming deep with *Tyrian* Crimſon glow'd:
The Work of *Dido!* whoſe unrivall'd Art,
With Flow'rs of Gold embroider'd ev'ry Part.—— *Pitt.*

MAN. See INFANT.

A Creature of a more exalted Kind
Was wanting yet, and then was *Man* deſign'd;
Conſcious of Thought, of more capacious Breaſt,
For Empire form'd, and fit to rule the reſt,
Whether with Particles of heav'nly Fire
The God of Nature did his Soul inſpire,
Or Earth, but new divided from the Sky,
And, pliant ſtill, retain'd th' Ætherial Energy.

Pronaque cum ſpectent animalia cætera terram,
Os Homini ſublime dedit: cœlúmque tueri
Juſſit, & erectos ad ſidera tollere vultus.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

——Fuit illa dies, qua ſemina tantum,
Speſque hominum primæ materna habitavimus alvo,
Artifices Natura manus admovit: & angi
Corpora viſceribus diſtentæ condita matris
Noluit: eque domo vacuas emiſit in auras.

Editus in lucem jacuit ſine viribus Infans:
Mox quadrupes, ritúque tulit ſua membra ferarum:
Paulatímque tremens, & nondum poplite firmo
Conſtitit, adjutis aliquo conamine nervis.
Inde valens velóxque fuit: ſpatiúmque juventæ
Tranſit; & emeritis medii quoque temporis annis,
Labitur occiduæ per iter declive ſenectæ.

Subruit hæc ævi demolitúrque prioris
Robora: flétque Milon ſenior, cum ſpectat inanes
Illos, qui fuerant ſolidorum mole torórum
Herculeis ſimiles, fluidos pendere lacertos.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XV.

————Pecudes, & muta animalia terris
Quum maneant ignara ſui, legíſque perennis,
Natura tamen ad mundum revocante parentem
Attollunt animos, cœlúmque ac ſidera ſervant.

Ovid.

Whilſt all the mute Creation downwards bend
Their Sight, and to their earthy Mother tend,
Man looks aloft: and with erected Eyes
Beholds his own hereditary Skies.—— *Dryden.*

Time was, when we were ſow'd, and juſt began;
Meerly the Hope, and Promiſe of a Man:
Then Nature's Hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to Shape the ſoft coagulated Maſs.
In Time the little Man is fully form'd,
The breathleſs Embrio with a Spirit warm'd:
And when the Mother's Throws begin to come,
The Creature, pent within the narrow Womb,
Breaks his blind Priſon: puſhing to repair
His ſtifled Breath, and draw the living Air,
Caſt on the Margin of the World he lies,
An helpleſs Baby, and by Inſtinct cries.
He next eſſays to walk, but downward preſs'd,
On four Feet imitates his Brother Beaſt:
By ſlow Degrees he gathers from the Ground
His Legs, and to the Rolling-Chair is bound:
Then walks alone:—a Horſeman now become,
He rides a Stick, and travels round the Room.
In time he vaunts among his youthful Peers,
Strong-bon'd, and ſtrung with Nerves, in Pride of Years:
He runs with Mettle his firſt merry Stage:
Maintains the next, abated of his Rage,
But manages his Strength, and ſpares his Age.
Heavy the third, and ſtiff, he ſinks apace,
And tho' 'tis down-hill all, but creeps along the Race.
Now ſapleſs on the Verge of Death he ſtands,
Contemplating his former Feet and Hands:
And *Milo*-like, his ſlacken'd Sinews ſees,
And wither'd Arms, once fit to cope with *Hercules*,
Unable now to ſhake, much leſs to tare the Trees.—*Dryd.*

The Brutes, whom Nature did in Sport create,
Unknowing of themſelves, and of their Fate,
By ſecret Inſtinct ſtill erect their Eyes
To Parent Heaven,——

Quis dubitet poſt hæc hominem conjungere cœlo ?
Eximiam natura dedit linguámque, capáxque
Ingenium, volucrémque animum, quem denique in unum
Deſcendit Deus, atque habitat, ipsúmque requirit.——
Manil. Lib. II.

——Projecta jacent animalia cuncta
In terra, vel merſa vadis, vel in aëre pendent.
Omnibus una quies, venter, ſensúſque per artus,
Et quia conſilium non eſt, & lingua remiſſa,
Unus & inſpectus rerum, viréſque loquendi,
Ingeniúmque capax, varias educit in artes.

Hic partus, qui cuncta regit ſeceſſit in orbem,
Et domuit terram ad fruges, animalia cepit,
Impoſuítque viam ponto, ſtetit unus in arce
Erectus capitis, victórque ad ſidera mittit
Sidereos oculos, propriúſque aſpectat Olympum,
Inquirítque Jovem : nec ſola fronte deorum
Contentus manet : & cœlum ſcrutatur in alvo :
Cognatúmque ſequens corpus ſic quærit in aſtris.——
Manil. Lib. IV.

Quid mentem traxiſſe polo, quid profuit altum
Erexiſſe caput ? pecudum ſi more pererrant.——
Claudian.——

VIR Probus. Vide VIRTUS.

JUſtum, & tenacem propoſiti virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus inſtantis Tyranni
Mente quatit ſolidâ, neque Auſter,
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,

Nec

Who then can doubt that *Man*, the glorious Pride
Of All, is nearer to the Skies ally'd?
Nature in him an active Soul hath wrought,
Hath giv'n him Language, and the Pow'r of Thought:
In him the God deſcends, well pleas'd to find
An Image there of his Almighty Mind.— *Creech* alter'd.
The Brutes, of every kind, dwell on the Earth:
Or hang in Air: or thro' the Waters glide:
Nor ought but Reſt, or Food, or Joys of Senſe,
Are their Purſuit.—Since, therefore, Speech, to them,
And Reaſon was deny'd, *Man* was produc'd,
To overlook and Rule: Language he has
Expreſſive of his Mind: and various Arts
To practiſe, or invent, a *Genius* fit.
Man o'er the Globe extends his regal Sway:
The Soil, by him ſubdu'd, is forc'd to bear
Of Fruits, and Grain, a large and rich Encreaſe.
Wild Beaſts are tam'd, and tutor'd for his Uſe,
And o'er the Seas his Veſſels plow their Way.
He too, alone erect, ſtands nobly forth,
And to the Stars lifts up his ſtarlike Eyes:
Beholds the Heav'ns, and *Jove* himſelf explores:
Nor ſuperficially the Gods to know
Is he content: deeply he ſearches Heav'n,
And ſeeks his Origin among the Stars.——
What ſignifies to Man that he from Heav'n
His Soul derives, that with erected Front
He walks ſublime, and views the ſtarry Skies,
If, like the Brutes irrational, he acts?———

MAN (Upright.) See VIRTUE.

THAT upright Man, who's ſteady to his Truſt,
Inflexible to Ill, and obſtinately juſt:
The Fury of the Populace defies,
And dares the Tyrant's threatning Frowns deſpiſe.
Not the rough Whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black Gulf, and vexes it with Storms,

The

Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus:
Si fractus illabitur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.——————
Hor. Lib. III. Ode 3.

——————————Altus Olympi
Vertex, qui ſpatio ventos hiemeſque relinquit,
Perpetuum nulla temeratus nube ſerenum,
Celſior exſurgit pluviis, audítque ruentes
Sub pedibus nimbos, & rauca tonitrua calcat:
Sic patiens animi per tanta negotia liber
Emergit, ſimilíſque ſui: juſtíque tenorem
Flectere non odium cogit, non gratia ſuadet.——
Claud. de Mallii Theod. Conſ.

Integer vitæ, ſceleríſque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu:
Nec venenatis gravidâ Sagittis,
Fuſce, pharetrâ:

Sive per Syrtes iter æſtuoſas,
Sive facturus per inhoſpitalem
Caucaſum, vel quæ loca fabuloſus
Lambit Hydaſpes.—— *Hor.* Lib. I. Ode 22.

——————————Vir bonus eſt quis?
Qui conſulta patrum, qui leges, juráque ſervat.——
Hor. Lib. I. Epiſt. 16.

Eſto bonus miles, tutor bonus, arbiter idem
Integer: ambiguæ, ſi quando citabere teſtis,
Incertæque rei, Phalaris licèt imperet, ut ſis
Falſus, & admoto dictet perjuria tauro,
Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori,

Et

The ſtubborn Virtue of his Soul can move,
Nor even the red Arm of thundring *Jove*.
Should the whole Frame of Nature round him break,
In Ruin and Confuſion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty Crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling World.—*An. ak.*

The tow'ring Summit of *Olympus* knows,
Nor raging Hurricanes, nor hoary Snows;
But high, in the ſuperior Skies, is ſeen,
Above the Clouds, eternally ſerene:
While, at it's ſteady Foot, the ruſhing Rain,
And rattling Thunders ſpend their Force in vain:
So, the juſt Man, diſdaining all controul,
In perfect Peace preſerves his ſteady Soul:
Always himſelf, Nought can his Virtue move,
Nor is he ſway'd by Hatred, or by Love.——
From Virtue's Laws who never parts
Dear Friend, may ſafely go
Without the Mooriſh Lance or Bow,
Or Quiver ſtor'd with poiſon'd Darts,
The Womb of Woe!
Whether thro' *Lybia*'s ſcorching Land
To journey he provides,
By ſavage *Caucus*' rocky Sides,
Or where the Stream, o'er golden Sand,
Of *Indus* glides.——— *Welſted.*

Who's good?—The Man, that in his Country's Cauſe,
Stands up for all her Liberties and Laws.———

Be a good Soldier, an upright Truſtee;
An Arbitrator from Corruption free;
Or if a Witneſs in a doubtful Cauſe,
Where a brib'd Judge means to elude the Laws,
Tho' *Phalaris*'s brazen Bull were there,
And he would dictate what he'd have you ſwear,
Stick firmly to the Truth, and bravely chuſe
To guard your Honour, tho' your Life You loſe.

Die,

Et propter vitam vivendi perdere cauſas.
Dignus morte perit.——————

Juv. Sat. VIII.

MANES. Vide EXEQUIÆ.

——INſtauramus Polydoro funus, & ingens
Aggeritur tumulo tellus: ſtant Manibus aræ,
Cæruleis mœſtæ vittis atráque cupreſſo:
Et circum Iliades crinem de more ſolutæ.
Inferimus tepido ſpumantia cymbia lacte,
Sanguinis & ſacri pateras: animámque ſepulcro
Condimus, & magna ſupremum voce ciemus.——

Virg. Æn. Lib. III.

——————In luco,
Libabat cineri Andromache, Manéſque vocabat
Hectoreum ad tumulum, viridi quem ceſpite inanem,
Et geminas, cauſam lachrymis, ſacraverat aras.—— *Ibid.*

————————Socios in cœtum
Advocat Æneas, tumulíque ex aggere fatur:
Dardanidæ magni, genus alto à ſanguine Divûm:
Annuus exactis completur menſibus orbis,
Ex quo reliquias diviníque oſſa parentis
Condidimus terra, mœſtáſque ſacravimus aras,
Jamque dies, ni fallor, adeſt: quem ſemper acerbum,
Semper honoratum, ſic Dî voluiſtis, habebo.

Hunc ego Gætulis agerem ſi Syrtibus exſul,
Argolicòve mari deprenſus, & urbe Mycenæ:
Annua vota tamen, ſolemnéſque ordine pompas

Exſequerer:

Die, rather than let Virtue be betray'd:
Virtue the nobleſt Cauſe for which we're made.
Improperly we meaſure Life by Breath:
Thoſe do not truly live, who merit Death.—— *Stepny.*

MANES. See FUNERALS.

——TO *Polydore* we firſt perform
His Obſequies: a lofty Pile of Earth
Is rais'd: and Altars to the *Manes* built,
Mournful with fun'ral Wreaths, and gloomy Boughs
Of Cypreſs: With their Treſſes ſcatter'd looſe
(Such is th' accuſtom'd Rite) the *Trojan* Dames
Stand round: We offer Jars of tepid Milk,
And frothing Bowls of conſecrated Blood:
Within the Grave compoſe his Soul to Reſt,
Invoke him loud, and take our laſt Farewel.— *Trap.*
——————Cloſe in a Grove,
Andromache the mournful Off'rings paid,
And ſolemn Sacrifice at *Hector*'s Tomb,
His empty Tomb: which, with two Altars built
On the green Turf, th' Incentives of her Grief,
She conſecrated: and with Tears invok'd
His *Manes.*—————————— *Id.*
————*Æneas* ſummons his aſſembled Friends,
And thus beſpeaks them from a riſing Ground:
Ye gen'rous *Trojans!* ſprung from Blood divine:
One yearly Circle is by rolling Months
Compleat, ſince in the Grave we laid to Reſt
The mortal Relicks of my godlike Sire,
And conſecrated Fun'ral Altars rais'd.
And now That Day, if I remember right,
Is come, by me (ſo You, ye Gods, decreed)
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd.
This Day, did I on *Lybia*'s barren Sands
In Exile live, or on the *Grecian* Sea
Detain'd, or in *Mycenæ:* annual Vows
Ev'n then I would perform, and ſolemn Pomps,

And

Exſequerer : ſtruerémque ſuis altaria donis.
Nunc ultro ad cineres ipſius & oſſa parentis,
Haud equidem ſine mente, reor, ſine numine Divûm,
Adſumus : & portus delati intramus amicos.
Ergo agite, & lætum cuncti celebremus honorem :
Poſcamus ventos, atque hæc me ſacra quotannis
————Velit ſibi ferre dicatis.

Sic fatus, velat maternâ tempora myrto :
Ille è concilio multis cum millibus ibat
Ad tumulum, magnâ medius comitante catervâ.
Hic duo rite mero libans carchefia Baccho
Fundit humi, duo lacte novo, duo ſanguine ſacro :
Purpureóſque jacit flores, ac talia fatur :

Salve, ſancte parens : iterum ſalvete, recepti
Nequicquam cineres, animæque umbræque paternæ.

————Cædit quinas de more bidentes,
Totque ſues, totidem nigrantes terga juvencos :
Vinaque fundebat pateris, animámque vocabat
Anchiſæ magni, Manéſque Acheronte remiſſos.
Necnon & ſocii, quæ cuique eſt copia, læti
Dona ferunt : onerántque aras, mactántque juvencos.
Ordine ahena locant alii : fuſíque per herbam
Subjiciunt verubus prunas, & viſcera torrent.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. V

Huc omnis turba ad ripas effuſa ruebat :
Matres, atque viri, defunctáque corpora vitâ
Magnanimûm heroüm, pueri, innuptæque puellæ,
Impoſitíque rogis juvenes ante ora parentum.
Quàm multa in ſylvis autumni frigore primo
Lapſa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
Quàm multæ glomerantur aves, ubi frigidus annus
Trans pontum fugat, & terris immittit apricis.
Stabant orantes primi tranſmittere curſum,
Tendebántque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.

Navita

And on his Altars pile th' Oblations due.
Now to my Father's Self, his Bones, and Duſt
(Not without Providence, and Heav'n's Deſign,
As I ſuppoſe,) we come, and enter ſafe
Theſe friendly Ports. Come on then, let Us all
Honour this Feſtival with Joy, implore
From him propitious Winds, and Leave to pay
Theſe annual Oblations.——————

He ſaid: and with his Mother's Myrtle Wreath
His Temples crowns. Directly to the Tomb
He from th' Aſſembly goes, by Thouſands round
Attended. For Libation here he pours
Two Bowls of Wine, unmix'd, upon the Ground,
Two of warm Milk, and two of Holy Blood:
Then ſcatters purple Flow'rs, and Thus he ſpeaks.

Hail ſacred Sire! Again, Ye Aſhes, hail;
In vain reviſited! and Thou, the Ghoſt
Of him who gave me Birth!

Five Sheep, obſequious to th' accuſtom'd Rite,
He ſacrifices: next, as many Sows,
And Heifers black: then pours the Wine from Bowls,
Invoking great *Anchiſes'* Soul, diſmiſs'd
From *Acheron*. Nor leſs his Friends, as each
With Store was furniſh'd, offer Gifts, and load
The Altars, ſacrificing Oxen ſlain:
Others in order Cauldrons fix: and, ſtretch'd
Along the Graſs, o'er Heaps of burning Coals
Place Spits, and fry the Entrails on the Fire.—— *Idem.*

Hither in Throngs they crowded to the Bank:
Matrons, and Men, Souls of brave Heroes dead,
Boys, and unmarried Girls, and Youths conſum'd
On Fun'ral Piles before their Parents Eyes.
Unnumber'd, as the Leaves, which fall in Woods,
By Autumn's firſt ſharp Blaſts: Or as the Birds
Which flock from Sea to Land, when the cold Year
Drives them beyond Sea, ſeeking warmer Climes.
Praying they ſtood, firſt to be wafted o'er:
And, longing for the farther Bank, their Hands

Extended:

Navita ſed triſtis nunc hos, nunc accipit illos :
Aſt alios longè ſummotos arcet arenâ.
Æneas (miratus enim, motúſque tumultu)
Dic, ait, ô Virgo, quid vult concurſus ad amnem ?
Quidve petunt animæ ? vel quo diſcrimine ripas
Hæ linquunt, illæ remis vada livida verrunt ?
Olli ſic breviter fata eſt longæva ſacerdos :
Cocyti ſtagna alta vides, Stygiámque paludem,
Dî cujus jurare timent & fallere numen.
Hæc omnis, quam cernis, inops inhumataque turba eſt :
Portitor ille, Charon : hi, quos vehit unda, ſepulti.
Nec ripas datur horrendas, nec rauca fluenta
Tranſportare prius, quam ſedibus oſſa quierunt.
Centum errant annos, volitántque hæc litora circum.
Tum demum admiſſi ſtagna exoptata reviſunt.——

Virg. Æn. Lib. VI.

——————————Cornelia
Ut primùm in ſociæ pervenit littora terræ,
Collegit reſtes, miſeríque inſignia Magni,
Armáque, & impreſſas auro, quas geſſerat olim,
Exuvias, pictáſque togas, velamina ſummo
Ter conſpecta Jovi, funeſtóque intulit igni.
Ille fuit miſeræ Magni cinis. Accipit omnis
Exemplum pietas, & toto littore buſta
Surgunt Theſſalicis reddentia manibus ignem.——

Lucan. Lib. IX.

Extended: But the ſurly Boatman, deaf
To all their Cries, now Theſe, now Thoſe receives:
But drives the reſt at diſtance from the Beach.
Æneas, (for that Tumult much ſurpriz'd,
And ſtruck his Soul) thus ſpeaks: O ſacred Maid!
Tell me, what means this Concourſe to the Lake?
What do the Ghoſts deſire? And why diſtinct
Leave Theſe the Banks, while Others ſweep with Oars
The livid Ford?—To Him in brief replies
The aged Prieſteſs:———You ſee
Profound *Cocytus*, and the *Stygian* Pool:
Whoſe Deity the Gods by Oaths revere,
And dread to violate. This Crowd is All
Diſtreſs'd, and unintomb'd: That Ferryman
Is *Charon*; Thoſe who ſail the Lake, interr'd.
But 'tis not giv'n to paſs the horrid Banks,
And hoarſe reſounding fluent: till in Graves
Their Bones are laid: An hundred Years they rove,
And flutter round theſe Shores, and then at length
Admitted, to the wiſh'd for Stream return.—— *Id.*

Soon as *Cornelia* reach'd the friendly Strand,
Pompey's laſt Rites employ her pious Hand:
To his dear Shade ſhe builds a fun'ral Pile,
And decks it proud with many a noble Spoil.
There ſhone his Arms, with antick Gold inlaid,
There the rich Robes which ſhe herſelf had made:
Robes to imperial *Jove* in Triumph thrice diſplay'd:
The Relicks of his paſt victorious Days,
Now this his lateſt Trophy ſerve to raiſe,
And in one common Flame together blaze.
Such was the weeping Matron's pious Care:
The Soldiers, taught by her, their Fires prepare:
To ev'ry valiant Friend, a Pile they build,
That fell for *Rome* in curs'd *Pharſalia*'s Field:
Stretch'd wide along the Shores, the Flames extend,
And grateful to the wandring Shades, aſcend.—— *Rowe.*

MORES. Vide ORNATUS.

PRiſca juvent alios, ego me nunc denique natum
Gratulor, hæc ætas moribus apta meis.
Non quia nunc terræ lentum ſubducitur aurum,
Lectaque diverſo litore concha venit:
Nec quia decreſcunt effoſſo marmore montes,
Nec quia cæruleæ mole fugantur aquæ:
Sed quia cultus adeſt: nec noſtros manſit in annos
Ruſticitas.——— *Ovid. Art. Am.* Lib. III.
Prima ſit in vobis morum tutela: puellæ
Ingenio facile conciliante placent.
Certus amor morum eſt: formam populabitur ætas:
Et placitus rugis vultus aratus erit.
Tempus erit quo vos ſpeculum vidiſſe pigebit:
Et veniet rugis altera cauſa dolor.
Sufficit, & longum probitas perdurat in ævum:
Perque ſuos annos hinc benè pendet amor.——
Ovid. de Med. Facii.
Pertinet ad faciem rabidos compeſcere mores.——
Ovid. Art. Am.
Spectantem ſpecta, ridenti mollia ride:
Innuit, acceptas tu quoque redde notas.—— *Ibid.*

Turpes mores pulchrum ornatum pejus cœno collinunt,
Lepidi mores turpem ornatum facile factis comprobant.—
Plaut.

CONJUGIUM. Vide NUPTIÆ.

—PAter hanc mihi junxit;——
Hanc mihi junxit Amor. Felix dicebar, eramque.—
————Juvat ô meminiſſe beati
Temporis, Æacida, quo primos ritè per annos
Conjuge eram felix: felix erat illa marito.

Mutua

MANNERS. See DRESS.

THE Antient's Manners other Men may pleaſe,
Not me; thank Heav'n I'm born in Days like t
ot becauſe Gold now from the Mines is brought,
nd diſtant Shores for Orient Pearls are ſought:
or for, that Hills exhauſt their Marble Veins,
nd Moles are made, whoſe Bulk the Sea reſtrains:
t that the World is civiliz'd of late,
nd poliſh'd from the Ruſt of antient Date.— *Congre*
Firſt, learn good Manners, Fair Ones! I adviſe:
'is that ſecures the Conqueſt of your Eyes.
ge, Beauty's Foe, will, o'er your charming Brow,
o all you can, injurious Furrows plow:
he Time will come you'll hate the Tell-tale Glaſs,
hat ſhews the frightful Ruins of your Face:
t, if Good-Nature to the laſt remain,
'n Age will pleaſe, and Love his Pow'r retain.——

et no rude Paſſions in your Looks find place,
Fury will deform the fineſt Face.——
et Looks with Looks, and Smiles with Smiles be paid:
when Another bows, incline your Head.— *Dryden.*
nners unſeemly, Actions baſe and vile,
worſe than Dirt the fineſt Dreſs defile:
hoſo acts with Truth and Honeſty,
ands Eſteem, tho' mean his Habit be.——

ARRIAGE. See WEDDING.

R Father ſeal'd my Hopes with Rites divine:
er firmer Love before had made her mine.
l'd me bleſt, and bleſt * I was indeed.——
aſing Images Remembrance draws
fair Days, when new to *Hymen's* Laws,
r *Procris* led the Spring of Life,
ieſt Huſband and the happieſt Wife!

&c.

Mutua cura duos, & amor ſocialis habebat.
Nec Jovis illa meo thalamos præferret amori:
Nec me quæ caperet, non ſi Venus ipſa veniret,
Ulla erat. Æquales urebant pectora flammæ.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. VII.

———Baucis anus, parilíque ætate Philemon
Illa ſunt annis juncti juvenilibus, illa
Conſenuere caſa: paupertatémque fatendo
Effecere levem, nec iniqua mente ferendam.
Nec refert, dominos illic, famulòſne requiras:
Tota domus duo ſunt: îdem paréntque jubéntque.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. VIII.

Felices ter, & amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulſus querimoniis,
Supremâ citius ſolvet amor die.—*Hor.* I. Ode 13.

———Utinam ſtrepitantibus advolet alis,
Flavaque conjugio vincula portet Amor:
Vincula quæ maneant ſemper, dum tarda ſenectus
Inducat rugas, inficiátque comas.———
Tibul. Lib. II. El. 2.
Candida perpetuo reſide, Concordia, lecto,
Tamque pari ſemper ſit Venus æqua jugo:
Diligat illa ſenem quondam; ſed & ipſa marito,
Tunc quoque cùm fuerit, non videatur anus.—— *Mart.*

MEDIOCRITAS. Vide Felicitas. Natura paucis contenta.

REctiùs vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urgendo: neque, dum procellas
Cautus horreſcis, nimiùm premendo
Littus iniquum.
Auream quiſquis mediocritatem

Diligit,

So high the Tide of our Affection run,
Our Love, our Care, our Paſſions all were one.
Had *Jove* made Love, great *Jove* ſhe had deſpis'd,
And I my *Procris* more than *Venus* priz'd:
Love had to both ſo juſt a Portion dealt,
Such equal Flames our mutual Boſoms felt.— *Tate* alter'd.
——————Within this humble Cot
Old *Baucis* and *Philemon* led their Life:
Both equal-ag'd:—In this their Youth they ſpent,
In this grew old: rich only in Content.
With chearful Minds their Poverty they bore,
Nor aim'd at Wealth, profeſſing to be poor.
For Maſter, or for Servant, here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were All.
Command was none, where equal Love was paid:
Or rather, both commanded, both obey'd.—*Dryd.* alter'd.
Thrice happy They, who long as Life,
Without Complainings, Noiſe, or Strife,
Preſerve unloos'd the nuptial Tye,
Nor ceaſe to Love until they die.——
Oh! how I wiſh that Love, with flutt'ring Wing,
The golden Marriage Chains would hither bring!
Chains which for ever bind, tho' Age comes on,
With Wrinkles, and grey Hairs, and Beauty's Charms be gone.——————
Perpetual Concord bleſs their nuptial State,
And Love and Union make their Joys compleat!
May She love him in Age, and He behold
Her, tho' in Years, yet not believe her old!—— *Anon.*

MEDIOCRITY. See Happineſs. Nature requires little.

BElieve me, Friend! 'tis much the ſafeſt Way,
Nor with too bold a Sail to truſt the Sea:
Nor, while you dread the threatning Tempeſt's roar,
Too cloſe to creep along the rocky Shore.
Who ſhuns Extreams, and wiſely ſteers between;
Whoſe equal Mind approves the golden Mean:

Diligit, tutus caret obſoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ
Sobrius aulâ.

Sæpiùs ventis agitatur ingens
Pinus: & celſæ graviore caſu
Decidunt turres, feriúntque ſummos
Fulmina montes.
Sperat infeſtis, metuit ſecundis
Alteram ſortem benè præparatum
Pectus: informes hiemes reducit
Jupiter: idem
Summovet. Non, ſi malè nunc, & olim
Sic erit. Quondam citharâ tacentem
Suſcitat Muſam, neque ſemper arcum
Tendit Apollo.
Rebus anguſtis animoſus, atque
Fortis appare: ſapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimiùm ſecundo
Turgida Vela.—— *Hor.* Lib. II. Ode 10.

Ruſticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur
Accepiſſe cavo, veterem vetus hoſpes amicum:
Aſper, & attentus quæſitis, ut tamen arctum
Solveret hoſpitiis animum. Quid multa? neque illi
Sepoſiti ciceris, nec longæ invidit avenæ:
Aridum & ore ferens acinum, ſemeſáque lardi
Fruſtra dedit, cupiens variâ faſtidia cœnâ
Vincere, tangentis malè ſingula dente ſuperbo.
Cùm pater ipſe domus, paleâ porrectus in hornâ,
Eſſet ador loliúmque, dapis meliora relinquens.

Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit, amice,
Prærupti nemoris patientem vivere dorſo?

Vis

Man ſhall ſpend his Days ſecure,
ntempt, and Want that gall the Poor:
ſplendid Cares, and Envy's Stings,
Plague of Courts, and Scourge of Kings.
ous Winds with greater Spite combine,
Grandeur of the ſtately Pine:
of Structure makes the Ruin large,
gainſt high Hills their hotteſt Bolts diſcharge.
ell-pois'd Mind, an evil State
a Good with Fear, doth moderate.
's Pride by Winter is brought down,
again the conquering Seaſon crown.
t, nor of the Laws of Fate complain,
cloudy, 'twill clear up again:
llo does not always uſe,
milder Lyre ſometimes awakes the Muſe.
rſe Tides retard your deſtin'd Courſe,
Oars oppoſe their ſurging Force:
oſp'rous Gales your Streamers play,
ct the Sails, and ſcud away.—*Norris* alter'd.
ouſe, (for ſo does Story tell,)
Friend——————
ouſe receiv'd in his poor Cell.
as thrifty, yet would kindly feaſt
equir'd, and nobly treat his Gueſt.
ſtriving every Way to pleaſe,
ght his hoarded Oats and Peaſe,
acon, and his mellow Pears,
ields produce, or Country bears:
Grapes well dry'd; and try'd his beſt,
iety to pleaſe the Gueſt:
afraid to hurt his Mouth,
ere and there with dainty Tooth.
only Tares or Barley eats,
leap of new-threſh'd Chaff he ſits)
ueſt the more delicious Meats.
City Mouſe begins, My Friend,
bear in Woods your Days to ſpend?

Vis tu homines urbémque feris præponere ſylvis?
Carpe viam, mihi crede, comes: terreſtria quando
Mortales animas vivunt ſortita: neque ulla eſt
Aut magno, aut parvo lethi fuga. Quo, bone, circa,
Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:
Vive memor quàm ſis ævi brevis. Hæc ubi dicta
Agreſtem pepulêre: domo levis exſilit. Inde
Ambo propoſitum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
Mœnia nocturni ſubrepere: jámque tenebat
Nox medium cœli ſpatium, cùm ponit uterque
In locuplete domo veſtigia: rubro ubi cocco
Tincta ſuper lectos canderet veſtis eburnos,
Multáque de magnâ ſupereſſent fercula cœnâ,
Quæ procul exſtructis inerant heſterna caniſtris.
Ergo ubi purpureâ porrectum in veſte locavit
Agreſtem: veluti ſuccinctus curſitat hoſpes,
Continuátque dapes, nec non vernaliter ipſis
Fungitur officiis, prælambens omne quod affert.
Ille cubans gaudet mutata ſorte; boniſque
Rebus agit lætam convivam: cùm ſubitò ingens
Valvarum ſtrepitus lectis excuſſit utrumque.
Currere per totum pavidi conclave, magíſque
Exanímes trepidare: ſimul domus alta Moloſſis
Perſonuit canibus.———————

———————Tum Ruſticus: haud mihi vitâ
Eſt opus hâc, ait: & valeat: me ſylva, cavúſque
Tutus ab inſidiis tenui ſolabitur ervo.———————

Hor. Lib. II. Sat

Tantis parta malis, curâ majore, metúque
Servantur: miſera eſt magni cuſtodia cenſûs.
Diſpoſitis prædives hamis vigilare cohortem
Servorum noctu Licinus jubet, attonitus pro
Electro, ſigníſque ſuis, Phrygiâque columnâ,
Atque Ebore, & latâ teſtudine. Dolia nudi

Would you not rather live in Town than here,
And Men's Converſe to that of Beaſts prefer?
Then go with me: I'll get you better Chear.
Since every Creature muſt reſign it's Breath,
Nor Great, nor Little, is exempt from Death,
Enjoy your Time in Pleaſure, Mirth and Sport,
And live like one that knows his Life is ſhort.
  Theſe Words prevail'd upon the Country Mouſe,
Who ſtrait conſents, and jocund leaves the Houſe.
The Travellers together journey on,
And ſteal by Night unſeen into the Town.
Twelve ſtrikes the Clock: the Friends together come
To a Lord's Houſe, and find a ſtately Room,
Where purple Cuſhions grac'd each Ivory Seat,
And much was left of laſt Night's coſtly Treat.
  The City Mouſe firſt ſeats his Country Gueſt
On Cloth of State, and waits, and carves the Feaſt:
Courſe after Courſe, a thouſand dainty Things,
And like a Servant, taſtes what-e'er he brings.
The Country Mouſe, pleas'd with his Seat of State,
And various Dainties, bleſs'd his change of Fate:
Feeds heartily: when, lo! the Servants come,
And Dogs ruſh in, and bark about the Room.
Both ſtart: both leave their Seats with eager Haſte:
Trembling, for Life they fly, and hardly 'ſcape at laſt.
  Then ſays the Country Mouſe, I plainly ſee
This Kind of Life is not a Life for me:
Falſe Joys, adieu: give me the quiet Wood,
Where I am ſafe, tho' Acorns be my Food.—*Cowley* alt.
  With Care and Trouble great Eſtates we gain:
When got, we keep 'em with more Care and Pain.
The rich *Licinus*' Servants ready ſtand,
Each with a Water-Bucket in his Hand,
Keeping a Guard, for fear of Fire, all Night:
Yet is *Licinus* always in a Fright.
His curious Statues, Amber-Works, and Plate,
Still freſh encreaſing Pangs of Mind create.

Non ardent Cynici: ſi fregeris, altera fiet
Cras domus: aut eadem plumbo commiſſa manebit.

Senſit Alexander, teſtâ cùm vidit in illâ
Magnum habitatorem, quantò felicior hic, qui
Nil cuperit, quàm qui totum ſibi poſceret orbem,
Paſſurus geſtis æquanda pericula rebus.

Nullum numen abeſt, ſi ſit Prudentia: ſed te
Nos facimus, Fortuna, deam.——— *Juv.* Sat. X

O mihi care quidem ſemper, ſed tempore duro
Cognite, res poſtquam procubuere meæ:
Uſibus edocto ſi quidquam credis amico:
Vive tibi, & longè nomina magna fuge.
Vive tibi: quantúmque potes præluſtria vita:
Sævum præluſtri fulmen ab arce venit.
Nam quamquam ſoli poſſunt prodeſſe potentes:
Non potius proſit, ſi quis obeſſe poteſt.
Effugit hibernas demiſſa antenna procellas:
Latáque plus parvis vela timoris habent.
Adſpicis, ut ſumma cortex levis innatat unda:
Cùm grave nexa ſimul retia mergat onus?—*Ov.* III. *Tri*

Otium Divos rogat in patenti
Prenſus Ægæo, ſimul atra nubes
Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent
Sidera nautis.
Otium bello furioſa Thrace,
Otium Medi pharetrâ decori,
Groſphe, non gemmis, neque purpurâ ve-
Nale, nec auro.
Non enim gazæ, neque conſularis
Summovit lictor miſeros tumultus
Mentis, & curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.
Vivitur parvo benè, cui paternum
Splendet in menſâ tenui ſalinum,

The naked *Cynick*'s Tub ne'er flames:—if broken,
'Tis quickly ſodder'd, or a new beſpoken.
When *Alexander* firſt beheld the Face
Of the great Cynick, in that narrow Space:
His own Condition thus he did lament:
How much more happy Thou, who art content
To live within this little Hole, than I
Who after Empire, that vain Quarry, fly;
Grappling with Dangers where-ſoe'er I roam.
While Thou haſt conquer'd all the World at Home.
Fortune a Goddeſs is to Fools alone,
The Wiſe are always Maſters of their own.——*Dryden.*
O Thou, for ever dear, but now beſt known;
A Friend at Need by my Misfortunes ſhewn:
If on my long Experience thoul't rely,
Live to thyſelf, from Courts and Greatneſs fly:
Live to thyſelf; by Virtue ſeek Renown:
Avoid the Great: Deſtruction waits their Frown:
Nor all the Wealth and Pow'r they can beſtow,
Deſerve the Riſque with them we undergo.
In Storms with lower'd Sails the Port we gain;
The Shrouds full ſpread would drown us in the Main.
See the light Cork above the Surface riſe:
The Net, with all its Weights, ſunk, at the Bottom lies.—
Grant me, Ye Gods! a Life of Eaſe,
Toſs'd on the rough *Ægæan* Seas,
The Sailor cries, when Darkneſs hides
The Moon, and every Star that guides.
For Eaſe the furious *Thracian* fights,
'Tis Eaſe the *Mede* to War excites;
Eaſe wiſh'd by all, which can't be ſold
For Robes of State, or Gems, or Gold.
Nor Wealth, nor regal Pomp, we find
Can quell the Tumults of the Mind:
Or drive away the Cares that wait
Around the Palace of the Great.
Happy the Man with little bleſt,
Of what his Father left poſſeſs'd,

Whoſe

Nec leves ſomnos timor, aut cupido
Sordidus aufert.
Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? patriæ quis exſul
Se quoque fugit?
Scandit æratas vitioſa naves
Cura: nec turmas equitum relinquit
Ocyor cervis, & agente nimbos
Ocyor Euro.
Lætus in præſens animus, quod ultrà eſt
Oderit curare, & amara læto
Temperet riſu, Nihil eſt ab omni
Parte beatum.
Abſtulit clarum cita mors Achillem:
Longa Tithonum minuit ſenectus:
Et mihi forſan, tibi quod negarit,
Porriget hora.
Te greges centum, Siculæque circum
Mugiunt vaccæ: tibi tollit hinni-
Tum apta quadrigis equa: te bis Afro
Murice tinctæ
Veſtiunt lanæ. Mihi parva rura, &
Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camœnæ
Parca non mendax dedit, & malignum
Spernere vulgus.—— *Hor.* Lib. II. Od.

Stet quicunque volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico:
Me dulcis ſaturet quies,
Obſcuro poſitus loco,
Leni perfruar otio.
Nullis nota Quiritibus
Ætas per tacitum fluat.
Sic cum tranſierint mei
Nullo cum ſtrepitu dies,
Plebeius moriar ſenex.

Whoſe ſweet Repoſe no Terrors break,
Nor Avarice can keep awake.
Since fleeting Life ſo ſoon muſt end,
What can our vain Purſuits intend?
From Shore to Shore why ſhould we roam,
When none can leave himſelf at home?
Tho' under Sail, malicious Care
Climbs the tall Ship, and takes us there:
Purſues the Horſeman cloſe behind,
The Stag out-runs, out-flies the Wind.
The Mind that can rejoyce to Day,
Should caſt all future Cares away,
And temper Grief with laughing Mirth,
For none's compleatly bleſt on Earth.
Achilles great in youthful Pride,
Worn out by Age *Tithonus* dy'd:
And Years, which Fate denies to Thee,
It may perhaps allow to Me.
Ten thouſand Sheep o'er-ſpread thy Ground,
Thy num'rous Heifers low around:
Four pamper'd Mares thy Chariot draw,
Thy purple Robes the Vulgar awe:
Of ſmall Extent, an humble Farm,
A Breaſt the Muſes gently warm,
On me hath gracious Heav'n beſtow'd,
With Pride enough to ſcorn the Crowd.——

Climb at Court for me that will,
Tottering Favour's Pinnacle!
All I ſeek is to lie ſtill.
Settled in ſome ſecret Neſt,
In calm Leiſure let me reſt:
And far off the public Stage,
Paſs away my ſilent Age!
Thus when, without Noiſe, unknown,
I have liv'd out all my Span,
I ſhall die without a Groan,
An old honeſt Country-man.

Who,

Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur ſibi.—— *Sen. Thyeſtes.*

MERCURIUS.

——ILLE patris magni parere parabat
Imperio: & primum pedibus talaria nectit
Aurea: quæ ſublimem alis, ſive æquora ſupra,
Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant.
Tum virgam capit: hac animas ille evocat Orco
Pallentes, alias ſub triſtia Tartara mittit,
Dat ſomnos adimítque, & lumina morte reſignat.
Illâ fretus agit ventos, & turbida tranat
Nubila. Jamque volans apicem & latera ardua cernit
Atlantis duri, cœlum qui vertice ſuſſit.

Hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis

Conſtitit:

Who, expos'd to other's Eyes,
Into his own Heart ne'er pries,
Death's to him a ſtrange Surprize.—— *Marvel.*

[The foregoing Paſſage is ſo finely paraphras'd by my Lord LANSDOWN, that adding it here can need no Apology.]

Place me, Ye Powers! in ſome obſcure Retreat:
O keep me innocent! make Others Great!
In quiet Shades, content with rural Sports,
Give me a Life, remote from guilty Courts:
Where free from Hopes or Fears, in humble Eaſe,
Unheard of I may live, and die in Peace!
Happy the Man who thus retir'd from Sight,
Studies himſelf, and ſeeks no other Light:
But moſt unhappy he, who ſits on high,
Expos'd to ev'ry Tongue, and ev'ry Eye:
Whoſe Follies, blaz'd about, to all are known,
And are a Secret to himſelf alone:
Worſe is an evil Fame, much worſe than none.

MERCURY.

——PReparing to obey
His mighty Father's Will, firſt to his Feet
He binds the golden Sandals, which on Wings
Bear him aloft, as o'er the Seas, or Earth
He flies, and round him whirls the rapid Air.
Then takes his Wand:—With This pale Ghoſts he calls
From Hell: ſends Others to thoſe dreary Realms:
Gives, or breaks Sleep: and Eyes unſeals from Death.
Equip'd with This, he drives the Winds, and cuts
Th' oppoſing turbid Miſts: and now diſcerns,
In his ſwift Flight, the Top, and lofty Sides
Of rocky *Atlas*, who ſuſtains the Sky.
Here firſt *Cyllenius*, pois'd on even Wings,
Alighted: Thence with all his Body's Force,

Flings

Conſtitit: hinc toto præceps ſe corpore ad undas
Miſit: avi ſimilis, quæ circum litora, circum
Piſcoſos ſcopulos, humilis volat æquora juxta.
Haud aliter terras inter cœlúmque volabat,
Litus arenoſum Libyæ ventóſque ſecabat,
Materno veniens ab avo Cyllenia proles.——

Æn. Lib. IV.

Parva mora eſt, alas pedibus virgámque potenti
Somniferam ſumpſiſſe manu, tegiménque capillis.
Hæc ubi diſpoſuit, patria Jove natus ab arce
Deſilit in terras.——————

Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

Obſtupuit forma Jove natus: & æthere pendens
Non ſecus exarſit, quam cum Balearica plumbum
Funda jacit: volat illud, & incandeſcit eundo.
Vertit iter: cœlóque petit diverſa relicto:
Nec ſe diſſimulat: tanta eſt fiducia formæ.
Quæ quanquam juſta eſt; cura tamen adjuvat illam:
Permulcétque comas, chlamydémque ut pendeat apte,
Collocat: ut limbus, torúmque appareat aurum:
Ut teres in dextra, qua ſomnos ducit & arcet,
Virga ſit: ut terſis niteant talaria plantis.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. II.

Paret Atlantiades dictis genitoris, & inde
Summa pedum propere plantaribus illigat alis,
Obnubítque comas, & temperat aſtra galero.
Tum dextræ virgam inſeruit, qua pellere dulces
Aut ſuadere iterum ſomnos, qua nigra ſubire
Tartara, & exangues animare aſſueverat umbras.
Deſiluit: tenuíque exceptus inhorruit aura.

Nec

Flings himſelf headlong from the ſteepy Height
Down to the Ocean: Like the Bird that flies,
Low, ſkimming o'er the Surface, near the Sea;
Around the Shores, around the fiſhy Rocks:
So *Mercury* in Air 'twixt Earth and Heav'n,
Shooting from his maternal Granſire, flew,
And cut the Winds, and *Lybia*'s ſandy Shore:——*Trap.*

With all his Harneſs ſoon the God was ſped;
His flying Hat was faſt'ned on his Head,
Wings on his Heels were hung, and in his Hand
He holds his ſnaky Sleep-producing Wand.
Then darting from the Skies, his Pinions ſound,
And, in an Inſtant, ſhoot him on the Ground:—*Dryd.*alt.

Hermes ſhe fir'd, as in the Clouds he hung:
So the cold Bullet, that with Fury ſlung,
From *Balearic* Engines mounts on high,
Glows in the Whirl, and burns along the Sky.
Now down to Earth he turn'd his Flight, and ſhow'd
The Form divine, the Features of a God.
He knew their Virtue o'er a female Heart,
And yet he ſtrives to better them by Art.
He hangs his Mantle looſe, and ſets to Show
The golden Edging on the Seam below:
Adjuſts his flowing Curls, and in his Hand
Waves with an Air, the Sleep-commanding Wand:
The glitt'ring Sandals to his Feet applies,
And to each Heel the well-trim'd Pinion tyes.—*Addiſon.*

Hermes obeys, and to his Feet applies
Thoſe golden Wings that cut the yielding Skies:
His ample Hat his beamy Locks o'er-ſpread,
And veil'd the ſtarry Glories of his Head:
He ſeiz'd his Wand, that cauſes Sleep to fly,
Or in ſoft Slumbers ſeals the wakeful Eye:
That drives the Dead to dark *Tartarean* Coaſts,
Or back to Life compels the wand'ring Ghoſts.
Thus, thro' the parting Clouds the Son of *May*,
Wings on the whiſtling Winds his rapid Way:

Nec mora, ſublimes raptim per inane volatus
Carpit, & ingenti deſignat nubila gyro.——
Stat. Lib.

Tum Maia genitum——————
Imperat acciri. Cyllenius adſtitit ales,
Somniferam quatiens Virgam, tectúſque galero.

Atlantis Tegeæe nepos, commune profundis
Et ſuperis numen, qui fas per limen utrumque
Solus habes, geminóque facis commercia mundo,
I, celeres proſcinde notos, & juſſa ſuperbo
Redde Jovi.——————————

Vix ea fatus erat, jam nuntius aſtra tenebat.——
Claud. Rapt. Proſ. Lib.

METALLA.

——ÆS, atque aurum, ferrúmque repertum 'ſt,
Et ſimul argenti pondus, plumbíque poteſt
Ignis ubi ingenteis ſylvas ardore cremârat
Montibus in magnis, ſeu cœli fulmine miſſo,
Sive quòd inter ſe bellum ſilveſtre gerentes,
Hoſtibus intulerant ignem formidinis ergo.
Quicquid id eſt, quacumque è cauſa flammeus ardor
Horribili ſonitu ſylvas exederat altis
Ab radicibus, & terram percoxerat igni,
Manabat venis ferventibus in loca terræ
Concava conveniens argenti rivus & auri,
Æris item & plumbi: quæ cùm concreta videbant
Poſteriùs claro in terris ſplendere colore,
Tollebant nitido capti, levíque lepôre:
Et ſimili formata videbant eſſe figura,
Atque lacunarum fuerant veſtigia cuique;
Tum penetrabat eos, poſſe hæc liquefacta calore
Quamlibet in formam, & faciem decurrere rerum:

Now ſmoothly ſteers thro' Air his equal Flight,
Now ſprings aloft, and tow'rs th' etherial Height:
Then wheeling down the Steep of Heav'n he flies,
And draws a radiant Circle o'er the Skies.—— *Pope.*

Now *Maia*'s Son * he cites: with ready Speed
The God obeys, his Wings adorn his Head:
He ſhakes the Virtue of the ſleepy Wand,
And haſtens to receive the high Command.
Offſpring of *Atlas*, and my Nephew dear,
Of Hell and Heav'n the common Meſſenger:
Who canſt alone appear in either Court,
Free of both Worlds, which own thy glad Reſort:
Wing on the rapid Winds thy Flight above,
And bear my Meſſage to the haughty *Jove*.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when, with diſpatchful Flight,
The ſacred Envoy gain'd the Realms of Light.—*Hughes.*

METALS.

THEN Braſs, and Gold, and Iron too were ſhewn,
And Silver's valu'd Weight, and Lead were known:
When mighty Foreſts, firſt, on Mountains high,
Fierce Fires conſum'd:—Or, kindled from the Sky
By Lightning, or from Man the Flames aroſe,
Who thought by Fire to ſcare his ruſtic Foes:
From whate'er Cauſe the Flames receiv'd their Birth,
With horrid Cracklings, to their deepeſt Roots,
They burnt the Foreſts up, and ſcorch'd the Earth.
Then Streams of Silver, Gold, and Lead, and Braſs,
To where they found prepar'd a hollow Place,
Ran melted down, and form'd a glitt'ring Maſs.
Soon as Mankind beheld the ſparkling Ore,
Pleas'd with its Shine, each Hollow they explore:
And there obſerving, that it ſhew'd the Frame
And Figure of the Place from whence it came,
They judg'd, that run by Heat, 'twou'd take with Eaſe,
Whatever uſeful Shape or Form they pleaſe.

* *Plato.*

Et prorſum quamvis in acuta ac tenuia poſſe
Mucronum duci faſtigia procudendo:
Ut ſibi tela parent, ſylváſque excidere poſſint,
Materiem lævare, dolare, ac radere tigna,
Et terebrare etiam, ac pertundere, perque forare.
Nec minus argento facere hæc, auróque parabant,
Quàm validi primùm violentis viribus æris:
Nequicquam: Quoniam cedebat victa poteſtas,
Nec poterat pariter durum ſufferre laborem.
Nam fuit in pretio magis æs, aurúmque jacebat,
Propter inutilitatem hebeti mucrone retuſum.
Nunc jacet æs, aurum in ſummum ſucceſſit honorem.
Sic volvenda ætas commutat tempora rerum:
Quod fuit in pretio, fit nullo denique honore:
Porro aliud ſuccedit, & è contemptibus exit,
Inque dies magis appetitur, florétque repertum
Laudibus, & miro 'ſt mortaleis inter honore.——

Lucret. Lib. V.

——Prior æris erat quàm ferri cognitus uſus:
Quò facilis magis eſt natura, & copia major.
Ære ſolum terræ tractabant, æréque belli
Miſcebant fluctus, & volnera vaſta ſerebant.
Inde minutatim proceſſit ferreus enſis,
Verſaque in opprobrium ſpecies eſt Falſis ahenæ,
Et ferro cœpere ſolum proſcindere terræ;
Exæquataque ſunt creperi certamina belli.—— *Ibid.*

——————Itum eſt in viſcera terræ:
Quſáque recondiderat, Stygiiſque admoverat umbris,
Effodiuntur opes, irritamenta malorum.
Jamque nocens ferrum, ferróque nocentius aurum
Prodierat: prodit bellum, quod pugnat utroque,
Sanguineáque manu crepitantia concutit arma.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

MIDAS.

They found that Blows would to the Metal give
Sharp Points for Darts, or a keen Edge to cleave
Their Foreſt Trees: they likewiſe found it fit
For Tools, to knock, or chop, or pierce, or ſplit,
To ſmooth, or hollow Wood, as they ſhould manage it,
Silver and Gold no leſs at firſt were ſought,
Than firmer Braſs: till by Experience taught,
Men found their Strength unequal to the Taſk,
And yielding to the Force ſuch Labours aſk:
Then Braſs became eſteem'd, and chiefly priz'd,
And Gold was for its blunted Edge deſpis'd.——
Now Braſs is look'd on as a Thing of Nought;
And Gold has all the Praiſe and Honour got.
Time alters thus the Dignity of Things;
Some that were long eſteem'd and ſought, it flings
Down into low Contempt: makes Others priz'd,
Which lay for Ages uſeleſs and deſpis'd.——

The Uſe of Braſs e'er that of Steel was found,
Becauſe 'twas ſofter, and did more abound:
Then Ploughs were Braſs, and Trumpets heard afar
Were Braſs, and Braſs their Weapons for the War.
Till, by Degrees, oft melting down the Maſs,
Steel Swords were forg'd, which made them ſcorn the Braſs:
They then began with Steel to cut the Ground,
And in their Wars ſteel Weapons gave the Wound.—

Then greedy Mortals, rummaging her Store,
Dug from Earth's Entrails firſt the precious Ore,
(Which next to Hell the prudent Gods had laid)
And that alluring Ill to Sight diſplay'd.
Then curſed Steel, and more accurſed Gold,
Gave Miſchief Birth, and made that Miſchief bold,
And double Death did wretched Man invade,
By Steel aſſaulted, and by Gold betray'd.—— *Dryden.*

MIDAS.

HUIC Deus optandi gratum, ſed inutile, fecit
Muneris arbitrium.———————
Ille malè uſurus donis, ait, Effice, quicquid
Corpore contigero, fulvum vertatur in aurum.
Annuit optatis: nocituraque munera ſolvit
Liber: & indoluit, quod non meliora petiſſet.

Lætus abit: gaudétque malo Berecynthius heros:
Pollicitámque fidem tangendo ſingula tentat.
Vixque ſibi credens, non alta fronde virentem
Ilice detraxit virgam: virga aurea facta eſt.
Tollit humo ſaxum: ſaxum quoque palluit auro.
Contigit & glebam: contactu gleba potenti
Maſſa fit. Arentes Cereris decerpſit ariſtas:
Aurea meſſis erat. Demtum tenet arbore pomum:
Heſperidas donaſſe putes. Si poſtibus altis
Admovit digitos: poſtes radiare videntur.
Ille etiam liquidis palmas ubi laverat undis,
Unda fluens palmis Danaën eludere poſſet.

Vix ſpes ipſe ſuas animo capit, aurea fingens
Omnia. Gaudenti menſas poſuere miniſtri
Exſtructas dapibus, nec toſtæ frugis egentes.
Tum verò, ſive ille ſua Cerealia dextra
Munera contigerat, Cerealia dona rigebant.

' O him the *God:——————
Wiſh what Thou wilt, and all thy Wiſh enjo
;en'rous Offer! tho' but ill beſtow'd
One whoſe Choice ſo wrong a Judgment ſhow'
nt me, ſays he, (nor thought he aſk'd too much)
ıt with my Body whatſoe'er I touch,
ng'd from the Nature which it held of old,
y be converted into yellow Gold.
had his Wiſh: but yet the God repin'd,
think the Fool no better Wiſh could find.
n Thought compleatly bleſt, he leaves the Place,
th Smiles of Gladneſs ſparkling in his Face:
r could contain, but, as he took his Way,
patient, longs to make the firſt Eſſay.
wn from a lowly Branch a Twig he drew,
Twig ſtrait glitter'd with a golden Hue.
takes a Stone: the Stone was turn'd to Gold:
'lod he touches: and the crumbling Mold
ıowledg'd ſoon the tranſmutating Power,
'eight and Subſtance a rich Lump of Ore.
'uck'd the Corn: and ſtrait his Graſp appears
with a bending Tuft of golden Ears.
ɔple next he takes: and ſeems to hold
ight *Heſperian* vegetable Gold.
ınd he careleſs on a Pillar lays:
ıining Gold the Pillar ſeems to blaze:
ile he waſhes, as the Servants pour,
ıch converts the Stream to *Danae*'s Show'r.
: theſe Miracles ſo finely wrought,
h tranſporting Joy his giddy Thought.
r Slaves prepare a ſumptuous Board,
'h rich Dainties for their happy Lord:
w'rful Hands the Bread no ſooner hold,
ole Subſtance is transform'd to Gold.

bus to *Midas.*

Sive dapes avido convellere dente parabat,
Lamina fulva dapes admoto dente nitebant.
Miſcuerat puris auctorem muneris undis,
Fuſile per rictus aurum fluitare videres.

Attonitus novitate mali, divéſque, miſérque
Effugere optat opes: &, quæ modo voverat, odit.
Copia nulla famem relevat: ſitis arida guttur
Urit, & inviſo meritus torquetur ab auro.
Ad cœlúmque manus, & ſplendida brachia tollens,
Da veniam, Lenæe pater; peccavimus, inquit:
Sed miſerere, precor, ſpecioſóque eripe damno.

Mite Deûm numen Bacchus peccaſſe fatentem
Reſtituit, pactámque fidem data munera ſolvit.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XI.

VIA LACTEA.

EST Via ſublimis, cœlo manifeſta ſereno:
Lactea nomen habet: candore notabilis ipſo.
Hac iter eſt Superis ad magni tecta Tonantis,
Regalémque domum.—— *Ovid. Met.* Lib. I.

Nec quærendus erit: viſus incurrit in ipſos
Sponte ſua, ſéque ipſe docet, cogítque notari.
Námque in cæruleo candens nitet orbita mundo,
Ceu miſſura diem ſubito, cœlúmque recludens,
Ac veluti viridis diſcernit ſemita campos,

Up to his Mouth he lifts the ſav'ry Meat,
Which turns to Gold as he attempts to eat:
His Patron's noble Juice! of purple Hue,
Touch'd by his Lips, a gilded Cordial grew:
Unfit for drink, and wondrous to behold,
It trickles from his Jaws a fluid Gold.
The rich poor Fool, confounded with Surprize,
Starving in all his various Plenty lies:
Sick of his Wiſh, he now deteſts the Pow'r,
For which he ask'd ſo earneſtly before:
Amidſt his Gold with pinching Famine curſt,
And juſtly tortur'd with an equal Thirſt.
At laſt his ſhining Arms to Heav'n he rears,
And in Diſtreſs, for Refuge, flies to Pray'rs,
O, Father *Bacchus!* I have ſinn'd! he cry'd,
And fooliſhly thy gracious Gift apply'd!
Thy Pity now, repenting, I implore!
Oh! may I feel the golden Plague no more!
The hungry Wretch, his Folly thus confeſt,
Touch'd the kind Deities good-natur'd Breaſt:
The gentle God annull'd his firſt Decree,
And from the cruel Compact ſet him free.—— *Croxall.*

MILKY WAY.

A Way there is, extending far on high,
Clear to the View in an unclouded Sky;
The Place, for it's diſtinguiſh'd Whiteneſs fam'd,
By Men below the *Milky Way* is nam'd.
The bright Immortals tread this heav'nly Road
To *Jove*'s high Court, the *Thunderer*'s Abode.—*Sewell* alt.
Nor with enquiring Eyes need we ſurvey
The diſtant Skies, to find the *Milky Way:*
By All it muſt be ſeen: for, ev'ry Night,
It forcibly intrudes upon the Sight,
And will be mark'd: there ſhining Streaks adorn
The Skies, as op'ning to let forth the Morn:

Quam terit aſſiduo renovans iter orbita tractu,
Inter diviſas æqualibus eſt via parteis.
Ut freta caneſcunt ſulcum ducente carina,
Accipiúntque viam fluctus ſpumantibus undis,
Candidus in nigro lucet ſic limes Olympo,
Cæruleum findens ingenti lumine mundum.
Nec mihi celanda eſt famæ vulgata vetuſtas,
Mollior è niveo lactis fluxiſſe liquorem
Pectore reginæ divûm; cœlúmque colore
Infeciſſe ſuo: quà propter Lacteus orbis
Dicitur, & nomen cauſa deſcendit ab ipſa.—*Manil.* L. I.

MINERVA. PALLAS.

——TRitonia caſſide ſulva
Cælatum Typhona gerit, qui, ſumma peremtus,
Ima parte viget, moriens & parte ſuperſtes.
Haſtaque terribili ſurgens per nubila gyro
Inſtar habet ſylvæ: tantum ſtridentia colla
Gorgonos obtentu pallæ fulgentis inumbrat.——
Claud. Rapt. Prof. II.

Ægidaque horrificam, turbatæ Palladis arma,
Certatim ſquamis ſerpentum auróque polibant:
Connexóſque angues, ipsámque in pectore Divæ
Gorgona, deſecto vertentem lumina collo.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. VIII.

Illa forte die caſtæ de more puellæ,
Vertice ſuppoſito, feſtas in Palladis arces
Pura coronatis portabant ſacra caniſtris.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. II.

At ſibi dat clypeum, dat acutæ cuſpidis haſtam:
Dat galeam capiti: defenditur ægide pectus:
Percuſsámque ſua ſimulat de cuſpide terram
Prodere cum baccis fœtum canentis olivæ.
Ovid. Met. L. VI.

Or, as a beaten Path, that ſpreads between
A trodden Meadow, and divides the Green:
Or, as when Seas are plow'd, behind the Ship
White Foam rolls o'er the Surface of the Deep.
In Heav'n's dark Arch this Way diſtinguiſh'd lies,
And with it's Brightneſs parts the azure Skies.
Fame ſays, (nor ſhall with me the Fable die,)
That *Juno*'s Breaſt, o'erflowing, ſtain'd the Sky,
And left that Whiteneſs: whence it juſtly draws
The Name of *Milky* from the *Milky Cauſe*.— *Creech* alt.

MINERVA. PALLAS.

HIGH on her Helmet, menacing before,
The horrid *Typhon*'s Form *Minerva* bore:
Tho' ſlain above, below the Monſter lives,
Dies in this Part, and in this Part ſurvives.
Pointed with poliſh'd Steel, her weighty Spear,
Roſe like a lofty Beam, erect in Air:
Whilſt o'er her Shield, which bore the *Gorgon*'s Head,
With friendly Care her ſhining Robe ſhe ſpread.—*Hughes.*

——————They carve in Gold,
With Scales of Serpents, angry *Pallas*' Shield,
The dreadful *Ægis*: and the twiſted Snakes,
And in the Goddeſs' Breaſt the *Gorgon*'s Head,
Turning it's Eyes, and terrible in Death.—— *Trap.*

'Twas now the Feaſt when each *Athenian* Maid
Her yearly Homage to *Minerva* paid:
In Caniſters, with Garlands cover'd o'er,
High on their Heads their myſtic Gifts they bore.—*Addiſ.*

Herſelf ſhe blazons with a glitt'ring Spear,
And creſted Helm that veil'd her braided Hair,
And Shield, and Breaſt Plate, Implements of War.
Struck with her pointed Lance, the teeming Earth
Seem'd to produce a new ſurprizing Birth:
When, from the Glebe, the Pledge of Conqueſt ſprung,
A Tree, pale-green, with faireſt Olives hung.——*Croxall.*

AVARUS. Vide AVARITIA. MIDAS.

QUò melior ſervo, quò liberior ſit Avarus:
In triviis fixum cùm ſe demittit ob aſſem,
Non video: nam qui cupiet, metuet quoque: porrò
Qui metuens vivit, liber mihi non erit unquam.——
Hor. Lib. I. Epiſt. 16.

Tantalus à labris ſitiens fugientia captat
Flumina.—Quid rides? mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur: congeſtis undique ſaccis
Indormis inhians, & tamquam parcere ſacris
Cogeris, aut pictis tamquam gaudere tabellis.

Neſcis quò valeat nummus, quem præbeat uſum?
Panis ematur, olus, vini Sextarius: adde,
Queis humana ſibi doleat natura negatis.
An vigilare metu exanimem, noctéſque diéſque
Formidare malos fures, incendia, ſervos,
Ne te compilent, fugientes: hoc juvat? horum
Semper ego optarim pauperrimus eſſe bonorum.——
Hor. Lib. I. Sat. 1.

Quæſiêris: noſtin' Vectidî prædia?—cujus?—
Dives arat Curibus, quantum non milvus oberret:
Hunc ais? hunc dîs iratis, genióque ſiniſtro,
Qui quandoque jugum pertuſa ad compita figit,
Seriolæ veterem metuens deradere limum,
Ingemit, hoc benè ſit; tunicatum cum ſale mordens

MISER. See AVARICE. MIDAS.

HOW are the Covetous than Slaves more free,
That baſely ſtoop for ev'ry Pin they ſee;
can't imagine: He that ſtill doth crave,
luſt fear: and he that fears muſt be a Slave.——*Creech.*

Poor thirſty *Tantalus*, alas! in vain,
ſſays to drink; his Lips the Stream eludes.——
/hat! doſt Thou laugh?—but only change the Name,
f Thee the Story's told: who, ſleepleſs, brood'ſt
'er thy full Bags, and gaping ſtill for more,
e'er toucheſt what Thou haſt; as to the Gods
were conſecrate, or only pictur'd Gold.
Doſt Thou not know the Good, the Uſe of Wealth?
will buy thee Bread, or Herbs, a Pint of Wine,
r any Thing that Nature's Wants require.
ır, Day and Night to be an anxious Wretch,
lways upon the Guard, in fear of Thieves,
nd Fire, and Servants that may pilfer from Thee:——
this the Good of Wealth?—If ſo it be,
hen grant, kind Heav'n! I may be ever poor!——
Say, doſt thou know *Vectidius*?—Who, the Wretch
/hoſe Lands beyond the *Sabines* largely ſtretch:
Length of Country, which a ſailing Kite
ın ſcarce fly over in a Day and Night?
im doſt thou mean, who ſpight of all his Store,
ever craving, and will ſtill be poor:
ɔrn with the Curſe and Anger of the Gods,
nd hated by the *Genius* he defrauds?
t Harveſt-home, and on the Sheering Day,
'hen he ſhould Thanks to *Pan* and *Pales* pay,
nd better *Ceres*: trembling to approach
he little Barrel, which he fears to broach:
' eſſays the Wimble, draws it often back,
nd deals to thirſty Servants but a Smack.

Cæpe, & farratam, pueris plaudentibus, ollam,
Pannoſam fæcem morientis ſorbet aceti.——
Perſ. Sat. IV.

Non bibit inter aquas, poma aut pendentia carpit,
Tantalus infelix quem ſua vota premunt.
Divitis hæc magni facies erit omnia cernens
Qui timet, & ſicca concoquit ore famem.——
Petron. Arb.

Pauper Opimius argenti poſiti intus, & auri,
Qui Vejentanum feſtis potare diebus
Campanâ ſolitus trullâ, vappámque profeſtis:
Quondam lethargo grandi eſt oppreſſus: ut hæres
Jam circum loculos, & claves, lætus ovánſque
Curreret. Hunc medicus, multùm celer atque fidelis,
Excitat hoc pacto: menſam poni jubet, atque
Effundi ſaccos nummorum: accedere plures
Ad numerandum: hominem ſic erigit: addit & illud,
Ni tua cuſtodis, avidus jam hæc auferet hæres.
Men' vivo? Ut vivas igitur, vigila: hoc age. Quid vis?
Deficient inopem venæ te, ni cibus, atque
Ingens accedat ſtomacho fultura ruenti.
Tu ceſſas? agedum, ſume hoc ptiſanarium oryzæ.
Quanti emptæ? Parvo. Quanti ergo? Octo aſſibus. Eheu!
Quid refert, morbo, an furtis, pereámne rapinis?——
Hor. Lib. II. Sat. 3.

PECUNIA. OPES. DIVITIÆ.

——INter nos ſanctiſſima divitiarum
Majeſtas: etſi, funeſta pecunia, templo

Nondum

) a ſhort Meal he makes a tedious Grace,
fore the Barley-Pudding comes in place:
ien bids fall on:——himſelf, for ſaving Charges,
peel'd ſlic'd Onion eats, and tipples Verjuice.—*Dryden.*
Unhappy *Tantalus*, amidſt the Flood,
here floating Apples on the Surface ſtood,
ıger purſues them with a longing Eye,
:t can nor Thirſt, nor Hunger ſatisfy.
ch is the Miſer's Fate, who curs'd with Wealth,
midſt his endleſs Treaſure ſtarves himſelf.——
Opimius, (who amidſt his ſhining Store
as ſtill in Want, and miſerably poor,
ho on Feaſt Days did wretch'd Wine provide
earthen Jugs, and Lees on all beſide:)
ıy in a Lethargy: all Hope was gone;
nd now his joyful Heir ran up and down,
nd ſeiz'd the Keys, and Cheſts, as all his own.
friendly Doctor came, and this Deſign
e us'd for Cure: he brought a Table in,
nd order'd ſome to tumble o'er his Coin.
his rouz'd him:—Then he cries, Sir, you're undone:
'ake, Sir, and watch; or elſe your Money's gone:
our Heir will ſeize it. *What, while I'm alive?*
hen wake and ſhow it, Sir: Come, come revive.
'hat muſt I do? Why really, Sir, you'll die,
nleſs your Strength you inſtantly ſupply
'ith proper Food: Eat, Sir: What! are you loth?
ray take this little Meſs of Barly-Broth.
'hat does it coſt? Not much, upon my Word.
'ow much pray? Why, two Groats. *Two Groats! Oh*
is the ſame Thing to me to be undone [*Lord!*
y Sickneſs, Thieves, or Phyſick: I'll have none.—*Creech* alt.

MONEY. RICHES. WEALTH.

GOLD is the greateſt God: tho' yet we ſee
No Temples rais'd to Money's Majeſty,

Nondum habitas, nullas nummorum ereximus aras,
Ut colitur Pax, atque Fides, Victoria, Virtus,
Concordia.———— *Juv.* Sat. I.

————Vis rectè vivere? quis non?
Si virtus hoc una poteſt dare, fortis omiſſis
Hoc age deliciis. Virtutem verba putas, ut
Lucum ligna?————
Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera: porrò
Tertia ſuccedant, & quæ pars quadret acervum.
Scilicet uxorem cum dote, fidémque & amicos,
Et genus & formam Regina Pecunia donat:
Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venúſque.——
Hor. Lib. I. Epiſt. 6.

Vilius Argentum eſt auro, Virtutibus aurum.
O Cives, cives, quærenda Pecunia primùm eſt:
Virtus poſt nummos: hæc Janus ſummus ab imo
Perdocet: hæc recinunt juvenes dictata ſenéſque,
Lævo ſuſpenſi loculos, tabulámque lacerto.——
Hor. Lib. I. Epiſt. 1.

Quiſquis habet nummos, ſecura navigat aura,
Fortunámque ſuo temperet arbitrio.
Uxorem ducat Danaën, ipsúmque licebit
Acriſium jubeat credere, quod Danaën.
Carmina componat, declamet, concrepet omnes
Et peragat cauſas, ſitque Catone prior.
Juriſconſultus, paret, non paret, habeto,
Atque eſto quicquid Servius & Labeo.
Multa loquor. Quidvis nummis præſentibus opta,
Et veniet: clauſum poſſidet arca Jovem.——
Petron. Arb.

Non

No Altars fuming to her Pow'r divine,
Such as to Valour, Peace and Virtue ſhine,
And Faith, and Concord.—— *Dryden.*

Wouldſt thou live well? who'd not? then quickly ſtrive,
And now ſince Virtue only this can give,
Leave all thy falſe Delights, and that purſue.——
But if the wild Opinion You approve,
That Words make Virtue, juſt as Trees a Grove:
Then get one thouſand Talents, then one more,
And then another, and then ſquare the Store:
For by this Empreſs Wealth is all beſtow'd,
A rich and honeſt Wife, and ev'ry Good,
Beauty, and Friends, and Nobleneſs of Blood.
The rich and moneyed Man hath ev'ry Grace,
Perſuaſion in his Tongue, and *Venus* in his Face.——
Creech alter'd.

The Saying's true, and hath been often told,
Gold excells Silver, heav'nly Virtue Gold.——
O *Romans! Romans!* Gold muſt firſt be ſought,
Then Virtue: that's but worth a ſecond Thought.
This is the Tune of ev'ry trading Fool:
Old Men, and ev'ry Boy, repeats this Rule,
That with his Books and Satchel goes to School.—*Creech.*

Whoe'er is wealthy, may ſecurely ſail,
For as he wills kind Fortune gives the Gale:
May *Danae* wed, and rival am'rous *Jove*,
Nay make her * Father Pander to his Love:
May be a Poet, Preacher, Lawyer too,
By bawling win the Cauſe he does not know,
And beyond *Cato*'s Fame for Wiſdom go.
To Wealth, the Judge, obedient, gives the Cauſe,
And, as thou pay'ſt him, turns and winds the Laws:
Acquire but Riches, and when that is done,
Be whom Thou wilt, *Somers*, or *Littleton.*
Gold governs all: get that, and Thou mayſt have
Whate'er thy moſt unbounded Wiſhes crave:
In ſhort, whoever is of that poſſeſt,
Has *Jove* himſelf inclos'd within his Cheſt.——

* *Acriſius.*

Non domus, & fundus, non æris acervus, & auri,
Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febres,
Non animo curas: valeat poſſeſſor oportet,
Si comportatis rebus bene cogitat uti.
Qui cupit aut metuit, juvat illum ſic domus, aut res,
Ut lippum pictæ tabulæ, fomenta podagram,
Auriculas citharæ collectâ ſorde dolentes.—
Hor. Lib. I. Epiſt. 2.

Dii immortales! aurum obſecro quid valet?—*Plaut. Aul.*

LUNA.

NEC par aut eadem nocturnæ forma Dianæ
Eſſe poteſt unquam: ſemperque hodierna ſequente:
Si creſcit, minor eſt: major, ſi contrahit orbem.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XV.

——————————Luna
Sic pontum movet, & terris immittit, & aufert.
Atque hæc ſeditio pelagi, nunc ſidera Lunæ
Mota tenent, nunc diverſo ſtimulata receſſu,
Nunc anni ſpatio Phœbum comitata volantem.——
Manil. Lib. II.

AURORA.

——ECCE vigil rutilo patefecit ab ortu
Purpureas Aurora fores, & plena roſarum
Atria. Diffugiunt ſtellæ: quarum agmina cogit
Lucifer, & cœli ſtatione noviſſimus exit.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. II.

Poſtera jamque dies primo ſurgebat Eoo,
Humentémque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. III.

—Jamque

Nor Houſe, nor Lands, nor Heaps of Plate, or Gold,
n cure a Fever's Heat, or Ague's Cold,
r free the Mind from Cares. He muſt have Health,
e muſt be well, that would enjoy his Wealth.
'hoe'er deſires, or fears, diſeas'd in Mind,
'ealth profits him as Pictures do the Blind,
aiſters the gouty Feet, or Muſick's Airs
nd charming Sounds, the ſtuft and aking Ears.——
Creech alter'd.
O You immortal Gods! what ſignifies this Money?—

MOON.

NOT equal Light th' unequal Moon adorns,
Or in her wexing, or her waining Horns:
r ev'ry Day ſhe wains her Face is leſs,
t gathering into Globe, ſhe fattens at Increaſe.—*Dryden.*
The Moon commands the Seas, and drives the Main
r o'er the Shores, then draws it back again:
t moſt her Influence agitates the Streams,
hen oppoſite ſhe views her Brother's Beams:
', when ſhe near in cloſe Conjunction rides,
e rears the Flood, and ſwells the flowing Tides:
', when attending on his yearly Race,
e Equinoctial ſees her borrow'd Face.—— *Creech.*

MORNING.

O! from the roſy Eaſt her purple Doors
The Morn unfolds, adorn'd with bluſhing Flow'rs:
e leſſen'd Stars draw off, and diſappear,
hoſe bright Battalions laſtly *Lucifer*
ings up, and quits his Station in the Rear.—— *Trap.*
——————Now the Day
turning, with the Morning Star aroſe:
d from the Pole *Aurora*'s Dawn diſpell'd
e dewy Shades.———————— *Idem.*

——Jamque rubeſcebat ſtellis Aurora fugatis.——
Æn. Lib. III.

Et jam prima novo ſpargebat lumine terras
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile.—— *Ibid.*

Jamque rubeſcebat radiis mare, & æthere ab alto
Aurora in roſeis fulgebat lutea bigis.———
Æn. Lib. VII.

Et jam prima novo ſpargebat lumine terras
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile:
Jam ſole infuſo, jam rebus luce retectis.———
Æn. Lib. IX.

———Interea revoluta ruebat
Maturâ jam luce dies, noctémque fugarat.— *Æn.* Lib. X.

Aurora interea miſeris mortalibus almam
Extulerat lucem, referens opera atque labores.——
Æn. Lib. XI.

Poſtera vix ſummos ſpargebat lumine montes
Orta dies, cum primum alto ſe gurgite tollunt
Solis equi, lucémque elatis naribus efflant.——
Æn. Lib. XII.

Lux ſubit: &, primo feriente cacumina ſole.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. IX.

Jamque jugis ſummæ ſurgebat Lucifer Idæ,
Ducebátque diem.———— *Æn.* Lib. II.

Oceanum interea ſurgens Aurora reliquit.—*Æn.* L.XI.

———Jam Phœbum urgere monebat
Non idem Eoi color ætheris, albáque nondum
Lux rubet, & flammas proprioribus eripit aſtris,
Et jam Pleias habet, flexi jam plauſtra Boötæ
In faciem puri redeunt languentia cœli,
Majoréſque latent ſtellæ, calidúmque refugit
Lucifer ipſe diem.——— *Lucan.* Lib. II.

Poſtera Phœbea luſtrabat lampade terras
Humentémque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram.——
Æn. Lib. IV.

—Depulerat ſtellas Aurora micantes.— *Ovid. Met.* VII.

Poſtera cum primo ſtellas oriente fugarat
Clara dies.——— *Æn.* Lib. V.

Admo-

Now ev'ry Star before *Aurora* flies,
Whoſe glowing Bluſhes ſtreak the purple Skies.—— *Pitt.*
Aurora, from *Tithonus'* Saffron Bed
Now riſing, ſprinkled o'er the World with Light.—*Trap.*
And now the Ocean redden'd with the Rays:
And in her roſy Car the bluſhing Morn
Shone from the Sky.———— *Id.*
And now *Aurora*, Harbinger of Day,
Roſe from the ſaffron Bed where *Tithon* lay;
And ſprinkled o'er the World with new-born Light:
The Sun now ſhining, all Things brought to Sight.——
Mean while returning Day roll'd on,
And with it's full-born Light diſpell'd the Shades.— *Trap.*
Mean while *Aurora*, with new riſing Light,
Reſtor'd the Cares and Labours of the Day
To wretched Mortals.———— *Id.*
The Morn enſuing from the Mountain's Height,
Had ſcarcely ſpread the Skies with roſy Light:
Th' Etherial Courſers bounding from the Sea,
From out their flaming Noſtrils breath'd the Day.—*Dryd.*
Now Morn begins to dawn: the Sun's bright Fire
Gilds the high Mountains.————
And now, o'er *Ida* with an early Ray,
Flames the bright Star, that leads the golden Day.— *Pitt.*
Mean while *Aurora* riſing leaves the Sea.—— *Trap.*
Now thro' Night's Shade the early Dawning broke,
And changing Skies the Sun's Approach beſpoke:
But yet the Morn was dreſs'd in duſky White,
Nor purpled o'er the Eaſt with ruddy Light.
At length the *Pleiads* fading Beams gave Way,
And dull *Bootes* languiſh'd into Day:
Each larger Star withdrew his fainting Head,
And *Lucifer* from ſtronger *Phœbus* fled.—— *Rowe.*
The Morn had chac'd the dewy Shades away,
And o'er the World advanc'd the Lamp of Day.— *Pitt.*
The bluſhing Morn had bid the Stars retreat.— *Gay.*
Soon as the Morn, freſh ſmiling from the Eaſt,
Had put the Stars to flight.————

Admonitórque operum cœlo clariſſimus alto
Lucifer ortus erat.——— *Ovid. Met.* Lib. IV.
Jam nitidum retegente diem, noctíſque fugante
Tempora Lucifero.——— *Ovid. Met.* Lib. VIII.
Oſtendit terras Titan, & ſidera texit.—*Lucan.* L. VIII.

Jam ſuper Oceanum venit à ſeniore marito,
Flava pruinoſo quæ vehit axe diem.

Quo properas Aurora?———
Nunc juvat in teneris dominæ jacuiſſe lacertis,
Si quando lateri nunc bene juncta meo eſt.
Nunc etiam ſomni pingues, nunc ſervidus aër,
Et liquidum tenui gutture cantat avis.

Quo properas ingrata viris, ingrata puellis?
Roſcida purpurea ſupprime lora manu.

Ante tuos ortus melius ſua ſidera ſervat
Navita, nec media neſcit an erret aqua.

Te ſurgit (quamvis laſſus) veniente Viator:
Miles & armiferas aptat ad arma manus.

Prima ſubire jubes oneratos arva colonos,
Prima vocas tardos ſub juga panda boves.

Tu pueros ſomno fraudas, tradíſque magiſtris,
Ut ſubeant teneræ verbera ſæva manus.

Atque eadem ſponſum conſulti ante atria mittis,

Nec

The riſing Morning Star, with glory bright,
Did ſluggiſh Mortals to new Toils invite.——
Now ſhone the Morning Star in bright Array,
To vanquiſh Night, and uſher in the Day.—— *Croxall.*
Now Day's bright Beams the various Earth diſcloſe,
And o'er the fading Stars the Sun aroſe.—— *Rowe.*
Aurora riſing from old *Tithon*'s Bed,
Does o'er the Eaſtern Skies her Roſes ſpread.
Stay, beauteous Morning! whither doſt Thou haſte?
Why doſt Thou drive thy Chariot on ſo faſt?
Folded I lie in my dear Miſtreſs' Arms,
And all her Soul is mine, and all her Charms.
I now am to her panting Boſom preſs'd,
And now, if ever Lover was, am bleſs'd.
As yet ſweet Sleep ſits heavy on our Eyes,
And chilling Dews, and Birds forbid to riſe.
Stay, beauteous Morning! for to Loveſick Maids,
And happy Youths, how grateful are theſe Shades!
Ah ſtay! and do not from the bluſhing Eaſt,
With dawning Glories break our balmy Reſt!
When Night's black Mantle does thoſe Glories hide,
The Pilot by the Stars his Ship can guide:
And in mid-Sea a certain Courſe purſue,
As ſafe, as when he has thy Sun in view.
Thou doſt the weary Traveller awake:
Tho' to the Down his heavy Head inclines,
Up he muſt lift it, for the Morning ſhines.
The Soldier braces on his brazen Shield,
Quits his warm Tent, and fits him for the Field.
The lab'ring Hind his Harrow takes, or now
Yokes the reluctant Oxen to the Plow.
The Boy half wak'd, and rubbing ſtill his Eyes,
Is loath alike to go to School, or riſe:
While o'er his Taſk, he does imperfect, nod,
He fears the Ferula, and dreads the Rod.
The Bridegroom ſtarting from his Bride's Embrace
Runs to the Lawyer to conſult his Caſe:

Unius ut verbi grandia damna ferat,
Nec tu conſulto, nec tu jucunda differto es,
Cogitur ad lites ſurgere uterque novas.
Tu, ne fœminei poſſint ceſſare lacerti,
Lanificam revocas ad ſua penſa manum.
Omnia perpeterer, ſed ſurgere mane puellas,
Quis, niſi cui non eſt ulla puella, ferat?——
Ovid. Amor. Lib. I. El. 13.

Primum Aurora novo cùm ſpargit lumine terras,
Et variæ volucres nemora avia pervolitantes,
Aëra per tenerum liquidis loca vocibus opplent:
Quàm ſubitò ſoleat Sol ortus tempore tali
Conveſtire ſua perfundens omnia luce,
Omnibus in promptu, manifeſtúmque eſſe videmus.——
Lucret. Lib. II.

MONS.

CUncta gelu canâque æternùm grandine tecta,
Atque ævi glaciem cohibent: riget ardua montis
Ætherii facies, ſurgentíque obvia Phœbo
Duratus neſcit flammis mollire pruinas.
Quantùm Tartareus regni pallentis hiatus
Ad manes imos atque atræ ſtagna paludis
A ſuperâ tellure patet: tam longa per auras
Erigitur tellus, & cœlum intercipit Umbrâ.
Nullum ver uſquam, nullíque Æſtatis honores:
Sola jugis habitat diris, ſedéſque tuetur
Perpetuas deformis Hyems: illa undique nubes
Huc atras agit & mixtos cum grandine nimbos,
Nam cuncti flatus ventíque furentia regna
Alpinâ poſuere domo, caligat in altis
Obtutus ſaxis, abeúntque in nubila montes.——
Sil. Ital. Lib. II

Quoq

A Word is wanting in the Marriage-Deed,
And what, to ſave the Portion, muſt he plead?
Now hungry Serjeants quit their tempting Eaſe,
To haunt the crowded Courts, and pick up Fees.
Thy Riſe brings Labour to the Female Band,
And puts the Spindle in the Spinſter's Hand.
Light are theſe Toils, and little is the Pain
To riſe to work, and reſt at Night again:
But who, that knows Love's dear tranſporting Joys,
Can from the Arms of Beauty bear to riſe?—*Anon.* alter'd.

Soon as *Aurora* uſhers in the Morn,
And o'er the World diſplays the dawning Day:
When Birds of various Kinds fly thro' the Groves,
And with their warbling Muſick fill the Skies:
How ſwiftly then, o'er ev'ry Thing alike,
The riſing Sun pours forth his glorious Ray,
Is known full well, and manifeſt to All.——

MOUNTAIN.

STIFF with Eternal Ice, and hid in Snow,
That fell a thouſand Centuries agoe,
The Mountain ſtands: nor can the riſing Sun
Unfix her Froſts, and teach them how to run.
Deep, as the dark Infernal Waters lie,
From the bright Regions of the chearful Sky,
So far the proud aſcending * Rocks invade
Heav'n's upper Realms, and caſt a dreadful Shade:
No Spring, nor Summer, on the Mountain ſeen,
Smiles with gay Fruits, or with delightful Green;
But hoary Winter, unadorn'd, and bare,
Dwells in the dire Retreat, and freezes there.
There ſhe aſſembles all her blackeſt Storms,
And the rude Hail in rattling Tempeſts forms:
Thither the loud tumultuous Winds reſort,
And on the Mountain keep their boiſt'rous Court,
That in thick Show'rs her rocky Summit ſhrowds,
And darkens all the broken View with Clouds.—*Addiſon.*

* *The Alps.*

From

Quoque magis ſubiere jugo atque evadere niſi
Erexere gradum, creſcit labor, ardua ſupra
Seſe aperit, feſſis, & naſcitur altera moles.—— *Ibid.*

LUCTUS pro Mortuis. Vide Dolor. Lamentatio.

PUlvere canitiem genitor vultúſque ſeniles
Fœdat humi fuſus: ſpatioſúmque increpat ævum.
Non mihi ſi centum Deus ora ſonantia linguis,
Ingeniúmque capax, totúmque Helicona dediſſet,
Triſtia perſequerer miſerarum dicta ſororum.

Immemores decoris livéntia pectora tundunt:
Dumque manet corpus, corpus reſovéntque fovéntque:
Oſcula dant ipſi, poſito dant oſcula lecto.

Poſt cinerem, cineres hauſtos ad pectora verſant:
Effuſæque jacent tumulo: ſignataque ſaxo
Nomina complexæ, lachrymas in nomina fundunt.
Ovid. Met. Lib. VIII.

At non Evandrum potis eſt vis ulla tenere:
Sed venit in medios: feretro Pallante repoſto
Procumbit ſuper, atque hæret lachrymánſque geménſque:
Et via vix tandem voci laxata dolore eſt.
Non hæc, ô Palla, dederas promiſſa parenti:

Cautius

From Steep to Steep the Troops advanc'd with Pain,
In hopes at laſt the topmoſt Cliff to gain:
But ſtill by new Aſcents the Mountain grew,
And a freſh Toil preſented to their View.—— *Id.*

MOURNING for the Dead. See Grief. Lamentation.

STretch'd on the Floor the wretched Father lies:
His hoary Hair, and wrinkled Cheeks, beſmears,
And Heav'n upbraids, that gave him length of Years.
Had I an hundred Tongues, a Wit ſo large,
As could their hundred Offices diſcharge:
Had *Phœbus* all his *Helicon* beſtow'd,
In all the Streams inſpiring all the God:
Thoſe Tongues, that Wit, thoſe Streams, that God, in vain
Would offer to deſcribe his Siſter's Pain.
Their Breaſts they beat with many a bruiſing Blow,
Till they turn livid, and defile the Snow.
The Corpſe they cheriſh, while the Corpſe remains,
And fondly chafe with unavailing Pains;
And when to fun'ral Flames 'tis borne away,
They kiſs the Bed on which the Body lay.
And when thoſe fun'ral Flames no longer burn,
(The Duſt compos'd within a pious Urn)
Ev'n in that Urn their Brother they confeſs,
And hug it in their Arms, and to their Boſom preſs.
His Tomb is rais'd: then ſtretch'd along the Ground,
Thoſe living Monuments his Tomb ſurround:
Ev'n to his Name, inſcrib'd, their Tears they pay,
And Kiſſes almoſt wear his Name away.—— *Dryden.*

But King *Evander* by no friendly Force
Could be reſtrain'd: Diſtracted thro' the Midſt
He ruſhes, falls on *Pallas'* breathleſs Corpſe
Stretch'd on the ſtanding Bier, and clinging cloſe
Hugs him with Groans and Tears: At length his Words,
Long choak'd with Grief, a painful Paſſage found.
Not ſuch, O *Pallas!* was thy Promiſe giv'n
To thy unhappy Sire: that with Reſerve,

And

Cautius ut ſævo velles te credere Marti.
Primitiæ juvenis miſeræ, bellíque propinqui
Dura rudimenta, & nulli exaudita Deorum
Vota, precéſque meæ! tuque ô ſanctiſſime conjux,
Felix morte tuâ, neque in hunc ſervata dolorem!
Contra ego vivendo vici mea fata, ſuperſtes
Reſtarem ut genitor.——————

Æn. Lib. XI.

Canitiem immundo deformat pulvere, & ambas
Ad cœlum tendit palmas, & corpore inhæret.——

Æn. Lib. X.

——————Cùm corpora nondum
Conclamata jacent, nec mater crine ſoluto
Exigit ad ſævos famularum brachia planctus:
Sed cùm membra premit fugiente rigentia vitâ,
Vultúſque exanimes, oculóſque in morte minaces:
Necdum eſt ille dolor, ſed jam metus incubat amens,
Miratúrque malum.——————

Lucan. Lib. II.

Quid porrò tumulis opus eſt? aut ulla requiris
Inſtrumenta, dolor? non toto pectore portas
Impia Pompeium? non imis hæret imago
Viſceribus? quærat cineres victura ſuperſtes.——

Lucan. Lib. IX.

LUCTUS Publicus.

ALTA jacet Calydon, lugent juvenéſque ſenéſque,
Vulgúſque, proceréſque gemunt: ſciſſæque capillos
Planguntur matres.——————

Ovid. Met. Lib. VIII.

——It

And Caution, thou would'ſt truſt the bloody Field.
O dire Firſt-Fruits of War!—ill-fated Youth!—
Mournful Beginnings!—and my Pray'rs and Vows
Unheard by all the Powers divine!—And Thou,
Celeſtial Saint, dear Partner of my Bed,
Bleſs'd in thy Death! nor to this Woe reſerv'd!
I by a diſproportion'd Length of Life
Uſurp on Nature, and ſurvive my Son.—— *Trap.*

——————With Duſt he ſoils
His hoary Hair, and ſtretches both his Hands
To Heav'n: and clinging hugs the bloody Coarſe.— *Id.*

So when ſome gen'rous Youth reſigns his Breath,
And parting ſinks in the laſt Pangs of Death;
With ghaſtly Eyes, and many a lift-up Hand,
Around his Bed the ſtill Attendants ſtand:
No Tongue as yet preſumes his Fate to tell,
Nor ſpeaks aloud the ſolemn laſt Farewell.
As yet the Mother by her Darling lies,
Nor breaks, lamenting, into frantic Cries:
And tho' he ſtiffens in her fond Embrace,
His Eyes are ſet, and deadly pale his Face,
Horror a while prevents the ſwelling Tear:
Nor is her Paſſion Grief, as yet, but Fear.
In one fix'd Poſture motionleſs ſhe keeps,
And wonders at her Woe before ſhe weeps.—— *Rowe.*

But why ſhould Tombs be built, or Urns be made?
Does Grief like mine require their feeble Aid?
Is he not lodg'd, poor Wretch! within thy Heart,
And fix'd in every deareſt vital Part?
O'er Monuments ſurviving Wives may grieve,
She ne'er will need them, who diſdains to live.—— *Id.*

MOURNING (Public.)

PROUD *Calydon* is overwhelm'd with Woe,
And Tears from Young and Old unbounded flow:
All Ranks alike exceſſive Sorrow ſhow.
Their Breaſts the rev'rend Matrons beat, and tare
With loud Laments, their long diſhevell'd Hair.——

——Loud

——————It clamor ad alta
Atria:——————
Lamentis, gemitúque, & fœmineo ululatu
Tecta fremunt, reſonat magnis plangoribus æther.—*Æn.* IV.

Jam vero in tectis prædivitis urbe Latini
Præcipuus fragor, & longe pars maxima luctus.
His matres, miſeræque nurus, hic cara ſororum
Pectora mœrentum, puerſque parentibus orbi
Dirum exſecrantur bellum.—————— *Æn.* Lib. XI.

Filia prima manu flavos Lavinia crines
Et roſeas laneata genas, tum cætera circum
Turba furit: reſonant late plangoribus ædes.
Hinc totam infelix vulgatur fama per urbem.
Demittunt mentes: it ſciſſa veſte Latinus,
Conjugis attonitus fatis, urbíſque ruina,
Canitiem immundo perfuſam pulvere turpans.——
Æn. Lib. XI.

Interea totis audito funere Magni
Littoribus ſonuit percuſſus planctibus æther.
Sed magìs, ut viſa eſt lachrymis exhauſta, ſolutas
In vultus effuſa comas Cornelia puppe
Egrediens, rurſus geminato verbere plangunt.——
Lucan. Lib. IX.

——————Ferale per urbem
Juſtitium: latuit plebeio tectus amictu
Omnis honos: nullos comitata eſt purpura faſces.
——————Cultus matrona priores
Depoſuit: mœſtæque tenent delubra catervæ.
Hæ lachrymis ſparſere Deos, hæ pectora duro
Afflixere ſolo: laceráſque in limine ſacro
Attonitæ fudere comas: votíſque vocari
Aſſuetas crebris feriunt ululatibus aures.

——Loud Cries aſcend the vaulted Roof:
With ſhrill Laments, with Groans, and female Shrieks
The Houſes ring: and Wailings fill the Sky.—— *Trap.*

But moſt of all in King *Latinus'* Court,
And in the royal City, Sorrow reigns,
And wildeſt Conſternation: Aged Dames,
And hapleſs Brides, and Siſters drown'd in Tears,
And wretched Orphans, curſe the waſteful War.— *Trap.*
——The royal Maid *Lavinia* firſt
Her roſy Cheeks, and beauteous Treſſes tares:
Then all the reſt run madding round the Court:
And with loud Shrieks the ſpacious Palace rings.
Hence the dire Fame o'er all the City ſpreads:
Their Spirits ſink.—Confounded at the Fates,
His City's Ruin, and his Conſort's Death,
With Garments rent, *Latinus* goes, and all
With Duſt deforms his hoary ruffled Hair.—— *Id.*

Mean time the Shores, the Seas, and Skies around,
With mournful Cries for *Pompey's* Death reſound.
But when the ſad *Cornelia* firſt appear'd,
When on the Deck her ſorrowing Head ſhe rear'd,
Her Locks hung rudely o'er the Matron's Face,
With all the Pomp of Grief's diſorder'd Grace:
When they beheld her, waſted quite with Woe,
And ſpent with Tears, that never ceaſe to flow,
Again they feel their Loſs, again complain,
And Heav'n and Earth ring with their Cries again.—*Rowe.*

Juſtice ſuſpends her Courſe in mournful *Rome*,
And all the noiſy Courts at once are dumb:
No Honours ſhine in the diſtinguiſh'd Weed,
Nor Rods the purple Magiſtrate preceed.
The Matrons ſad, their rich Attire lay by,
And to the Temples madly crouding fly:
Some on the Shrines their guſhing Sorrows pour,
Some daſh their Breaſts againſt the marble Floor:
Some on the ſacred Threſholds rend their Hair,
And ſeek the Gods with Cries inſtead of Pray'r.

Nor

Nec cunctæ ſummi templo jacuere Tonantis:
Diviſere Deos.———— *Lucan.* Lib. II.

MUNIFICENTIA. Vide Hoſpitalitas. Præmia.

COpia cum facta eſt adeundi prima tyranni,
Velamenta manu prætendens ſupplice:——
————————petit urbe vel agro
Se juvet.—Hunc contra placido Trachinius ore
Talibus alloquitur: Mediæ quoque commoda plebi
Noſtra patent, Peleu: nec inhoſpita regna tenemus.
————Nec tempora perde precando:
Quod petes omne feres. Tuaque hac pro parte videto,
Qualiacunque vides. Utinam meliora videres!——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XI.

Quæ poſtquam Vates ſic ore effatus amico eſt:
Dona dehinc auro gravia ſectóque elephanto
Imperat ad naves ferri: ſtipátque carinis
Ingens argentum, Dodonæóſque lebetas,
Loricam conſertam hamis, auróque trilicem:
Et conum inſignis galeæ, criſtáſque comantes,
Arma Neoptolemi. Sunt & ſua dona parenti.
Addit equos, additque duces.
Remigiium ſupplet: ſocios ſimul inſtruit armis.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. III.

Nec minus Andromache, digreſſu mœſta ſupremo,
Fert picturatas auri ſubtemine veſtes,
Et Phrygiam Aſcanio chlamydem: nec cedit honori:
Texilibúſque onerat donis.————
Ibid.

Proſequitur Rex, & dat munus ituris:
Anchiſæ ſceptrum, chlamydémque pharetrámque nepoti:
Cratera Æneæ: quem quondam miſerat illi
Hoſpes ab Aoniis Therſes Iſmenius oris.

Nec

Nor *Jove* receiv'd the mournful Suppliants all,
In ev'ry Fane, on ev'ry Pow'r they call.—— *Rowe.*

MUNIFICENCE: See Hoſpitality. Rewards.

HE, ſuppliant, in the royal Preſence ſtands;
With Boughs of peaceful Olive in his Hands:
And begs the King ſome Town, or Field to give,
Where they may ſafe, his faithful Vaſſals live.
Beneficent, and with a pleaſing Look,
In Anſwer, thus the *Trachin* Monarch ſpoke:
The Wretched to aſſiſt I ne'er diſdain,
Nor over Realms unhoſpitable reign:
All you can wiſh I grant: Intreaties ſpare: [*Croxall* alt.
Whate'er you ſee, (and wou'd 'twere better!) ſhare.——
When thus the friendly Prophet had foretold,
He ſent rich Gifts of Elephant, and Gold:
Within our Navy's Sides large Treaſures ſtow'd,
And brazen Cauldrons, that refulgent glow'd.
He ſent with theſe, a glitt'ring Coat of Mail,
With many a golden Claſp, and golden Scale:
A radiant Helm, whoſe beauteous Summit bore
A waving Plume; the Helm that *Pyrrhus* wore.
My Father too with coſtly Gifts he loads,
And Sailors he ſupplies to ſtem the Floods,
And gen'rous Steeds, and Arms to all my Train,
With ſkilful Guides to lead us o'er the Main.— *Pitt* alt.
Nor leſs *Andromache*, with ſad Farewell,
Brings to *Aſcanius* Robes all wrought in Gold
With various Colours, and a *Phrygian* Cloak:
Loads him with rich embroider'd Veſtments, nought
Inferior in her Preſents.—— *Trap.*
Attending on their Way, the gen'rous Prince
Diſmiſs'd his Gueſts with rich Munificence;
In old *Anchiſes'* Hand a Scepter plac'd:
A Veſt and Quiver young *Aſcanius* grac'd:
His Sire, a Cup: which from th' *Aonian* Coaſt
Iſmenian Thyrſes ſent his royal Hoſt.

Nec leviora datis Trojani dona remittunt:
Dantque ſacerdoti cuſtodem thuris acerram:
Dant pateram, claramque auro gemmiſque coronam.—
Ovid. Met. Lib. XIII.

GENTIUM Varietas.

—IN varias leges, variaſque figuras
Diſpoſitum genus eſt hominum, proprioq; colore
Formantur gentes, ſociatáque jura per artus
Materiámque parem privato fœdere ſignant.
Flava per ingentes ſurgit Germania partus.
Gallia vicino nimis eſt infecta rubore.
Aſperior ſolidos Hiſpania contrahit artus.
Martia Romanis orbis pater induit ora:
Gradivúmque ſuum miſcens bene temperat artus.
Pérque coloratas ſubtilis Græcia gentes
Gymnaſium præfert vultu, fortéſque palæſtras:
Et Syriam produnt torti per tempora crines.
Æthiopes maculant orbem, terráſque figurant.
Perfuſas hominum gentes minus India toſtas
Progenerat, mediúmque facit moderata tenorem.
Jam proprior tellúſque natans Ægyptia Nilo
Lenius irriguis infuſcat corpora campis.
Pœnus arenoſis Aphrorum pulvere terris
Exiceat populos, & Mauritania nomen
Oris habet, titulúmque ſuo fert ipſa colore.

Adde ſonos totidem vocum, totidem inſere linguas,
Et mores, pro ſorte pares, ritúſque locorum.
Manil. Lib. IV.

Omnis in Arctois populus quicunque pruinis
Naſcitur, indomitus bellis, & mortis amator.
Quicquid ad Eoos tractus, mundíque teporem
Labitur, emollit gentes clementia cœli.

Illic

r leſs Expence the *Trojan* Gifts expreſs'd:
uming Cenſer for the royal Prieſt;
Chalice, and a Crown of princely Coſt,
th ruddy Gold and ſparkling Gems emboſs'd.—*Catcott.*

NATIONS Different.

N diff'rent Nations diff'rent Men we view,
That vary in their Shape, or in their Hue:
e Matter's common, and in all the ſame,
private Stamps diſtinctly mark the Frame.
ge yellow Offspring are the *German*'s Pride,
ile neighb'ring *France* with Red is deeply dy'd.
n are the People that inhabit *Spain*,
e Muſcles there a firmer Texture gain.
' *Italians* ſhew a ſweet but manly Grace,
d temper'd *Mars* appears in ev'ry Face;
active *Greece* produceth finer Parts,
eir Looks betray their Exerciſe and Arts.
ort curl'd up Hair the Sons of *Syria* grace:
d Blackneſs ſtains the *Ethiopian*'s Face:
ſs *India* blackens, leſs deforms the Maſs,
ere blended Colours make a tawny Face,
hilſt *Egypt*'s ſlimy Plains affect the Sight
ith brighter Colours, and approach to White.
ch'd *Lybia* burns her Sons: the vileſt Shapes
: ſhews, and ſcarce divides her Men from Apes:
ile *Mauritania* doth diſguſt the Eye,
er Name beſpeaks it,) with the blackeſt Dye.
Tho' Organs form'd alike each Speech employs,
at diff'rent Languages confound the Voice!
at diff'rent Virtues reign, what diff'rent Crimes?
n's Manners are as various as the Climes.—*Creech* alt.
In cold laborious Climes the wintry North
ngs her undaunted hardy Warriors forth:
Body and in Mind untaught to yield,
bborn of Soul, and ſteady in the Field.
t *Aſia*'s ſofter Climate, form'd to pleaſe,
ſſolves her Sons in *Indolence* and Eaſe.

Illic & laxas veſtes, & fluxa virorum
Velamenta vides: Parthus per Medica rura
Sarmaticos inter campos, effuſáque plano
Tigridis arva ſolo, nulli ſuperabilis hoſti eſt
Libertate fugæ: ſed non, ubi terra tumebit,
Aſpera conſcendet montis juga, nec per opacas
Bella geret tenebras incerto debilis arcu,
Nec franget nando violenti vorticis amnem,
Nec tota in pugnâ perfuſus ſanguine membra
Exiget æſtivum calido ſub pulvere ſolem.
Non aries illis, non ulla eſt machina belli:
Haud foſſas implere valent: Parthóque ſequente
Murus erit, quodcunque poteſt obſtare ſagittæ.
Pugna levis, bellúmque fugax, turmæque vagantes,
Et melior ceſſiſſe loco, quàm pellere, miles.
Illita tela dolis, nec Martem cominus unquam
Auſa pati virtus, ſed longè tendere nervos,
Et, quò ferre velint, permittere vulnera ventis.
Enſis habet vires, & gens, quæcunque virorum eſt,
Bella gerit gladiis: nam Medos prœlia prima
Exarmant, vacuæque jubent remeare pharetræ.
Nulla manus illis, fiducia tota veneni eſt.——

Lucan. Lib. VIII.

NATURA Paucis Contenta. Vide MEDIOCRITAS.

O Miſeras hominum menteis! O pectora cæca!
Qualibus in tenebris vitæ, quantiſque periclis
Degitur hoc ævi, quodcunque 'ſt! nonnè videre
Nil aliud ſibi Naturam latrare, niſi ut, cùm
Corpore

ilken Robes inveſt enervate Limbs,
ı long Trains the flowing Purple ſtreams.
:re no rude Hills *Sarmatia*'s Wilds reſtrain,
ſhing *Tigris* cuts the level Plain,
than Winds along the Champian born,
arthians fly with Eaſe, or fight, or turn,
ſtant ſtill the vain Purſuer ſcorn.
ith like Eaſe they force their warlike Way,
rough unequal Grounds their Speed delay.
e'er the thicker Shades of Night ariſe,
'd their Shaft, and unavailing, flies:
e they form'd with Conſtancy, to meet
Toils that make the panting Soldier ſweat:
ıb the Heights, to ſtem the rapid Flood,
ke the duſty Noon-day Battle good,
in Wounds, and cruſted o'er with Blood.
'ars Machines they know, nor have the Skill
ke the Rampire, or the Trench to fill:
ence that can their winged Shafts endure,
like a Fort impregnable, ſecure.
re their Skirmiſhes, their War is Flight,
ll to wheel their wav'ring Troops delight.
t their coward Darts is all their Care,
ın to truſt them to the flitting Air:
'er their Bows have ſpent the feather'd Store,
ghty Buſineſs of their War is o'er.
ıly Strokes they try, nor Hand to Hand
eaving Sword in manly Combat ſtand,
words the Valiant ſtill their Foes invade;
ll in Drugs and Poiſons to their Aid.— *Rowe.*

RE Content with Little. See MEDIOCRITY.

retched Man! in what a Miſt of Life,
:los'd with Dangers, and with noiſy Strife,
ds his little Span! and over-feeds
ı'd Deſires with more than Nature needs!

Corpore ſejunctus dolor abſit, mente fruatur
Jucundo ſenſu, cura ſemotu, metuque!
Ergo corpoream ad naturam pauca videmus
Eſſe opus omninò, quæ demant quemque dolorem:
Delicias quoque uti nullas ſubſternere poſſint
Gratius interdum neque Natura ipſa requirit.——
Lucr. Lib. II.

——————— O prodiga rerum
Luxuries, nunquam parvo contenta paratu,
Et quæſitorum terrâ, pelagóque ciborum
Ambitioſa fames, & lautæ gloria menſæ!
Diſcite, quam parvo liceat producere vitam,
Et quantum Natura petat.————
Lucan. Lib. V.

Omnia quæ miſeras poſſunt finire querelas,
In promptu voluit candidus eſſe Deus.
Vile olus & duris hærentia mora rubetis
Pugnantis ſtomachi compoſuere famem.
Flumine vicino ſtultus ſitit, & riget Euro,
Cum calidus tepido conſonat igne rogus.
Lex armata ſedet circum fera limina nuptæ,
Nil metuit licito ſuſa puella toro:
Quod ſatiare poteſt, dives Natura miniſtrat:
Quod docet infrænis Gloria fine caret.— *Petron. Arb.*

Cumque ſui parvos uſus Natura repoſcat,
Materiam ſtruimus magnæ per vota ruinæ:
Luxuriámque lucris emimus, luxúque rapinas:
Et ſummum precium cenſus eſt effundere cenſum.——
Manil. Lib. IV.

Vivitur exiguo melius: natura beatis
Omnibus eſſe dedit, ſi quis cognoverit uti.

Hæc

r Nature wiſely ſtints our Appetite,
nd craves no more than undiſturb'd Delight,
hich Minds unmixt with Cares and Fears obtain;
Soul ſerene, a Body void of Pain.
little this corporeal Frame requires,
bounded are our natural Deſires,
hat wanting all, and ſetting Pain aſide,
ith bare Privation Senſe is ſatisfy'd.—— *Dryden.*
Behold! Ye Sons of Luxury, behold!
ho ſcatter in Exceſs your laviſh Gold:
ou who the Wealth of frugal Ages waſte,
' indulge a wanton ſupercilious Taſte:
or whom all Earth, all Ocean are explor'd,
o ſpread the various proud voluptuous Board:
ehold how little thrifty Nature craves!—— *Rowe.*
What-e'er can Nature's real Wants relieve,
h' indulgent Gods with kind Profuſion give.
he Olive freely yields its wild Repaſt,
nd ev'ry Bry'r preſents a rural Feaſt.
ad muſt he be, who'd thirſt beſide a Stream,
r freeze, while *Phœbus* gives his glowing Beam.
round the nuptial Bed arm'd Laws appear:
et the chaſte Bride indulges without Fear.
ach uſeful Bleſſing bounteous Heav'n beſtows;
ut Pride's inſatiate Luſt no Limits knows.— *Addiſon* junr.
But Heav'n is kind, with bounteous Hand it grants
A fit Supply for Nature's ſober Wants:
She aſks not much, yet Men preſs blindly on,
And heap up more, to be the more undone:
By Luxury they Rapine's Force maintain,
What that ſcrapes up, flows out in Luxury again:
And to be ſquander'd at a ſenſeleſs Rate,
Seems now the only Uſe of an Eſtate.—— *Creech* alter'd.
The beſt and wiſeſt on a little live:
Nature to every one does kindly give
The Means of Happineſs; did Man but know
T' enjoy the Bleſſings which ſhe does beſtow.

Hæc ſi nota forent, frueremur ſimplice cultu,
Claſſica non fremerent, non ſtridula fraxinus iret,
Non ventus quateret puppes, non machina muros.——
Claud. Ruf. Lib. I.

NAVIGATIO. Vide RECTOR NAVIS. VELA DATA.

ILLI robur, & æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commiſit pelago ratem
Primus, nec timuit præcipitem Africum
Decertantem Aquilonibus,
Nec triſtes Hyadas, nec rabiem Noti:
Quo non arbiter Adriæ
Major, tollere, ſeu ponere vult freta.
Quem mortis timuit gradum,
Qui ſiccis oculis monſtra natantia,
Qui vidit mare turgidum, &
Infames ſcopulos Acroceraunia?
Nequicquam Deus abſcidit
Prudens oceano diſſociabili
Terras: ſi tamen impiæ
Non tangenda rates tranſiliunt vada.—*Hor.* Lib. I. Od. 3.

Inventâ ſecuit primus qui nave profundum,
Et rudibus remis ſollicitavit aquas:
Tranquillis primum trepidus ſe credidit undis,
Littora ſecuro tramite ſumma legens:
Mox longos tentare ſinus, & linquere terras
Et leni cœpit pandere vela Noto:
Aſt ubi paullatim præceps audacia crevit,
Cordaque languentem dedidicere metum:
Jam vagus exſultat pelago, cœlúmque ſecutus,
Ægeas hyemes, Ioniúmque domat.— *Præf. Rapt. Proſ.*

Indè laceſſitum primò mare, cùm rudis Argo
Miſcuit ignotas temerato littore gentes,
Primáque cùm ventis, pelagíque furentibus undis

Compoſuit

ful Science did we underſtand,
hief Concern would be to till the Land:
uld not rage, nor craſhing Foreſts fall,
wreck the Ship, nor Engines break the Wall.

IGATION. See PILOT. SAILING.

AK was his Heart, his Breaſt with Steel
Thrice mail'd, that firſt the brittle Keel
mitted to the murd'rous Deep:
dreaded battling Winds, that ſweep
Flood, the *Hyads* ſtormy Train,
the fierce South, of *Adria*'s Main
lawleſs Monarch, be his Will
rage the gulfy Wave, or ſtill.
Fear of Death did he repel,
, fearleſs, ſaw the Billows ſwell:
the fell Monſters floating by,
Rocks, deaf to the Seaman's Cry!
has Almighty Wiſdom plac'd,
Earth's fixt Borne, the watry Waſte:
pious Men the Art have found
'erleap the inviolable Mound.—— *Welſted.*
in a Ship began to plow the Main,
filled with rude Oars the watry Plain:
us at firſt, the Sea's calm Billows try'd,
w'd, ſecurely, by the Shore's known Side.
vent'ring on, thro' wide-ſtretch'd Bays he ſails,
reads his Canvas to the gentle Gales:
gth, by often daring, bolder grown,
g the Fears which he before had known,
eep he takes, Heav'n his ſole Guide, and braves
Storms, and the *Ionian* Waves.——
n thence, e'er yet the Seaman's Art was taught,
Argo thro' the Deep a Paſſage ſought:
ſt explor'd the diſtant foreign Land,
ew'd her Strangers to the wond'ring Strand:
Nations Nations knew, in Leagues were join'd,
iverſal Commerce mix'd Mankind.

Compoſuit mortale genus, fatiſque per illam
Acceſſit mors una ratem.———.
Lucan. Lib. III.

Doctus ad hæc fatur taciti ſervator Olympi:
Signifero quæcunque fluunt labentia cœlo,
Nunquam ſtante polo, miſeros fallentia nautas
Sidera non ſequimur: ſed qui non mergitur undis
Axis inocciduus geminâ clariſſimus Arcto,
Ille regit puppes.———— *Lucan.* Lib. VIII.
———————Ille
Juſto vela modo pendentia cornibus æquis
Torſit.———————
Æquora ſenſerunt motus, alitérque ſecante
Jam pelagus roſtro, nec idem ſpectante carinâ,
Mutavere ſonum. Non ſic moderator equorum,
Dexteriore rotâ, lævum cùm circuit axem,
Cogit inoffenſæ currus accedere metæ.—— *Ibid.*

———Denſis fremuit niger imbribus Auſter
In ſua regna furens: tentatum claſſibus æquor
Turbine defendit, longéque à Syrtibus undas
Egit.———————
Tum quarum recto deprendit carbaſa malo,
Eripuit nautis, fruſtráque rudentibus auſis
Vela negare Noto, ſpatium vicere carinæ,
Atque ultra proram tumuit ſinus: omnia ſiquis
Providus antennæ ſuffixit lintea ſummæ,
Vincitur, & nudis avertitur armamentis.

Sors melior claſſi, quæ fluctibus incidit altis,
Et certo jactata mari: quæcunque levatæ
Arboribus cæſis flatum effudere frementem,

Abſtulit

By her made bold, the daring Race defy'd
The Winds tempeſtuous, and the ſwelling Tide:
Much ſhe enlarg'd Deſtruction's ample Pow'r,
And open'd Ways to Death, unknown before.——*Rowe.*

The Heav'n inſtructed Ship-man thus replies:
Of all yon Multitude of golden Stars,
Which the wide rounding Sphere inceſſant bears,
The cautious Mariner relies on none,
But keeps him to the conſtant Pole alone.—— *Id.*

——Strait the Maſter veer'd;——
The working Waves the Courſe inverted feel,
And daſh, and foam, beneath the winding Keel:
Not with ſuch Skill, on rapid Chariots born,
Around the Column ſkilful Racers turn:
While the near Wheels bear nicely on the Goal,
The farther, wide, in diſtant Circles roll.—— *Id.*

The cloudy Skies a gathering Storm preſage,
And *Auſter* from the South began to rage:
Full from the Land the ſounding Tempeſt roars,
Repels the ſwelling Surge, and ſweeps the Shores.
Spight of the Seaman's Toil the Storm prevails:
In vain with ſkilfull Strength he hands the Sails:
In vain the cordy Cables bind 'em faſt,
At once it rips, and rends 'em from the Maſt:
At once the Winds the flutt'ring Canvas tare,
Then whirl, and whiſk it, thro' the ſportive Air.
Some, timely for the riſing Rage prepar'd,
Furl the looſe Sheet, and laſh it to the Yard:
In vain their Care: ſudden the furious Blaſt
Snaps by the Board, and bears away the Maſt:
Of Tackling, Sails, and Maſt, at once bereft,
The Ship a naked helpleſs Hull is left.
But, happier ſome, a ſteady Courſe maintain,
Who ſtand far out, and keep the deeper Main:
Their Maſts they cut, and driving with the Tide,
Safe o'er the Surge, beneath the Tempeſt ride.

Abſtulit has ventis liber contraria volvens,
Æſtus, & obnixum victor detruſit in Auſtrum.———
Lucan. Lib. IX.

NEPTUNUS.

INterea magno miſceri murmure pontum,
Emiſsámque hyemem ſenſit Neptunus, & imis
Stagna refuſa vadis: graviter commotus, & alto
Proſpiciens; ſummâ placidum caput extulit undâ.
Disjectam Æneæ toto videt æquore claſſem,
Fluctibus oppreſſos Troas, cœlíque ruinâ.

Eurum ad ſe Zephyrúmque vocat: dehinc talia fatur;
Tantàne vos generis tenuit fiducia veſtri?
Jam cœlum terrámque, meo ſine numine, venti,
Miſcere, & tantas audetis tollere moles?
Quos ego. Sed motos præſtat componere fluctus.
Poſt mihi non ſimili pœna commiſſa luetis.
Maturate fugam, regíque hæc dicite veſtro:
Non illi imperium pelagi, ſævúmque tridentem:
Sed mihi ſorte datum: tenet ille immania ſaxa,
Veſtras, Eure, domos: illa ſe jactet in aula
Æolus, & clauſo ventorum carcere regnet.

Sic ait, & dicto citiùs tumida æquora placat,
Collectáſque fugat nubes, Solémque reducit.
Cymothoë ſimul, & Triton adnixus, acuto
Detrudunt naves ſcopulo: levat ipſe tridenti:
Et vaſtas aperit Syrtes, & temperat æquor,
Atque rotis ſummas levibus perlabitur undas.—— *Æn.* I.

Jungit equos curru genitor, ſpumantìaque addit

Fræna

In vain, did from the ſouthern Coaſt, their Foe,
All black with Clouds, outragious *Auſter* blow;
Lowly ſecure amidſt the Waves they lay, [*Idem.*
Old Ocean heav'd his Back, and roll'd 'em on their Way.—

NEPTUNE.

MEAN while the Noiſe and Tumult of the Main
Neptune perceives: the Bottom of the Deep
Turn'd upwards, and the Storm's licentious Rage.
Highly provok'd, and careful for his Realms,
Above the Waves, ſerene, he rears his Head:
He ſees the *Trojan* Fleet o'er all the Sea
Diſpers'd: *Æneas*, and his Ships o'erpow'r'd
With Surges, and the Ruin of the Sky.
Eaſt and Weſt Winds he hails: and then proceeds:——
From your high Birth does this Preſumption riſe?
And dare You thus, without my Sov'reign Leave,
Mix Earth, and Heav'n, and ſuch vaſt Billows raiſe?
Whom I:——But firſt 'tis fit we ſhould compoſe
The troubled Ocean. For your next Offence
A more ſevere Correction you ſhall find.
Hence, fly: and bear this Meſſage to your King:
To Me, not Him, the Empire of the Main,
And aweful Trident fell: Huge rocky Caves
Are his Dominions: *Eurus*, your Abodes:
Proud in that Palace *Æolus* may reign,
But bid him bar the Priſon of his Winds.——
So ſpoke the God: and ſooner than he ſpoke,
Appeas'd the toſſing of the Waves, diſpell'd
The Clouds collected, and reſtor'd the Sun.
Cymothoë too, and *Triton* join their Strength
To clear the Veſſels from the pointed Rock:
Himſelf his Trident plies, to heave them off,
Levels the Banks of Sand, and calms the Sea,
And with light Wheels o'er the ſmooth Surface rides.—*Trap.*
——————————Father *Neptune*
His wild Sea-Horſes joins in Harneſs, adds

The

Fræna feris, manibúſque omnes effundit habenas.
Cœruleo per ſumma levis volat æquora curru:
Subſidunt undæ, tumidúmque ſub axe tonanti
Sternitur æquor aquis: fugiunt vaſto æthere nimbi.
Tum variæ comitum facies: immania cete,
Et ſenior Glauci chorus, Inoüſque Palemon,
Tritonéſque celeres, Phorcíque exercitus omnis.
Læva tenent Thetis & Melite, Panopeáque virgo,
Neſæe, Spióque, Thaliáque, Cymodocéque.——

Æn. Lib. V.

Nec cœlo contenta ſuo Jovis ira: ſed illum
Cæruleus frater juvat auxiliaribus undis.
Convocat hic amnes. Qui poſtquam tecta tyranni
Intravere ſui, non eſt hortatibus longo
Nunc, ait, utendum: vires effundite veſtras.
Sic opus eſt. Aperite domos: ac mole remota
Fluminibus veſtris totas immittite habenas.
Juſſerat: Hi redeunt, ac fontibus ora relaxant:
Et defrænato volvuntur in æquora curſu.
Ipſe tridente ſuo terram percuſſit: at illa
Intremuit, motúque ſinus patefecit aquarum.
Jamque mare & tellus nullum diſcrimen habebant.
Omnia pontus erant. Deerant quoque littora ponto.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

Nec maris ira manet. Poſitóque tricuſpide telo
Mulcet aquas rector pelagi, ſupraque profundum
Extantem, atque humeros innato murice tectum
Cæruleum Tritona vocat: conchæque ſonaci
Inſpirare jubet: fluctúſque & flumina ſigno
Jam revocare dato. Cava buccina ſumitur illi

Tortilis,

e foaming Bridles, and diffuſes all
e flowing Reins: In his cerulean Car
ghtly He ſkims the Surface of the Deep:
e Waves ſubſide: The ſwelling Sea lies ſmooth
ıeath the thund'ring Axle: And the Clouds
r from the vaſt Horizon. Various then
ıe Forms of his Retinue: Monſtrous Whales,
l *Glaucus'* Train, *Palemon Ino's* Son,
ıe nimble *Tritons*, and all *Phorcus'* Band:
tis, and *Melite* upon the Left,
ſeæ, *Spio*, and *Cymodoce*,
ılia, and the Virgin *Panopea*.——— *Id.*
Nor from his patrimonial Heav'n alone,
Jove content to pour his Vengeance down:
d from his Brother of the Sea, he craves,
› help him with auxiliary Waves.
ptune the Rivers ſummons to his Court,
› whom, when there obedient they reſort,
ıd with their ſwelling Streams his Palace fill,
e thus, in brief, declares his mighty Will.
ıall Exhortation needs: your Pow'rs employ:
ıd this bad World, ſo *Jove* requires, deſtroy:
l Banks, all Lets, all Obſtacles remove,
: large let all your Floods unbridled rove.
ıus charg'd, in haſte, their Fountains all ſet free,
eadlong they roll, impetuous, to the Sea.
ıen, with his Mace he ſtruck: the trembling Earth,
oke up her hidden Springs, and gave a Deluge Birth.
he Land and Sea ſeem'd diff'rent now no more,
›r all was Sea, but Sea without a Shore.—*Dryd.* alter'd.
Calm grows the Sea, while *Neptune* lays his Mace
'er the wide Surface of it's furrow'd Face:
lready *Triton* at his Call appears
bove the Waves: a purple Robe he wears,
nd in his Hand a crooked Trumpet bears.
he Sov'reign bids him peaceful Sounds inſpire,
nd give the Waves the Signal to retire.

His

Tortilis, in latum quæ turbine creſcit ab imo:
Buccina, quæ medio concepit ut aera ponto,
Littora voce replet utróque jacentia Phœbo.
Omnibus audita eſt telluris & æquoris undis,
Et quibus eſt undis audita coercuit omnes.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

NOX. Vide VENEFICA.

——ROſeus feſſos jam gurgite Phœbus Ibero
Tingit equos, noctémque die labente reducat.—
Æn. XI.

Sidera prima poli Phœbo labente ſub undas
Exierant, & Luna ſuas jam fecerat umbras.——
Lucan. Lib. V.

Vertitur interea cœlum, & ruit Oceano nox,
Involvens umbrâ magnâ terrámque polûmque.——
Æn. II.

Sol ruit interea, & montes umbrantur opaci.——
Æn. III.

Nox ruit, & fuſcis tellurem amplectitur alis.——
Ibid.

———Et jam nox humida cœlo
Præcipitat, ſuadéntque cadentia ſidera ſomnos.—*Æn.* II.

Jamque per emeriti ſurgens confinia Phœbe
Titanis, latè mundo ſubvecta ſilenti
Rorifera gelidum tenuáverat aëra biga.
Jam pecudes volucréſque tacent: jam Somnus avaris
Inſerpit curis, pronúſque per aëra nutat
Grata laboratæ referens oblivia vitæ.———
Stat. Theb. Lib. I.

Tempus erat, quo prima quies mortalibus ægris
Incipit, & dono Divûm gratiſſima ſerpit.—— *Ibid.*

Merſerat unda Diem: ſparſo nox humida ſomno
Languida cæruleis invexerat otia bigis.———
Claud. Rapt. Proſ.

Nox erat, & terris animalia ſomnus habebat.——
Æn. III

—Jam

His writhen Shell he takes, whoſe narrow Vent
Grows by Degrees into a large Extent,
And gives it Breath: The Blaſt with doubling Sound,
Runs the wide Circuit of the World around:
From the Sun's Riſing to it's Ev'ning Fall,
'Twas heard by ev'ry Wave, and was obey'd by All.—
Dryden alter'd.

NIGHT. See ENCHANTRESS.

—THE roſy Sun in weſtern Waves
(The Day declining) plung'd his weary Car,
And brought returning Night.——— *Trap.*

Low in the Weſt the ſetting Sun was laid,
Up roſe the Night with glitt'ring Stars array'd,
And ſilver *Cynthia* caſt a lengthning Shade.—— *Rowe.*

Mean while the Hemiſphere rolls round, and Night
Swift ruſhes from the Sea: in duſky Shade
Involving Earth, and Heav'n.——— *Trap.*

Now the deſcending Sun roll'd down the Light,
The Hills lie cover'd in the Shades of Night.——

Now Night had ſhed her ſilver Dews around,
And with her ſable Wings embrac'd the Ground.— *Dryd.*

And now the dewy Night is haſt'ning ſwift
From Heav'n: and ſetting Stars perſwade to Sleep. *Trap.*

The Moon now riſing, in her ſtately Car
With Dew beſprinkled, did the Sun ſucceed;
And o'er the ſilent World her Round began.
Nor Beaſt, nor Bird is heard: ev'n carking Care
Sleep overcomes; as, nodding, thro' the Skies
On Earth it falls, and every where beſtows
A ſweet Forgetfulneſs of Labours paſt.———

'Twas now the Seaſon, when the firſt Repoſe,
Sweet Gift of Gods, on weary Mortals creep.—— *Trap.*

Sunk in the weſtern Ocean was the Day:
And dewy Night ſhed from her azure Car,
Repoſe, and Slumber, o'er the weary World.——

'Twas Night, when ev'ry Creature void of Cares,
The common Gift of balmy Slumber ſhares.— Dryden.

——Jam Nox jungit equos, currúmque ſequuntur
Matris laſcivo ſidera fulva choro.
Poſtque venit tacitus fulvis circumdatus alis
Somnus, & incerto ſomnia nigra pede.——
Tibul. Lib. II. El. 1.

Nox erat, & terras animalia feſſa per omnes
Alituum pecudúmque genus ſopor altus habebat.——
Æn. Lib. VIII.

Jamque dies cœlo conceſſerat, almaque curru
Noctivago Phœbe medium pulſabat Olympum.—*Æn.* X.

Jamque fere mediam cœli nox humida metam
Contigerat.———— *Æn.* V.

Tempus erat quo cuncta ſilent: intérque Triones
Flexerat obliquo plauſtrum temone Boôtes.—*Ovid. Met.* X.

Noctis erat medium, curáſque, & pectora ſomnus
Solvarat.———— *Ibid.*

Nox erat, & placidum carpebant feſſa ſoporem
Corpora per terras, ſylvæque & ſæva quierant
Æquora: cùm medio volvuntur ſidera lapſu:
Cùm tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
Quæque lacus late liquidos, quæque aſpera dumis
Rura tenent, ſomno poſitæ ſub nocte ſilenti
Lenibant curas, & corda oblita laborum.——
Æn. IV.

Nox, quæ terrarum cœlíque amplexa labores
Ignea multivago tranſmittis ſidera lapſu,
Indulgens reperare animum, dum proximus ægris
Infundat Titan agiles animantibus ortus.—*Stat. Theb.* L. I.

NOBILITAS.

STemmata quid faciunt? quid prodeſt, Pontice, longo
Sanguine cenſeri, pictóſque oſtendere vultus

Majorum,

Now Night her Courſers to her Chariot joins,
Whilſt all the ſtarry ſhining Train advance,
And round their Mother's Wheels in Chorus dance:
Then follows ſilent Sleep, with duſky Wings
Involv'd, and fleeting Midnight Viſions brings.— *Dart.*

'Twas Night, and weary Nature lull'd aſleep
The Birds, and Beaſts, and Fiſhes of the Deep,
And every Creature elſe.—— *Dryden.*

Now was the World forſaken by the Sun,
And *Phœbe* half her nightly Race had run.—— *Id.*

——And now the dewy Night
Had almoſt reach'd Heaven's middle Arch.—— *Trap.*

Deep Silence reign'd: *Arctophylax* had driv'n
His lazy Wain half round the northern Heav'n.—*Dryd.*alt.

'Twas now the Mid of Night, when Slumbers cloſe
Our Eyes, and ſooth our Cares with ſoft Repoſe.— *Dryd.*

'Twas dead of Night, when weary Bodies cloſe
Their Eyes in balmy Sleep, and ſweet Repoſe:
The Winds no longer whiſper thro' the Woods,
Nor murm'ring Tides diſturb the gentle Floods:
The Stars in ſilent Order mov'd around,
And Peace, with downy Wings, was brooding o'er the [Ground.
The Flocks, and Herds, and parti-colour'd Fowl,
Which haunt the Woods, or ſwim the weedy Pool,
Stretch'd on the quiet Earth ſecurely lay,
Forgetting the paſt Labours of the Day.—— *Dryden.*

Night! friendly Pow'r, beneath whoſe gloomy Reign,
Yon ſpangled Arch glows with the ſtarry Train:
Who doſt the Cares of Earth and Heav'n allay,
Till Nature, quicken'd by th' inſpiring Ray,
Wakes to new Vigour with the riſing Day.—— *Pope.*

NOBILITY.

WHAT's the Advantage, or the real Good,
In tracing from the Source our antient Blood?
To have our Anceſtors in Paint or Stone,
Preſerv'd as Relicks, or, like Monſters, ſhewn?

Majorum, & ſtantes in curribus Æmilianos,
Et Curios jam dimidios, naſúmque minorem
Corvini, & Galbam auriculis, naſóque carentem ?

Quis fructus generis tabulâ jactare capaci
Corvinum, poſthac multâ contingere virgâ
Fumoſos Equitum cum Dictatore Magiſtros,
Si coram Lepidis malè vivitur ?—— ——

Juv. Sat. VIII.

Tota licèt veteres exornent undique ceræ
Atria, Nobilitas ſola eſt, atque unica, Virtus.——

Ibid.

Prima mihi debes animi bona, ſanctus haberi,
Juſtitiæque tenax factis, dictiſque mereris :
Agnoſco procerem : ſalve Getulice, ſeu tu
Sylvanus, quocunque alio de ſanguine rarus
Civis & egregius.—————— *Ibid.*
——Quis enim Generoſum dixerit hunc, qui
Indignus genere, & præclaro nomine tantùm
Inſignis ? Nanum cujuſdam Atlanta vocamus :
Æthiopem cygnum : pravam, extortámque puellam,
Europen.———————— *Ibid.*

Malo Pater tibi ſit Therſites, dummodo tu ſis
Æacidæ ſimilis, Volcaniáque arma capeſſas,
Quàm te Therſitæ ſimilem producat Achilles.——

Ibid.

——Sed te cenſeri laude tuorum,
Pontice, noluerim, ſic ut nihil ipſe futuræ
Laudis agas. Miſerum eſt aliorum incumbere famæ,

Ne

The brave *Emilii*, as in Triumph plac'd:
The virtuous *Curii*, half by time defac'd:
Corvinus, with a mould'ring Noſe, that bears,
Injurious Scars, the ſad Effect of Years:
And *Galba* grinning, without Noſe or Ears?
Vain are their Hopes, who fancy to inherit
By Trees of Pedigree, or Fame, or Merit:
Tho' plodding Heralds thro' each Branch may trace
Old Captains, and Dictators of their Race,
While their ill Lives that Family belie,
And grieve the Braſs which ſtands diſhonour'd by.—*Stepny.*

Long Galleries of Anceſtors, and all
The Follies which ill grace a Country-Hall,
Challenge no Wonder or Eſteem from me:
Virtue alone is true Nobility.———— *Id.*

Convince the World that you're devout and true,
Be juſt in all you ſay, and all you do:
Whatever be your Birth, you're ſure to be
A Peer of the firſt Magnitude to me.———— *Id.*

But who will call thoſe Noble, who deface,
By meaner Acts, the Glories of their Race:
Whoſe only Title to their Father's Fame
Is couch'd in the dead Letters of his Name?
A Dwarf as well may for a Giant paſs:
A Negro for a Swan: a crook'd-back'd Laſs
Be call'd *Europa*.— ———— *Id.*

If You have Strength *Achilles'* Arms to bear,
And Courage to ſuſtain a ten Years War,
Tho' foul *Therſites'* Offspring, You ſhall be
More lov'd by all, and more eſteem'd by me,
Than if by Chance You from ſome Hero came,
And Nothing like your Father but his Name.—— *Id.*

But, *Ponticus*, I would not you ſhould raiſe
Your Credit by hereditary Praiſe:
Let your own Acts immortalize your Name:
'Tis poor relying on another's Fame:

Ne collapſa ruant ſubductis tecta columnis.——
Ibid.

Quid juvat admotam per avorum nomina cœlo,
Inter cognatos poſſe referre Jovem?— *Ovid. Epiſt.* XI.
Nam genus, & proavos, & quæ non fecimus ipſi,
Vix ea noſtra voco.—— *Ovid. Met.* Lib. XIII.

Non vetera patriæ jura poſſideo domus
Ignavus hæres: nobiles non ſunt mihi
Avi, nec altis inclytum titulis genus:
Sed clara virtus. Qui genus jactat ſuum,
Aliena laudat.—— *Sen. Her. furens.*

—— Referre negas, quali ſit quiſque parente
Natus, dum ingenuus: perſuades hoc tibi verè,
Ante poteſtatem Tulli, atque ignobile regnum,
Multos ſæpe viros nullis majoribus ortos,
Et vixiſſe probos, amplis & honoribus auctos.——
Hor. Lib. I. Sat. 6.

Plebeiæ Deciorum animæ, plebeia fuerunt
Nomina: pro totis legionibus hi tamen, & pro
Omnibus auxiliis, atque omni plebe Latinâ
Sufficiunt diis infernis, terræque parenti:
Pluris enim Decii, quam qui ſervantur ab illis.——
Juv. Sat. VIII.

—— Æqua tellus
Pauperi recluditur
Regúmque pueris.—— *Hor.* Lib. II. Ode 18.

—— Præſtò eſt mihi Manius hæres.
Progenies terræ?— Quære ex me, quis mihi quartus
Sit pater, haud promptè, dicam tamen. Adde etiam u-
Unum etiam: terræ eſt jam filius: & mihi ritu [num,
Manius hic generis propè major avunculus exſtat.——
Perſ. Sat VI.

——Sed

For take the Pillars but away, and all
The Superſtructure muſt in Ruins fall.——— *Id.*
Ah! what avail my kindred Gods above,
That in their Number I can reckon *Jove!*——
A long Deſcent, and boaſted Anceſtors,
And Acts not done by Us, I count not ours.— *Theobald.*
No ſlothful Heir am I to an Eſtate,
Poſſeſſing, by Deſcent, paternal Lands:
Nor nobly born, nor with proud Titles grac'd,
Were any of my humble Anceſtors;
But Virtue, fair, and ſhining, is my boaſt.—
The Man that vaunts his Race, but trumpets forth
The Praiſe of Others.———
For You believe, and You are right in this,
No matter what his Race, but what he is:
Before King *Tullius* time, by Birth a Slave,
Innumerable low-born Men were brave;
For Virtue and ſtrict Probity renown'd, [alt.
Rever'd they liv'd, with ample Honours crown'd.—*Creech*
From a mean Stock the pious *Decii* came,
Small their Eſtates, and vulgar was their Name:
Yet ſuch their Virtue, that their Loſs alone,
For *Rome* and all our Legions could attone:
Their Country's Doom they by their own retriev'd,
Themſelves more Worth than all the Hoſt they ſav'd——
Stepny.

——Impartial Earth
Wraps in her Lap with equal Care
The High and Low: nor royal Birth
Preſerves it's poor Diſtinction there. ——
———For my Heir
Manius I'll chuſe.—What him, of humble Birth,
Obſcure, a Fondling, and a Son of Earth?—
Obſcure! why pr'ythee what am I? I know
My Father, Grandſire, and great Grandſire too:
If farther I derive my Pedigree,
I can but gueſs beyond the fourth Degree.
The reſt of my forgotten Anceſtors,
Were Sons of Earth like him, or Sons of Whores.—*Dryd.*

——————Sed rure paterno
Eſt tibi far modicum, purum, & ſine labe ſalinum.
Quid metuas? cultríxque ſoci ſecura patella eſt.
Hoc ſatis? an deceat pulmonem rumpere ventis,
Stemmate quòd Thuſco ramum milleſime ducis,
Cenſorémve tuum vel quòd trabeate ſalutas?——
Perſ. Sat. III.

His ego quem monui? tecum eſt mihi ſermo, Rubelli
Plaute, tumes alto Druſorum ſanguine, tanquam
Feceris ipſe aliquid, propter quod nobilis eſſes:
Ut te conciperet, quæ ſanguine fulget Iüli,
Non quæ ventoſo conducta ſub aggere texit.

Vos humiles, inquis, vulgi pars ultima noſtri,
Quorum nemo queat patriam monſtrare parentis:
Aſt ego Cecropides.——Vivas, & originis hujus
Gaudia longa feras!—— tamen imâ ex plebe Quiritem
Facundum invenies: ſolet hic defendere cauſas
Nobilis indocti; veniet de plebe togatâ,
Qui juris nodos, & legum ænigmata, ſolvat.

Hic petit Euphraten Juvenis, domitíque Batavi
Cuſtodes aquilas, armis induſtrius: at tu
Nil niſi Cecropides, truncóque ſimillimus Hermæ.

Nullo

But Thou haſt Land: a Country Seat ſecure
By a juſt Title: coſtly Furniture:
A fuming Pan thy *Lares* to appeaſe:
What can be wanting when a Man has theſe?
If this be not enough to ſwell thy Soul,
Then pleaſe thy Pride, and ſearch the Herald's Roll:
Where thou ſhalt find thy famous Pedigree,
Drawn from the Root of ſome old *Tuſcan* Tree:
And Thou, a thouſand off, a Fool of long Degree:
Who clad in Purple, can'ſt thy Cenſor greet,
And loudly call him Couſin, in the Street.—— *Dryden.*

To whom is this Advice and Cenſure due?
Rubellius Plautus, 'tis apply'd to You;
Who think your Perſon ſecond to divine,
Becauſe deſcended from the *Druſian* Line:
Tho' yet you no illuſtrious Act have done,
To make the World diſtinguiſh *Julia*'s Son,
From the vile Offspring of a Trull, who ſits
By the Town Wall, and for her living knits.
You are poor Rogues, You cry, the baſer Scum,
The inconſiderable Dregs of *Rome:*
Who know not from what Corner of the Earth,
The Wretch obſcure, who got you, ſtole his Birth:
Mine I derive from *Cecrops.*——May your Grace
Live, and enjoy the Splendor of your Race!
Yet of theſe baſe Plebeians we have known
Some, who, by charming Eloquence, have grown
Great Senators, and Honours to that Gown:
Some, at the Bar, with Subtlety defend
The Cauſe of an unlearned noble Friend:
Or on the Bench the knotty Laws untye.
Others their ſtronger Youth to Arms apply:
Go to *Euphrates*, or thoſe Forces join
Which garriſon the Conqueſts near the *Rhine.*
While You, *Rubellius*, on your Birth rely:
Tho' You reſemble your Great Family,
No more than thoſe rough Statues on the Road,
(Which we call *Mercuries*,) are like that God.

Nullo quippe alio vincis diſcrimine, quàm quòd
Illi marmoreum caput eſt, tua vivit imago.
Ergo ut miremur te, non tua, primum aliquid da,
Quod poſſim titulis incidere præter honores,
Quos illis damus, & dedimus, quibus omnia debes.——
Juv. Sat. VIII.

Omne animi vitium tantò conſpectius in ſe
Crimen habet, quantò major, qui peccat, habetur.—*Ibid.*

Quid genus, & proavos ſtrepitis?
Si primordia veſtra
Auctorémque Deum ſpectes,
Nullus degener extat,
Ni vitiis pejora fovens
Proprium deſerat ortum.—— *Boëth.* III. 6.

MERIDIES.

——MEdios cum Sol accenderit æſtus,
Cum ſitiunt herbæ, & pecori jam gratior umbra eſt.—— *Georg.* Lib. IV.

Jam rapidus torrens ſitientes Sirius Indos
Ardebat cœlo, & medium Sol igneus orbem
Hauſerat: arebant herbæ, & cava flumina ſiccis
Faucibus ad limum radii tepefacta coquebant.——
Ibid.

Æſtibus at mediis umbroſam exquirere vallem:
Sicubi magna Jovis antiquo robore quercus
Ingentes tendat ramos, aut ſicubi nigrum
Ilicibus crebris ſacrâ nemus accubet umbrâ.— *Georg.* III.

Sol medium cœli conſcenderat igneus orbem.—*Æn.* VIII.

Fecerat exiguas jam Sol altiſſimus umbras.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. III.

Jamque dies rerum medias contraxerat umbras:
Et Sol ex æquo meta diſtabat utraque.——
Ibid.

Jamque ferè medius Titan venientis & actæ
Noctis erat, ſpatióque pari diſtabat utrimque.—*Ov. Met.* X.

Æſtus

Your Highneſs tho' excells in this alone,
You are a living Statue, they of Stone.
That we may therefore You, not Your's, admire,
Firſt, Sir, ſome Honour of your own acquire:
Add to that Stock, which juſtly we beſtow, [*Stepny.*
On thoſe bleſt Shades to whom You all Things owe.—
On ev'ry Vice more public Shame attends,
As he is Great, and Noble, who offends.—— *Id.*
Why vaunt you thus of Pedigree?
Conſider whence you really riſe,
To God, your Maker, lift your Eyes:
No Man ignoble is, but He,
Who baſely can to Guilt ſubmit,
And his high Origin forget.——

NOON.

WHEN the bright Sun in his Meridian burns,
When the Graſs thirſts, and Cattle moſt enjoy
The cooling Shade.—————— *Trap.*
Now torrid *Sirius* from the *Zenith* ſcorch'd
The thirſty *Indians:* and the fiery Sun
Parch'd the mid Globe: the withering Herbage burn'd:
The fervid Rays the ſhallow Rivers dry'd,
And in their empty Channels bak'd the Mud.—— *Id.*
Amidſt the Noon-tides ſultry Fervour ſeek
A ſhady Vale; where *Jove*'s tall aged Tree
Extends its Length of Boughs: and thick with Oaks
A gloomy Grove lets fall its ſacred Shade.—— *Id.*
Now in it's full Meridian blaz'd the Sun.—— *Id.*
The Sun, now in its full Meridian, made
The Clouds diſperſe, and ſhorten'd ev'ry Shade.——
High Noon had now withdrawn the Shades of Things:
The midmoſt Sky bright *Phœbus* now poſſeſs'd,
At equal Diſtance from the Eaſt and Weſt.——
The mid-Day Sun now ſhone with equal Light,
Between the paſt, and the ſucceeding Night.——

'Twas

Æſtus erat, mediúſque dies, Solíſque vapore.
Concava littorei fervebant brachia cancri.— *Ov. Met.* X.
————Medio cum Sol altiſſimus orbe
Tantum reſpiceret, quantum ſupereſſe videret.—*Ov. Met.* XI.

JURAMENTUM. Vide PERJURIUM.

——UTraque cœlo
Brachia porrexit: ſpectánſque ad lumina Solis,
Per jubar hoc, inquit, radiis inſigne coruſcis,
Nate, tibi juro, quod nos audítque vidétque:
Hoc te, quem ſpectas, hoc te, qui temperat orbem,
Sole ſatum. Si ficta loquor, neget ipſe videndum
Se mihi: ſitque oculis lux iſta noviſſima noſtris.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. II.

Tum pius Æneas ſtricto ſic enſe precatur:
Eſto nunc Sol teſtis, & hæc mihi terra precanti,
Quam propter tantos potui perferre labores:
Et pater omnipotens, & tu Saturnia Juno:
Jam melior, jam, Diva, precor: tuque, inclyte Mavors,
Cuncta tuo qui bella pater ſub numine torques:
Fontéſque, fluviósque voco, quæque ætheris alti
Relligio, & quæ cœruleo ſunt numina ponto.

————Sequitur ſic deinde Latinus,
Suſpiciens cœlum, tendítque ad æthera dextram:
Hæc eadem, Ænea, terram, mare, ſidera juro,
Latonæque genus duplex, Janúmque bifrontem,
Vimque Deûm infernam, & diri ſacraria Ditis.
Audiat hæc genitor, qui fœdera fulmine ſancit.
Tango aras, mediósque ignes, & numina teſtor.——
Æn. Lib. XII.

Horrendos etenim latice, Stygia æquora fratris

Obteſtor,

'Twas when the Summer Sun, at Noon of Day,
Thro' glowing *Cancer* ſhot his burning Ray.— *Congreve.*
The mid-Day Sun Heav'n's higheſt Point had gain'd,
And half his Way was paſt, and half remain'd.——

OATH. See PERJURY.

——SHE ſpreads abroad
Her Hands to Heav'n, and to the blazing God.
By thoſe bright Beams, * ſhe cry'd, thy Mother ſwears:
By Him who Us, and all Things ſees, and hears!
That *Phœbus* whom thou ſeeſt, who bleſſes Earth
And Heav'n with cheering Influence, gave Thee Birth:
If not, may I this Light for ever loſe,
And view that God no more, whoſe Name I uſe!—*Trap.*
Then good *Æneas* with his Sword unſheath'd,
Thus prays.—Thou Sun! be witneſs to my Vows!
And Thou *Auſonian* Land, for which I bore
Such mighty Toils! Thou Heav'n's Almighty King!
And Thou, *Saturnian Juno!* Goddeſs! hear,
Now more propitious! And Thou, potent *Mars!*
Whoſe Deity controuls, and turns all Wars:
You, Fountains! and You, Rivers! I invoke:
And whatſoe'er Divinity reſides,
Or in high Heav'n above, or Seas below.
——————Then thus reply'd
Latinus, with his Eyes erect to Heav'n,
And his Right Hand extended to the Stars.
By the ſame Pow'rs! by Earth! by Heav'n! and Sea!
I ſwear, *Æneas:* by *Latona's* Twins!
And two-fac'd *Janus!* by th' infernal Gods!
And grieſly *Pluto's* Court! Hear Thou this Oath,
Great *Jove!* whoſe Thunder ratifies our Leagues.
Upon the Altars, and the middle Fires
I lay my Hand, and thus atteſt the Gods.—— *Id.*
For by the black infernal *Styx* I ſwear,
That dreadful Oath which binds the Thunderer,)

* *Clymene* to her Son *Phaeton.*

'Tis

Obteſtor, manſurum & non revocabile verum
Nil fore quo dictis flectar.——— *Stat.* Lib. I.

OBEDIENTIA.

—TUUS, ô regina, quid optes, [*Æn.* I.
Explorare labor: mihi juſſa capeſſere fas eſt.—

Nec civis meus eſt, in quem tua claſſica, Cæſar,
Audiero: per ſigna decem felicia caſtris,
Pérque tuos juro quocunque ex hoſte triumphos,
Pectore ſi fratris gladium, jugulóque parentis
Condere me jubeas, plenæque in viſcera partu
Conjugis, invitâ peragam tamen omnia dextrâ.——
Lucan. Lib. I

PERTINACIA. Vide ADMONITIO.

HUnc avus, hunc Athamas, hunc cætera turba ſuorum
Corripiunt dictis: fruſtráque inhibere laborant,
Acrior admonitu eſt: irritatúrque retenta
Et creſcit rabies: remoraminaque ipſa nocebant.

Sic ego torrentem, qua nil obſtabat eunti,
Lenius, & modico ſtrepitu decurrere vidi:
At, quacunque trabes obſtructaque ſaxa tenebant,
Spumens, & fervens, & ab objice ſævior ibat.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. IV

Multaque, ut excuteret diros, ſi poſſet, amores,
Addidit. At virgo ſcit ſe non falſa moneri;
Certa mori tamen eſt, ſi non potiatur amato.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. X

Tis fix'd: th' irrevocable Doom of *Jove*;
No Force can bend me, no Perſwaſion move.—— *Pope.*

OBEDIENCE.

TIS your's, great Queen, replies the Pow'r, to lay
The Taſk, and mine to liſten and obey.— *Pitt.*
No Friend, no Fellow-Citizen I know,
Whom *Cæſar*'s Trumpet once proclaims a Foe.
By the long Labours of the Sword, I ſwear,
By all thy Fame acquir'd in ten Year's War,
By thy paſt Triumphs, and by thoſe to come,
(No Matter where the Vanquiſh'd be, nor whom,)
Bid me to ſtrike my deareſt Brother dead,
To bring my aged Father's hoary Head,
Or ſtab the pregnant Partner of my Bed:
Tho' Nature plead, and ſtop my trembling Hand,
I ſwear to execute thy dread Command.—— *Rowe.*

OBSTINACY. See ADVICE.

HIS Father, Granſire, all his Friends diſſwade,
But their good Counſel no Impreſſion made:
More obſtinate he grew for what they ſaid.
Fury increaſes when it is withſtood,
And their Intreaties did more Harm than Good.
So, unobſtructed, with a gentle Tide,
Have I obſerv'd a murm'ring River glide,
But when fall'n Trees, or Stones, oppos'd it's Courſe,
It foam'd, and roar'd along, with unreſiſted Force.——
Much ſhe adviſ'd, and many Things ſhe ſaid,
To cure the Madneſs of the * Love-ſick Maid,
But all in vain: for tho' convinc'd of Ill
Her Reaſon was, unchang'd remains her Will:
Perverſe of Mind, unable to reply,
She ſtands reſolv'd, or to poſſeſs or dye.—*Dryden* alter'd.

* *Myrrha*, in Love with her Father *Cinyras*.

OECONOMIA. Vide Prodigalitas. Luxuria.

ATticus eximiè ſi cœnat, lautus habetur:
Si Rutilus, demens: quid enim majore cachinno
Excipitur vulgi, quàm pauper Apicius?——

——————Illum ego jure
Deſpiciam, qui ſcit quantò ſublimior Atlas
Omnibus in Libyâ ſcit montibus, hic tamen idem
Ignoret, quantùm ferratâ diſtet ab arcâ
Sacculus.——————————

Juv. Sat. XI.

Non minor eſt Virtus, quàm quærere, parta tueri:
Caſus ineſt illic, hic erit artis opus.— *Ov. Art. Am.* Lib. II.

SENECTUS. Vide VITA HUMANA.

—QUAM continuis & quantis longa Senectus [tum,
Plena malis! deformem, & tetrum ante omnia vul-
Diſſimilémque, deformem pro cute pellem,
Pendentéſque genas, & tales aſpice rugas,
Quales, umbriferos ubi pandit Tabraca ſaltus,
In vetulâ ſcalpit jam mater ſimia buccâ.

Plurima ſunt Juvenum diſcrimina, pulchrior ille
Hoc, atque hoc alio: multùm hic robuſtior illo:
Una ſenum facies, cum voce trementia membra,
Et jam læve caput, madidique infantia naſi.
Frangendus miſero gingivâ panis inermi:

Uſque

OECONOMY. See Extravagance. Luxury.

IF noble *Atticus* make plenteous Feaſts,
And with luxurious Food indulge his Gueſts:
His Wealth and Quality ſupport the Treat,
In him nor is it Luxury, but State.
But when poor *Rutilus* ſpends all he's worth,
In Hopes of ſetting one good Dinner forth,
'Tis downright Madneſs: for what greater Jeſts,
Than begging Gluttons, or than Beggar's Feaſts?
Strange Ignorance! that the ſame Man, who knows
How far yond' Mount above this Mole-hill ſhows,
Should not perceive a Difference as great,
Between a little and a vaſt Eſtate.—— *Congreve.*
Not leſs the Praiſe to keep than to obtain:
'Tis Wiſdom keeps, but Accident may gain.——

OLD-AGE. See LIFE.

ALas! what Ills continually a-wait
Helpleſs Old-Age, that miſerable State!
How diſmal is it's Looks! a Viſage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a Skin of Buff!
A ſtitch-fall'n Cheek, that hangs below the Jaw!
Such Wrinkles as a ſkilful Hand would draw,
For an old Grandame Ape, when, with a Grace,
She ſits at ſquat, and ſcrubs her leathern Face.—*Dryd.*alt.
In Youth, Diſtinctions infinite abound;
No Shape, or Feature, juſt alike are found:
The Fair, the Black, the Feeble, and the Strong:
But the ſame Foulneſs does to Age belong:
The ſelf-ſame Palſy, both in Limbs and Tongue,
The Skull and Forehead one bald barren Plain:
And Gums unarm'd, that mumble Meat in vain.
Beſides th' eternal Drivel, that ſupplies
The dropping Beard, from Noſtrils, Mouth and Eyes.

Uſque adeò gravis uxori, gnatíſque, ſibíque.

——————Quæ cantante voluptas,
Sit licèt eximius, citharœdo, sìtve Seleuco,
Et quibus auratâ mos eſt fulgere lacernâ?
Quid refert, magni ſedeat quâ parte Theatri,
Qui vix cornicines exaudiat, atque tubarum
Concentus? Clamore opus eſt, ut ſentiat auris,
Quem dixit veniſſe puer, quot nuntiet horas.

Prætereà minimus gelido jam corpore ſanguis
Febre calet ſolâ: circumſilit agmine facto
Morborum omne genus, quorum ſi nomina quæras,
Promptiùs expediam, quot amaverit Hippia mœchos,
Quot Themiſon ægros autumno occiderit uno.——

Ille humero, hic lumbis, hic coxâ debilis, ambos
Perdidit ille oculos, & luſcis invidet: hujus
Pallida labra cibum capiunt digitis alienis.
Ipſe ad conſpectum cœnæ diducere rictum
Suetus, hiat tantùm, ceu pullus hirundinis, ad quem
Ore volat pleno mater jejuna.————

————————————Omni
Membrorum damno major dementia, quæ nec
Nomina ſervorum, nec vultum agnoſcit amici,
Cum quo præteritâ cœnavit nocte, nec illos,
Quos genuit, quos eduxit.————
Ut vigeant ſenſus animi, ducenda tamen ſunt
Funera gnatorum, rogus aſpiciendus amatæ
Conjugis, & fratris, plenæque ſororibus urnæ.

His Wife and Children loath him, and, what's worſe,
Himſelf does his offenſive Carrion curſe.—— *Dryden.*

What Muſic, or enchanting Voice can cheer
A ſtupid, old, impenetrable Ear?
No Matter in what Place, or what Degree
Of the full Theatre he ſits to ſee:
Cornets, and Trumpets, cannot reach his Ear:
Under an Actor's Noſe, he's never near.
His Boy muſt bawl to make him underſtand
The Hour o'th' Day, or ſuch a Lord's at Hand:
The little Blood that creeps within his Veins,
Is but juſt warm'd in a hot Fever's Pains.
He wears no Limb about him that is ſound,
With Sores, and Sickneſſes, beleaguer'd round.
Aſk me their Names, I ſooner could relate
How many Lovers on lewd *Hippia* wait:
What Crowds of Patients the *Pill-Doctor* kills:
Or how, laſt Fall, he rais'd the weekly Bills.—*Dryd.* alt.

One Dotard of his feeble Back complains,
His Shoulder one, and one his Bowels pains:
Another is of both his Eyes bereft,
And envies who has One for aiming left:
A Fifth with trembling Lips expecting ſtands,
As in his Childhood, cramm'd by Others Hands:
One, who at Sight of Supper open'd wide
His Jaws before, and whetted Grinders try'd,
Now only gapes, and waits to be ſupply'd:
Like a young Swallow when with weary'd Wings,
Expected Food her faſting Mother brings.

The Loſs of Members is a grievous Curſe:
But all the Faculties decay'd, is worſe.
His Servants Names he has forgotten quite:
Knows not his Friend, who ſupp'd with him laſt Night:
Nor ev'n the Children he begot and bred.——

But we'll ſuppoſe his Senſes are his own,
He lives to be chief Mourner for his Son:
Before his Face his Wife and Brother burns:
He numbers all his Kindred in their Urns.

Hæc data pœna diu viventibus: ut renovatâ
Semper clade domûs, multis in luctibus, inque
Perpetuo mœrore, & nigrâ veſte ſeneſcant.——
Juv. Sat. X.

Rex Pylius,——————————
Exemplum vitæ fuit à cornice ſecundæ:
Quique novum toties muſtum bibit: oro, parumpèr
Attendas, quantum de legibus ipſe queratur
Fatorum, & nimio de ſtamine, cum videt acris
Antilochi barbam ardentem: nam quærit ab omni,
Quiſquis adeſt, ſocio, cur hæc in tempora duret:
Quod facinus dignum tam longo admiſerit ævo.——
Ibid.

Vivere ſi rectè neſcis, decede peritis.
Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis, atque bibiſti:
Tempus abire tibi eſt: ne potum largiùs æquo
Rideat, & pulſet laſciva decentiùs ætas.——
Hor. Lib. II. Epiſt. 2.

OMINA. Vide COMETÆ. PORTENTA.

SÆPE malum hoc nobis, ſi mens non læva fuiſſet,
De cœlo tactas memini prædicere quercus:
Sæpe ſiniſtra cavâ prædixit ab ilice cornix.——
Virg. Ecl. I.

Lucus in urbe fuit media, lætiſſimus umbrâ.
Quo primum jactati undis & turbine Pœni
Effodere loco ſignum, quod regia Juno
Monſtrarat, caput acris equi: ſic nam fore bello
Egregiam, & facilem victu per ſæcula gentem.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. I.

Vidit,

Theſe are the Fines he pays for living long,
And dragging tedious Age in his own Wrong:
Griefs always green, a Houſehold ſtill in Tears,
Sad Pomps, a Threſhold throng'd with daily Biers,
And Liveries of Black for Length of Years.—*Dryden.*

Next to the Raven's Age, the * *Pylian* King
Was longeſt liv'd of any mortal Thing:
Three hundred Seaſons guzling Muſt of Wine:
But hold a while, and hear himſelf repine
At Fate's unequal Laws, and at the Clew,
Which mercileſs in Length, the midmoſt Siſter drew.
When his brave † Son upon the fun'ral Pyre
He ſaw extended, and his Beard on Fire:
He turn'd, and weeping, aſk'd his Friends, what Crime
Had curs'd his Age to that unhappy Time?—— *Id.*

Learn to live well, or fairly make your Will:
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your Fill:
Walk ſober off: before a ſprightlier Age
Comes titt'ring on, and ſhoves You from the Stage.
Leave ſuch to trifle with more Grace and Eaſe,
Whom Folly pleaſes, and whoſe Follies pleaſe.—— *Pope.*

OMENS. See COMETS. PORTENTS.

——TO me this dire Miſhap,
(For now I recollect, tho' thoughtleſs then)
Oaks ſtruck from Heav'n by Light'ning oft foretold:
And oft, ill-boding, from a hollow Holm
The Raven croak'd.—————— *Trap.*

Full in the Center ſtood a ſhady Grove,
Where firſt the *Tyrians*, toſs'd by Waves and Winds,
Digging, an *Omen* found, which *Juno* ſhew'd,
A ſprightly Horſe's Head:——'Twas hence foretold,
The Nation ſhould thro' Ages be renown'd
For War, and Conqueſt.———— *Id.*

* *Neſtor*, who according to *Homer's* Account, liv'd three hundred Years. † *Antilochus.*

Vidit, thuricremis cum dona imponeret aris,
Horrendum dictu! latices nigrescere sacros:
Fusaque in obscœnum se vertere vina cruorem.

Præterea, fuit in tectis de marmore templum
Conjugis antiqui, miro quod honore colebat,
Velleribus niveis & festa fronde revinctum.
Hinc exaudiri voces & verba vocantis
Visa viri, nox cum terras obscura teneret:
Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
Sæpe queri, & longas in fletum ducere voces.

Multaque præterea vatum prædicta priorum
Terribili monitu horrificant. Agit ipse furentem
In somnis ferus Æneas: semperque relinqui
Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam, & Tyrios deserta quærere terra.——

Æn. Lib. IV.

Laurus erat tecti medio, in penetralibus altis,
Sacra comam, multósque metu servata per annos.
Hujus apes summum densæ, mirabile dictu!
Stridore ingenti liquidum trans æthera vectæ,
Obsedere apicem: & pedibus per mutua nexis
Examen subitum ramo frondente pependit.
Continuo vates: externum cernimus, inquit,
Aventare virum: & partes petere agmen eadem
Partibus ex isdem, & summâ dominarier arce.

Præterea castis adolet dum altaria tædis,
Et juxta genitorem astat Lavinia virgo:
Visa, nefas, longis comprendere crinibus ignem,
Atque omnem ornatum flammâ crepitante cremari;

Regalésque

When pious Gifts * ſhe on the Altars laid
moking with Incenſe, (horrid to relate!)
ie ſaw the Liquors ſacred to the Gods
urn black: and as the holy Wine was pour'd,
chang'd to putrid Gore.———
ſides, within her Court a marble Dome
here ſtood, devoted to her former Lord:
hich with uncommon Honour ſhe rever'd,
ith ſnowy Fleeces, and freſh Garlands crown'd.
ence Groans are heard, and her dead Huſband's Voice
eming to call aloud, when gloomy Night
bſcures the World; and, on her Palace-Top,
he lonely Owl with oft repeated Scream
omplains, and ſpins into a diſmal Length
er baleful Shrieks. Nor leſs the Warnings, giv'n
y ancient Augurs, fright her reſtleſs Mind
With terrible Predictions. In her Dreams
Cruel *Æneas* perſecutes her Soul
To Madneſs. Still abandon'd to herſelf,
Cheerleſs, without a Guide, ſhe ſeems to go
A long, a tedious Journey, and to ſeek
Her *Tyrian* Subjects on deſerted Coaſts.—— *Id.*

Juſt in the Center of the moſt retir'd
And ſecret Court an holy Lawrel ſtood,
For many Years religiouſly preſerv'd:
Here Bees, thick flying thro' the liquid Air,
With humming Noiſe (ſurprizing to relate!)
Beſet its Top, and with their mutual Feet
Connected, on the leafy Branches hung
A ſudden Swarm. Immediately the Sage
Prophetic cries, a foreign Prince we ſee,
From the ſame Quarter, on the Coaſts arrive,
And Sovereign in the lofty Palace reign.
Beſides, as chaſt *Lavinia*, royal Maid,
Stood by her Father, and with holy Brands
Kindled the Altars: with her flowing Hair,
(Wondrous!) ſhe ſeem'd to catch the Flame, and all
Her Head-Attire to crackle in the Blaze:

* *Dido.*

Regaléſque accenſa comas, accenſa coronam
Inſignem gemmis: tum fumida lumine fulvo
Involvi, ac totis Vulcanum ſpargere tectis.
Id vero horrendum ac viſu mirabile ferri:
Namque fore illuſtrem famâ fatíſque canebant.
Ipſam, ſed populo magnum portendere bellum.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. VII.

——————De cœlo Delphicus ales
Omina læta dedit, pepulítque meatibus auras.
Nec non horrendi nemoris de parte ſiniſtra
Inſolita voces flamma ſonuere ſequenti.
Ipſe nitor Phœbi vulgato lætior orbe
Crevit, & aureto præcinxit fulgure vultus.— *Petron. Arb.*

OCCASIO. Vide Mora. Utendum eſt Ætate.

UDum & molle lutum eſt, nunc, nunc properandus, & acri
Fingendus ſine fine rota.—— *Perſ.* Sat. III.

In Simulachrum OCCASIONIS & POENITENTIÆ.

CUjus opus? Phidiæ, qui ſignum Palladis, ejus,
Quique Jovem fecit, tertia palma ego ſum.
Sum Dea quæ rara, & paucis OCCASIO nota.
Quid rotulæ inſiſtis? Stare loco nequeo.
Quid talaria habes? Volucris ſum. Mercurius quæ
Fortunare ſolet, tardo ego, quum volui.
Crine tegis faciem. Cognoſci nolo. Sed heus tu
Occipiti calvo eſt. Ne tenear fugiens.
Quæ tibi juncta comes? Dicat tibi. Dic rogo quæ ſis.—

Sum

Her regal Treſſes, and her Crown enrich'd
With Gems, involv'd in ruddy Vapour glar'd,
And all the Palace round diffus'd the Fire.
That Omen of a ſtrange and dire Portent
Was rumour'd; For 'twas ſaid, that ſhe herſelf,
By Fate, in Glory ſhould illuſtrious riſe,
But to the People menac'd dreadful War.—— *Id.*

——————Now ſwift deſcending thro' the Sky,
The Bird of *Jove* wing'd his auſpicious Flight:
Strange Voices in the left Hand Woods were heard,
And iſſuing Flames flaſh'd thro' the Sylvan Gloom:
Phœbus himſelf aſſum'd his brighteſt Beams,
And with unuſual Splendors deck'd the Sky.—*Addiſon* jun.

OPPORTUNITY. See Delay. Time to be uſed.

THE Clay is moiſt and ſoft, now, now make haſte
And form the Pitcher, for the Wheel turns faſt.—

On the Statute of OPPORTUNITY and REPENTANCE.

Queſt. I *Mage, who made thee? Anſw. Phidias:* the ſame
Whoſe Artiſt Hand did *Jove* and *Pallas* frame:
I'm his third Labour, in the Form you ſee:
And, tho' but ſeldom met, and known to few I be,
Yet I'm a Goddeſs, and my Name is OPPORTUNITY.
Queſt. *What! Wings upon thy Feet? Anſw.* Yes: they imply
My Swiftneſs, and how ready I'm to fly:
Whene'er I will I baffle *Mercury.*
Queſt. *Hair covers all thy Face!— Anſw.* Thereby is ſhown
How much I am unwilling to be known.
Queſt. *But Thou art bald behind!—Anſw.* 'Tis true, I be:
That none, behind may ſeize me, as I flee.
Queſt. *Who haſt Thou got for thy Companion there?*
Anſw. Herſelf can ſpeak: Queſt. *Friend, what Thou art declare.*

Repen.

Sum Dea, quæ facti, non factíque exigo pœnas.
Nempe ut pœniteat, ſic METANOEA vocor.
Tu modo dic, quid agat tecum? Si quando volavi,
Hæc manet: hanc retinent, quos ego præterii.
Tu quoque, dum rogitas, dum percontando moraris,
Elapſam dices me tibi de manibus.——

Auſon. Epig. XII.

OPPRESSIO.

CUrandum imprimìs, nè magna injuria fiat
Fortibus & Miſeris: tollas licèt omne quod uſquam
Auri & argenti: Scutum, gladiúmque relinques,
Et jacula, & galeam: Spoliatis arma ſuperſunt.——

Juv. Sat. VIII.

ORACULA. Vide SIBYLLA.

ORACULA FAUNI.

AT Rex ſollicitus monſtris Oracula Fauni
Adit.——
Hinc Italæ gentes omníſque Œnotria tellus
In dubiis reſponſa petunt: huc dona ſacerdos
Cum tulit, & cæſarum ovium ſub nocte ſilenti
Pellibus incubuit ſtratis, ſomnóſque petivit:
Multa modis ſimulacra videt volitantia miris,
Et varias audit voces, fruitúrque Deorum
Colloquio, atque imis Acherónta affatur Averníis.——

Virg. Æn. Lib. VII.

Repen. My Name's REPENTANCE: I'm a Goddeſs
And puniſh Humankind,—— [too:
For what They 'ave done, or what forborn to do.
Queſt. *But, pritbee, tell me,* OPPORTUNITY,
What this Tormentor *has to do with Thee.*
Anſw. When I am flown, She always lags behind:
And Her, inſtead of me, my vain Purſuer's find.
You too, who with your Queſtions thus delay,
Will find that thro' your Hands I'm ſlipt away.——

OPPRESSION.

BUT above all, be careful to with-hold
Your Talons from the Wretched and the Bold:
Tempt not the Brave and Needy to deſpair:
For tho' your Violence ſhou'd leave 'em bare
Of Gold and Silver, Swords and Darts remain,
And will revenge the Wrongs which they ſuſtain.
The plunder'd ſtill have Arms.—— *Stepny.*

ORACLES. See SIBYL.

ORACLE of FAUNUS.

UNeaſy at theſe Prodigies, the King
Repairs to *Faunus'* Oracle. From hence
All the *Italian* and *Œnotrian* Realms
In Doubts ſeek Anſwers: Hither when the Prieſt
Has brought his Off'rings, and in ſilent Night
Sleeps on ſpread Skins of fleecy Victims ſlain:
Unnumber'd Fantoms flutt'ring round He ſees
In wondrous Forms, and various Voices hears:
Theſe he conſults, the future Fates to know,
From the ſuperior Gods, and from the Pow'rs below,—
Trap.

ORACULA DELPHICA.

——————Tum torta priores
Stringit vitta comas, crinéſque in terga ſolutos
Candida Phocaicâ complectitur infula lauro.
——————Vaſtíſque adducta cavernis
Hæſit, & inſueto concepit pectore numen,
Quod non exhauſtæ per tot jam ſecula rupis
Spiritus ingeſſit vati: mentémque priorem
Expulit, atque hominem toto ſibi cedere juſſit
Pectore.——————————

———Bacchatur demens aliena per antrum
Colla ferens, vittáſque dei, Phœbæáque ſerta
Erectis diſcuſſa comis, per inania templi
Ancipiti cervice rotat, ſpargítque vaganti
Obſtantes tripodas, magnóque exæſtuat igne,
Iratum te, Phœbe, ferens: nec verbere ſolo
Uteris: & ſtimulos, flammáſque in viſcera mergis.
Accipit & frænos: nec tantum prodere vati,
Quantum ſcire, licet,——————————

——————Venit ætas omnis in unam
Congeriem: miſerúmque premunt tot ſecula pectus.
Tanta patet rerum ſeries, atque omne futurum
Nititur in lucem: vocémque petentia fata
Luctantur: non prima dies, non ultima mundi,
Non modus Oceani: numerus non deerat arenæ.

Spumea

DELPHIC ORACLE.

The Prieſteſs every ſacred Rite prepares.
A Fillet gathers up her formoſt Hairs,
While the white Wreath and Bays her Temples bind,
And knit the looſer Locks which flow behind.
Cloſe to the holy breathing Vent ſhe cleaves,
And largely the unwonted God receives:
Nor Age the potent Spirit had decay'd,
But with full Force he fills the heaving Maid.
The mortal Mind, driv'n out, forſook her Breaſt,
And the ſole Godhead ev'ry Part poſſeſs'd.
Now ſwell her Veins, her turgid Sinews riſe,
And, bounding frantick, thro' the Cave ſhe flies:
Her briſtling Locks the wreathy Fillet ſcorn,
And her fierce Feet the tumbling *Tripods* ſpurn.
Now wild ſhe dances o'er the vacant Fane,
And whirls her giddy Head, and bellows with the Pain.
Nor yet the leſs, th' avenging wrathful God,
Pours in his Fires, and ſhakes his ſounding * Rod:
He laſhes now, and goads her on amain,
And now He checks her ſtubborn to the Rein,
Curbs in her Tongue, juſt lab'ring to diſcloſe
And ſpeak that Fate which in her Boſom glows.
Ages on Ages throng, a painful Load,
Myriads of Images, and Myriads croud:
Men, Times, and Things, or preſent, or to come,
Work lab'ring in her Breaſt, and urge for room.
Whatever is, ſhall be, or e'er has been,
Rolls in her Thought, and to her Sight is ſeen.
The Ocean's utmoſt Bounds her Eyes explore,
And number ev'ry Sand on ev'ry Shore:
Nature, and all her Marks, at once they ſee,
Know when ſhe firſt began, and when her End ſhall be.

* In theſe divine Furies the Prieſteſs ſeem'd to be driv'n along with Whips.

Spumea tunc primùm rabies veſana per ora
Effluit, & gemitus, & anhelo clara meatu
Murmura: tunc mœſtus vaſtis ululatus in antris,
Extremæque ſonant domitâ jam virgine voces.

Cætera ſuppreſſit, faucéſque obſtruxit Apollo.
——————Tunc pectore Vatis
Impactæ ceſſere fores, excluſaque templis
Proſiluit: perſtat rabies, nec cuncta locuta eſt.
Quem non emiſit, ſupereſt Deus. illa feroces
Torquet adhuc oculos, totóque vagantia cœlo
Lumina, nunc vultu pavido, nunc torva minaci.
Stat nunquam facies: rubor igneus inficit ora,
Liventéſque genas: nec qui ſolet eſſe timenti
Terribilis, ſed pallor ineſt: nec feſſa quieſcunt
Corda:——Sed multa levant Suſpiria vatem.

Dumque à luce ſacrâ, quâ vidit fata, refertur
Ad vulgare jubar, mediæ venere tenebræ.
Immiſit Stygiam Pæan in viſcera Lethen,
Quæ raperet ſecreta deûm: tum pectore verum
Fugit, & ad Phœbi tripodas rediere futura:
Víxque refecta cadit.—————— *Lucan.* Lib. V.

Quis latet hic ſuperûm? quod numen ab æthere preſſum
Dignatur cæcas incluſum habitare cavernas?
Quis terram cœli patitur Deus, omnia curſûs
Æterni ſecreta tenens, mundíque futuri
Conſcius, ac populis ſeſe proferre paratus,
Contactûſque ferens hominum, magnúſque, poténſque,
Sive canit fatum, ſeu quod jubet ille canendo,
Fit fatum? forſan terris inſerta regendis,
Aëre libratum vacuo quæ ſuſtinet orbem,
Totius pars magna Jovis Cyrrhæa per antra
Exit, & ætherio trahitur connexa Tonanti.

Hoc

At length her foamy Mouth begins to flow,
Groans more diſtinct, and Murmurs plainer grow:
A doleful Howl the roomy Cavern ſhook,
And thus the Maid in fainting Accents ſpoke.——
She ſaid: the God her lab'ring Tongue ſuppreſt,
And in eternal Darkneſs veil'd the reſt.
Now thro' the Gates, with all her Force diſplay'd,
Impetuous ſallies the prophetick Maid;
Nor yet the holy Rage was all ſuppreſs'd,
Part of the God ſtill heaving in her Breaſt:
Urg'd by the *Demon*, ſtill ſhe rolls her Eyes,
And wildly wanders o'er the ſpacious Skies.
Now horrid Purple flushes in her Face,
And now a livid Pale ſupplies the Place:
A double Madneſs paints her Cheeks by turns,
With Fear ſhe freezes, and with Fury burns:
Nor can her weary Breaſt it's Heavings ceaſe,
But burſting Sighs riſe faſt to give her Eaſe.
Now, by Degrees, the Fire Etherial fail'd,
And the dull human Senſe again prevail'd:
Mean while, the God, in an eternal Shade,
Hides the paſt Viſions from the mortal Maid.
Thick Clouds of dark Oblivion riſe between,
And ſnatch away at once the wond'rous Scene.
Stretch'd on the Ground the fainting Prieſteſs lies,
While to the *Tripod*, back, th' informing Spirit flies.—*Rowe.*

What Pow'r Divine forſakes the Heav'n's fair Light,
To dwell with Earth, and everlaſting Night?
What is this Spirit, potent, wiſe, and great,
Who deigns to make a mortal Frame his Seat?
Who the long Chain of ſecret Cauſes knows:
Whoſe Oracles the Years to come diſcloſe:
Who thro' Eternity at once foreſees,
And tells that Fate which He himſelf decrees?
Part of that Soul, perhaps, which moves in All,
Whoſe Energy informs the pendant Ball,
Thro' this dark Paſſage ſeeks the Realms above,
And ſtrives to re-unite itſelf to *Jove.*

Whate'er

Hoc ubi virgineo conceptum eſt pectore numen,
Humanam feriens animam ſonat, oráque vatis
Solvit.———————

Hoc tamen expoſitum cunctis, nullíque negatum
Numen, ab humani ſolùm ſe labe furoris
Vindicat: haud illìc tacito mala vota ſuſurro
Concipiunt: nam fixa canens, mutandáque nulli
Mortales optare vetat: juſtíſque benignus
Sæpe dedit ſedem totas mutantibus urbes,
Ut Tyriis dedit ille minas impellere belli,
Ut Salaminiacum meminit mare. Suſtulit iras
Telluris ſterilis, monſtrato fine: reſolvit
Aëra tabificum.———————— *Ibid.*

Ille deo plenus, tacitâ quem mente gerebat,
Effudit dignas adytis è pectore voces.
Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes? an liber in armis
Occubuiſſe velim potiùs, quàm regna videre?
An ſit vita nihil, vel longa? an differat ætas?
An noceat vis ulla bono? fortunáque perdat
Oppoſitâ virtute minas? laudandáque velle

Sit

Whate'er the *Demon*, when He ſtands confeſs'd
Within his raging Prieſteſs' panting Breaſt,
Dreadful his Godhead from the Virgin breaks,
And thund'ring from her foamy Mouth He ſpeaks.—*Id.*

The gracious God, ſtill ready with Replies,
To none his Aid, or Oracle denies:
Yet wiſe, and righteous ever, ſcorns to hear
The Fool's fond Wiſhes, or the Guilty's Pray'r:
Tho', vainly, in repeated Vows they truſt,
None e'er find Grace before him, but the Juſt.
* Oft to a baniſh'd, wandring, houſeleſs Race,
The ſacred Dictates have aſſign'd a Place:
Oft from the Strong He ſaves the Weak, in War:
This Truth, ye *Salaminian* Seas declare!
And heals the barren Land, and peſtilential Air.— *Id.*

Full of the God that harbour'd in his Breaſt,
Thoughts worthy of a God great *Cato* thus expreſs'd.

† Whither, O *Labienus*, wouldſt Thou go?
What mighty Secrets doſt Thou want to know?
Is it a Doubt if Death ſhould be my Doom,
Rather than live till Kings and Bondage come:
Rather than ſee a Tyrant crown'd in *Rome?*
Or wouldſt Thou know if Life itſelf be aught?
Or what the Diff'rence 'twixt the long and ſhort?
Wouldſt Thou be told if all the World conjoyn'd,
Can ſhake, or hurt, the brave and honeſt Mind?
If ſtable Virtue can her Ground maintain,
While Fortune feebly threats and frowns in vain?

* The *Phœnicians*, driven by Earthquakes from their Habitations, were adviſed by the *Delphic Oracle*, to ſettle firſt at *Sidon*, and afterwards at *Tyre*. When *Greece* was invaded by *Xerxes*, the *Athenians* were adviſed by the ſame *Oracle*, to truſt to their wooden Walls, (their Ships) and, ſo doing, deſtroyed the *Perſians* at Sea, at the Engagement of *Salamis*. A Famine in *Egypt*, and the Plague at *Thebes*, were likewiſe remov'd by conſulting this Oracle.

† *Cato*, in his March thro' *Lybia*, being ſollicited by *Labienus*, in the Name of the whole Army, to conſult the Oracle of *Jupiter Ammon*, whoſe Temple they were then approaching, declares his Sentiments of ſuch Enquiries in a Manner becoming a brave and unſhaken Mind.

Sit ſatis, & nunquam ſucceſſu creſcat honeſtum?

Scimus, & hoc nobis non altiùs inſerit Ammon.

Hæremus cuncti ſuperis, templóque tacente
Nil agimus niſi ſponte dei: non vocibus ullis
Numen eget: dixítque ſemel naſcentibus autor,
Quicquid ſcire licet: ſterileis nec legit arenas,
Ut caneret paucis, merſítque hôc pulvere verum.

Eſtne dei ſedes niſi terra, & pontus, & aër,
Et cœlum, & virtus? ſuperos quid quærimus ultra?
Jupiter eſt, quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris.

Sortilegis egeant dubii, ſemperque futuris
Caſibus ancipites: me non oracula certum,
Sed mors certa facit: pavido, fortíque cadendum eſt.
Hoc ſatis eſt dixiſſe Jovem.———

———Sic ille profatur:
Servatâque fide templi diſcedit ab aris,
Non exploratum populis Ammona relinquens.——
Lucan. Lib. I

'ruth and Juſtice with Uprightneſs dwell,
Praiſe be due for but intending well?
:ther our Loſs, or whether our Succeſs,
make our Honeſty, or more, or leſs.
Theſe the Secrets are You wou'd unfold,
ſe may without an Oracle be told.
ought, for Theſe, be *Ammon*'s ſacred Ground,
arer Temple of the God is found:
n God deriv'd, to God by Nature join'd,
act the Dictates of his mighty Mind:
tho' the Prieſts and Oracles be ſtill,
never wants a Voice to ſpeak his Will:
:hat for us to know He thought was fit
r himſelf within our Boſoms writ.
t Thou believe the vaſt eternal Mind,
arren Plains of ſcorching Sands confin'd?
: He would chuſe this waſte, this deſart Ground,
each the thin Inhabitants around,
let his Truth in Wilds alone be found?
ere a Place that God would chuſe to love,
nd this Earth, and Sea, yon' Heav'n above,
virtuous Minds, the nobleſt Throne of *Jove?*
r ſeek we farther then?—Behold around,
te'er Thou ſeeſt doſt with the God abound:
ev'ry where, and always to be found.
hoſe weak Minds who live in Doubt and Fear,
ugling Prieſts for Oracles repair:
Oracles no Certainty can give,
Death will ſurely all our Woes relieve:
common Fate muſt wait upon Us all,
Coward, and the Brave, are doom'd to fall.
ſolves all Doubts, this leaves no room to fear:
told Us this, and needs no more declare.——
ſpoke the Hero: and to keep his Word,
Ammon, nor his Oracle explor'd:
eſt the Crowd at Freedom to believe,
take ſuch Anſwers as the Prieſt ſhould give.—*Rowe*

[alt.

ORION.

——QUIS fata putaret
Scorpion, aut vires maturæ mortis habere?
Ille minax nodis, & recto verbere ſævus,
Teſte tulit cœlo victi decus Orionis.——

Lucan. Lib. IX.

Cernere vicinum Geminis licet Oriona
In magnam cœli tendentem brachia partem.
Nec minus extento ſurgentem ad ſidera paſſu,
Singula fulgentes humeros cui lumina ſignant,
Et tribus obliquis demiſſus ducitur enſis.
Ad caput Orion excelſo immenſus Olympo
Per tria ſubducto ſignantur lumina vultu;
Non quòd clara minus, ſed quòd magis alta recedant.
Hoc duce per totum decurrunt ſidera mundum.——

Man. Lib. I.

OSIRIS. Vide BACCHUS.

PRimus aratra manu ſolerti fecit Oſiris,
Et teneram ferro ſollicitavit humum.
Primus inexpertæ commiſit ſemina terræ,
Pomaque non notis legit ab arboribus.
Hic docuit teneram palis adjungere vitem,
Hic viridem dura cædere falce comam.
Ille jucundos primum matura ſapores
Expreſſa incultis uva dedit pedibus.
Ille liquor docuit voces inflectere cantu,
Movit & ad certos neſcia membra modos.
Bacchus & agricolæ magno confecta labore
Pectora triſtitiæ diſſoluenda dedit.
Bacchus & afflictis requiem mortalibus affert,
Crura licet dura compede pulſa ſonent.

Non

ORION.

'HO that the Scorpion's Inſect Form ſurveys,
Would think how ready Death his Call obeys?
ar'ning, he rears his knotty Tail on high:
vaſt *Orion* thus he doom'd to die,
fix'd him, his proud Trophy, in the Sky.—*Rowe.*
ext the bright Twins, ſee great *Orion* riſe:
Arms extended, ſtretch o'er half the Skies:
ſtride as large: and, with a ſtately Pace,
narches on, and meaſures a vaſt Space.
ach broad Shoulder a bright Star's diſplay'd,
three obliquely, grace his ſhining Blade.
vaſt Head, immerſt in boundleſs Spheres,
e Stars leſs bright, but yet as great, he bears:
farther off remov'd, their Splendor's loſt.
grac'd, and arm'd, he leads the ſtarry Hoſt.—*Creech.*

OSIRIS. See BACCHUS.

SIRIS firſt, to frame the Plow-ſhare found,
And firſt with Steel tore up the tender Ground:
in th' unpractic'd Earth the Seed he threw,
firſt, from Trees unknown, ripe Apples drew.
prop'd the bending Branches of the Vine,
taught the claſping Tendrils where to twine:
une the ſhooting Trees with timely Care,
top the wild Luxuriance of the Year.
expreſs the Wine firſt taught the Uſe,
nade the Vat o'erflow with gen'rous Juice.
tun'd the Voice to chant the charmful Song,
aught the Feet to bound in meaſur'd times along.
is to Country Swains oppreſs'd with Cares,
Courage, and diſſolves invading Fears.
is gives Reſpite to the Wretch's Pains,
with Fetters gall'd, and rattling Chains.

Non tibi ſunt triſtes curæ nec luctus, Oſiri ;
Sed chorus, & cantus, & levis aptus amor.
Sed varii flores, & frons redimita corymbis,
Fuſa ſed ad teneros lutea palla pedes.
Et Tyrii veſtes, & dulcis tibia cantu,
Et levis occultis conſcia ciſta ſacris.—*Tibul.* I. Eleg. 8.

REGIA. Vide CONVIVIUM.

TEctum auguſtum, ingens, centum ſublime columnis,
Urbe fuit ſumma, Laurentis regia Pici,
Horrendum ſylvis, & relligione parentum.
Hinc ſceptra accipere, & primos attollere faſces
Regibus omen erat : hoc illis curia templum,
Hæc ſacris ſedes epulis : hic ariete cæſo
Perpetuis ſoliti patres conſidere menſis.
Quinetiam veterum effigies ex ordine avorum
Antiqua è cedro, Italúſque patérque Sabinus
Vitiſator, curvam ſervans ſub imagine falcem :
Saturnúſque ſenex, Janíque bifrontis imago,
Veſtibulo aſtabant : aliique ab origine reges,
Martia qui ob patriam pugnando vulnera paſſi.
Multáque præterea ſacris in poſtibus arma,
Captivi pendent currus, curvæque ſecures,
Et criſtæ capitum, & portarum ingentia clauſtra,
Spiculáque, clypeíque, ereptáque roſtra carinis.——
Æn. Lib. VII.

——————Cereris—tecta nitebant
Cyclopum firmata manu. Stant ardua ferro
Mœnia : ferrati poſtes : immensáque nectit
Clauſtra chalybs. Nullum tanto ſudore Pyracmon,
Nec Steropes, conſtruxit opus : nec talibus unquam
Spiravere notis animæ : nec flumine tanto

Incoctum

Nor Cares, nor Woes, *Oſiris*, Thee annoy,
But thine the Song, the Dance, and Love's endearing Joy:
The flowry Chaplet, and the Ivy Crown,
The Saffron Mantle flowing looſely down,
The purple Veſt, the Flute's melodious Sound,
And myſtic Rites in ſacred Silence bound.— *Dart.* alt.

PALACE. See BANQUET.

A Spacious Structure in the City's Height,
Sublime upon an hundred Pillars ſtood,
With gloomy Groves religiouſly obſcure,
Laurentian Picus' Palace: Where the Kings
The firſt Inauguration of their Sway,
The Scepters, and the regal Faſces took:
This Court their Temple: Here the ſacred Feaſts:
And here the Fathers, by th' accuſtom'd Rite,
Killing a Victim Ram, in order ſate
Along the Forms. Before the ſtately Doors
Th' Effigies of their Anceſtors ſtood rang'd
In Rows of antique Cedar: *Italus*,
Father *Sabinus*, Planter of the Vine,
Holding in Imag'ry his crooked Scythe,
And aged *Saturn*, and the double Front
Of *Janus*: and the other antient Kings,
Who for their Country ſuffer'd Wounds in War.
Beſides: thick Arms upon the ſacred Poſts,
Curve Scymiters, and captive Chariots hung;
And Creſts of Helmets: maſſy Bars of Gates:
And Darts, and Shields, and Beaks from Veſſels torn.—
Trap.

Here *Ceres'* Palace, by the *Cyclops* rear'd,
A ſtately Pile! in glitt'ring Pomp appear'd.
In'n were the Poſts and Walls: the ſpacious Door,
With Sheets of ſtubborn Steel was plated o'er.
The drudging Brethren, ne'er with equal Toil,
Labour'd ſo vaſt a Work, or rais'd ſo firm a Pile:
Nor the huge Bellows with their hollow Frame,
Swell'd with ſuch gather'd Blaſts to urge the Flame:

Incoctum maduit laſſa fornace metallum.
Atria veſtit ebur : trabibus ſolidata aënis
Culmen, & in celſas ſurgunt electra columnas.——
Claud. de Rapt. Proſ.

Ecce Palatino crevit reverentia monti,
Exultátque habitante Deo, potioráque Delphis
Supplicibus latè populis oracula pandit.
Non alium certè decuit rectoribus orbis
Eſſe Larem, nullóque magis ſe colle poteſtas
Æſtimat, & ſummi ſentit faſtigia juris.
Attollens apicem ſubjectis regia roſtris
Tot circum delubra videt, tantíſque Deorum
Cingitur excubiis.—— *Claud. de ſexto Conſ. Hon.*

PANICUS TERROR. Vide TIMOR.

VAna quoque ad veros acceſſit fama timores,
Irrupítque animos populi, cladémque futuram
Intulit, & velox properantis nuntia belli
Innumeras ſolvit falſa in præconia linguas.

Ipſum omnes aquilas, collatáque ſigna ferentem
Agmine non uno, denſíſque incedere caſtris.
Nec, qualem meminere, vident ; majórque ferúſque
Mentibus occurrit.——

——Sic quiſque pavendo
Dat vires famæ : nullóque autore malorum,

——Quæ

Nor ever ſuch a rolling Flood before,
Of molten Metal the hot Furnace bore.
The Hall with Ivory was cover'd round,
And Beams of Braſs the lofty Summit bound:
Amber in tow'ring Columns roſe on high,
And with it's golden Splendor charm'd the Eye.——
Hughes alter'd.

The *Palatine*, proud *Rome*'s imperial Seat,
(An awful Pile!) ſtands venerably Great:
Thither the Kingdoms and the Nations come,
In ſupplicating Crouds to learn their Doom:
To *Delphi* leſs th' enquiring Worlds repair,
Nor does a greater God inhabit there.
This ſure the pompous Manſion was deſign'd
To pleaſe the mighty Rulers of Mankind;
Inferior Temples riſe on either Hand,
And on the Borders of the Palace ſtand,
While o'er the reſt her Head ſhe proudly rears,
And lodg'd amidſt her Guardian Gods appears.—*Addiſon.*

PANIC FEAR. See FEAR.

MEanwhile the buſy Meſſenger of Ill,
Officious Fame, ſupplies new Terror ſtill:
A thouſand Slaughters, and ten thouſand Fears
She whiſpers in the trembling Vulgar's Ears:
But when approaching *Cæſar* they would paint,
The ſtronger Image makes Deſcription faint.
No Tongue can ſpeak, with what amazing Dread,
Wild Thought preſents him at his Army's Head:
Unlike the Man familiar to their Eyes,
Horrid he ſeems, and of gigantic Size:
Unnumber'd Eagles riſe amidſt his Train,
And Millions ſeem to hide the crowded Plain.
Thus Fear does half the Work of lying Fame,
And Cowards thus their own Misfortunes frame:
By their own feigning Fancies are betray'd,
And groan beneath thoſe Ills themſelves have made.

Nor

Quæ finxere, timent: nec ſolùm vulgus inani
Perculſum terrore pavet: ſed curia, & ipſi
Sedibus exiliere patres.——————

Tunc quæ tuta petant, & quæ metuenda relinquant,
Incerti: quò quemque fugæ tulit impetus, urgent
Præcipitem populum, ſerieque hærentia longâ
Agmina prorumpunt. Credas aut tecta nefandas
Corripuiſſe faces, aut jam quatiente ruinâ
Nutantes pendere domos.——————

——————Nullum jam languidus ævo
Evaluit revocare parens, conjùxve maritum
Fletibus: haud patrii (dubiæ dum vota ſalutis
Conciperent) tenuere Lares: nec limine quiſquam
Hæſit, & extremo tunc forſitan urbis amatæ
Plenus abit viſu: ruit irrevocabile vulgus.——
Lucan. Lib. I.

——————————Urbem
Attonitam terrore ſubit: namque ignibus atris
Creditur, ut captæ, rapturus mœnia Romæ,
Sparſurúſque Deos: fuit hæc menſura timoris.
Velle putant, quodcunque poteſt.—— *Lucan.* Lib. III.

PARENTES. Vide Educatio. Exemplum.

SErvius Oppidius Canuſî duo prædia, dives
Antiquo cenſu, gnatis diviſſe duobus
Fertur, & hoc moriens pueris dixiſſe vocatis
Ad lectum: Poſtquam te talos, Aule, nucéſque

Ferre

Nor theſe Alarms the Crowd alone infeſt,
But ran alike thro' ev'ry beating Breaſt:
With equal Dread the grave Patrician's ſhook,
Their Seats abandon'd, and the Court forſook.
Reſolv'd on Flight, yet ſtill unknowing where
To fly from Danger, or for Aid repair,
Haſty, and headlong, diff'rent Paths they tread,
As blind Impulſe and wild Diſtraction lead:
The Crowd, a hurrying, heartleſs Train, ſucceed.
Who that the lamentable Sight beheld,
The wretched Fugitives that hid the Field,
Would not have thought the Flames, with rapid haſte
Deſtroying wide, had laid their City waſte:
Or groaning Earth had ſhook beneath their Feet,
While threatning Buildings nodded o'er the Street.
Then Sons forſook their Sires unnerv'd and old,
Nor weeping Wives their Huſbands could with-hold:
Each left his Houſhold *Lares* unador'd,
Nor with one parting Pray'r their Aid implor'd:
None ſtopp'd, or ſighing turn'd for one laſt View,
Or bid the City of his Birth adieu.
The headlong Crowd, regardleſs, urge their Way,
Tho' e'en their Gods and Country aſk their Stay,
And pleading Nature begs 'em to delay.—— *Rowe.*

————The City then he enter'd:
The City with Confuſion wild was fraught,
And trembling ſhook with ev'ry dreadful Thought.
They think he comes to ravage, ſack, and burn:
Religion, Gods, and Temples to o'erturn.
Their Fears ſuggeſt him willing to purſue,
Whatever Ills unbounded Pow'r can do.—— *Id.*

PARENTS. See Education. Example.

OVID *IUS* did, as Story goes, divide
His Farms between his Sons before he dy'd:
And ſaid, and as he ſaid he gravely ſmil'd,
My *Aulus*, I obſerv'd Thee from a Child;

And

Ferre ſinu laxo, donare, & ludere vidi:
Te, Tiberî, numerare, cavis abſcondere triſtem;
Extimui, ne vos ageret veſania diſcors:
Tu Nomentanum, tu ne ſequerere Cicutam.

Quare per Divos oratus uterque Penates,
Tu cave ne minuas: tu ne majus facias id,
Quod ſatis eſſe putat pater, & natura coërcet.

Præterea ne vos titillet gloria, jure——
Jurando obſtringam ambo: uter Ædilis fuerit, vel
Veſtrum Prætor, is inteſtabilis, & ſacer eſto.——
Hor. Lib. II. Sat. 3.

Vivite contenti caſulis & collibus iſtis,
O Pueri, Marſus dicebat——olim:
————Panem quæramus aratro,
Qui ſatis eſt menſis.————
Hæc illi veteres præcepta minoribus: at nunc
Poſt finem autumni mediâ de nocte ſupinum
Clamoſus juvenem pater excitat: accipe ceras,
Scribe, puer, vigila, cauſas age, perlege rubras
Majorum leges, aut vitem poſce libello.

————Sed grandes miretur Lælius alas.
Dirue Maurorum attegias, caſtella Brigantûm,
Ut locupletem aquilam tibi ſexageſimus annus
Afferat:—aut longos caſtrorum ferre labores
Si piget, & trepido ſolvunt tibi cornua ventrem
Cum lituis audita, pares, quod vendere poſſis
Pluris dimidio, nec te faſtidia mercis
Ullius ſubeant ablegandæ Tiberim ultra.

—Lucri

And when I ſaw thee careleſs of thy Toys,
And freely give thy Nuts to other Boys:
And You, *Tiberius*, count them o'er and o'er,
And hoard them up, increaſing ſtill your Store:
I fear'd, both mad, would diff'rent Vices chuſe,
And One be covetous, and One profuſe.
Wherefore I charge You both, by all that's dear,
As You my Bleſſing hope, or Curſes fear,
That neither You conſume your ſmall Eſtate,
Nor You increaſe, but live content on That:
Since all your proper Wants it will ſupply,
And Nature thinks enough as well as I.
And leſt You be Ambitious, hear my Oath:
Obſerve, I leave this Curſe upon You both:
He that of You ſhall be *Ædilis* firſt,
Or ev'n a *Prætor*, let him be accurs'd!— *Creech* alter'd.
Obſerve, how ancient *Marſus* did adviſe:
My Sons! let theſe ſmall Cotts and Hills ſuffice:
Let Us the Harveſt of our Labour eat:
'Tis Labour makes the coarſeſt Diet ſweet.
The wiſer Antients theſe Inſtructions gave:
But now a covetous old crafty Knave,
At dead of Night, ſhall rouze his Son, and cry,
Turn out, You Rogue! how like a Beaſt You lie:
Go, buckle to the Law: is this an Hour
To ſtretch your Limbs!—You'll ne'er be Chancellor.
Or elſe, yourſelf to *Lelius* recommend,
To ſuch broad Shoulders *Lelius* is a Friend:
Fight under him, there's Plunder to be had:
A Captain is a very gainful Trade:
And when in Service your beſt Days are ſpent,
In time You may command a Regiment.
But if the Trumpet's Clangor You abhor,
And cannot undergoe the Toils of War,
Take to a Shop, behind a Counter lie,
Cheat half in half: none thrive by Honeſty.
Never reflect upon the ſordid Ware
Which You expoſe: be Gain your only Care.

He

——————Lucri bonus eſt odor ex re
Quâlibet. Illa tuo ſententia ſemper in ore
Verſetur, Dîs atque ipſo Jove digna, Poetæ:
Unde habeas quærit nemo: ſed oportet habere.——
Juv. Sat. XIV.

——Hoc eſt patrem eſſe! aut hoc eſt filium eſſe!
Si frater aut ſodalis eſſet, quî magi' morem gereret?
Hic non amandus! hiccine non geſtandus in ſinu eſt! hem,
Itaque adeò magnam mî injecit ſuâ commoditate curam,
Nè fortè imprudens faciam, quod nolit, ſciens cavebo.—
Teren. Adelph.

VALEDICTIO. DISCESSUS.

TUM pater Evandrus dextram complexus euntis
Hæret inexpletum lachrymans, ac talia fatur:
O mihi præteritos referat ſi Juppiter annos!
Qualis eram,——Preneſte ſub ipſa,
Non ego nunc dulci amplexu divellerer uſquam,
Nate, tuo.——————————
At vos, ô ſuperi, & Divûm tu maxime rector
Juppiter, Arcadii quæſo miſereſcite regis,
Et patrias audite preces. Si numina veſtra
Incolumem Pallanta mihi, ſi fata reſervant:
Si viſurus eum vivo, & venturus in unum:
Vitam oro: patiar quemvis durare laborem.
Sin aliquem infandum caſum, Fortuna, minaris:
Nunc ô, nunc liceat crudelem abrumpere vitam:
Dum curæ ambiguæ, dum ſpes incerta futuri:
Dum te, care puer, mea ſera & ſola voluptas,
Complexu teneo: gravior ne nuncius aures
Vulneret.—Hæc genitor digreſſu dicta ſupremo

Fundebat:

le that grows rich by ſcouring of a Sink,
ets wherewithal to juſtify the Stink.
'his Sentence, worthy *Jove* himſelf, record
s true, and take it on a * Poet's Word:
That you get Money, is a needful Taſk,
But how you get it, none will ever aſk.——

Dryden jun.

Would any one think now that he's my Father, or that am his Son!—If he had been a Friend or a Brother, uld he have ſhewn more Kindneſs or Complaiſance? ught I not to love him! ought I not to wear him next y Heart!—This wonderful Goodneſs of his engages me be always upon my Guard, leaſt I ſhould imprudently any thing to diſoblige him.——

PARTING.

THEN old *Evander*, with a cloſe Embrace, [Face:
Strain'd his departing Son, while Tears o'erflow'd his
Vould Heav'n, ſaid He, my Strength and Youth recal,
ıch as I was beneath *Preneſte*'s Wall:
ıch if I ſtood renew'd, not theſe Alarms,
or Death, ſhould rend me from my *Pallas*' Arms.
e Gods! and mighty *Jove!* in pity bring
elief, and hear a Father and a King!
Fate and You reſerve theſe Eyes to ſee
y Son return with joyful Victory:
the lov'd Boy ſhall bleſs his Father's Sight:
we ſhall meet again with more delight:
hen draw my Life in Length: let me ſuſtain,
Hopes of his Embrace, the worſt of Pain!
ıt, if your hard Decrees, which,—Oh!—I dread,
ave doom'd to Death his undeſerving Head:
his, O this very Moment, let me die!
'hile Hopes and Fears in equal Ballance lie:
'hile, yet poſſeſs'd of all his youthful Charms,
ſtrain him cloſe within theſe aged Arms:

* The Poet *Ennius* who wrote the Sentence that follows.

Before

Fundebat: famuli collapſum in tecta ferebant.——
Virg. Æn. VIII.

Tu quoque quamprimùm——————
Si pietas ulla eſt, ad me, Philomela, redito.
Mandabat: paritetque ſuæ dabat oſcula natæ:
Et lachrymæ mites inter mandata cadebant.
Supremúmque Vale, pleno ſingultibus ore,
Vix dixit: timuítque ſuæ præſagia mentis.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. VI.

Parat ire,———protinus intima frigus
Oſſa receperunt: buxóque ſimillimus ora
Pallor obit: lachrymíſque genæ maduere profuſis.
Ter conata loqui, ter fletibus ora rigavit:
Singultúque pias interrumpente querelas.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XI.

Protinus eductam navalibus æquore tingi,
Aptaríque ſuis pinum jubet armamentis.
Qua rurſus viſa, veluti præſaga futuri,
Horruit Halcyone: lachrymáſque emiſit obortas:
Amplexúſque dedit: triſtíque miſerrima tandem
Ore, Vale, dixit: collapsáque corpore tota eſt.
Aſt juvenes, quærente moras Ceyce, reducunt
Ordinibus geminis ad fortia pectora remos:
Æqualíque ictu ſcindunt freta.——Suſtulit illa
Humentes oculos: ſtantémque in puppe recurva,
Concuſsáque manu dantem ſibi ſigna maritum
Prima videt: reddítque notas. Ubi terra receſſit
Longius, atque oculi nequeunt cognoſcere vultus:
Dum licet, inſequitur fugientem lumine pinum.

Hæc quoque ut haud poterat ſpatio ſubmota videri,
Vela tamen ſpectat ſummo fluitantia malo.
Ut nec vela videt, vacuum petit anxia Lectum:
Seque toro ponit. Renovat lectúſque locúſque

Halcyones

Before that fatal News my Soul ſhall wound!——
The Servants bear him fainting to his Court.—— *Dryden.*

——————————My *Philomel*,
If any Senſe of Duty ſways your Mind,
Let me from You the ſhorteſt Abſence find.
He wept: then kiſs'd his Child: and while he ſpeaks,
The Tears fall gently down his aged Cheeks:
While, in a Voice, with dire Forebodings broke,
Sobbing, and faint, the laſt Farewel was ſpoke.—*Croxall.*

But when * ſhe ſaw her Lord prepar'd to part,
A deadly Cold ran ſhiv'ring to her Heart:
Her faded Cheeks are chang'd to boxen Hue,
And in her Eyes the Tears are ever new:
She thrice eſſay'd to ſpeak, but thrice in vain,
For Sobs and Sighs her falt'ring Voice reſtrain.—*Dryd.* alt.

He ſoon equips the Ship, ſupplies the Sails,
And gives the Word to launch. ——She trembling views
This Pomp of Death, and parting Tears renews:
Then claſp'd him round, and took a long Farewel,
Sigh'd with a ſad Preſage, and ſwooning fell.

While *Ceyx* ſeeks Delays, the luſty Crew,
Rais'd on their Banks, their Oars in order drew
To their broad Breaſts:—away the Veſſel flew.
The Queen, recover'd, rears her humid Eyes,
And firſt her Huſband on the Poop eſpies,
Shaking his Hand, at Diſtance, on the Main:
She took the Sign, and ſhook her Hand again.
Still as the Ground receeds, contracts her View
With ſharpen'd Sight, till ſhe no longer knew
The much lov'd Face: that Comfort loſt ſupplies
With leſs, and now the Galley feeds her Eyes:
The Galley, born from view, by riſing Gales,
She follows with her Sight the flying Sails:
When ev'n the flying Sails are ſeen no more,
Forſaken of all Sight ſhe leaves the Shore:
And on her lonely Bed her Body throws,
Hoping to gain ſome Reſpite from her Woes:

* *Alcyone.*

Halcyones lachrymas ; & quæ pars admonet abſit.

Undique collatis in robur Cæſaris armis,
Summa videns duri magnus diſcrimina Martis
Jam caſtris inſtare ſuis, ſeponere tutum
Conjugii decrevit onus, Leſbóque remotâ
Te procul à ſævi ſtrepitu, Cornelia, belli
Occulere.———————

———Mentem jam verba paratam
Deſtituunt, blandæque juvat ventura trahentem
Indulgere moræ, & tempus ſubducere fatis.

Nocte ſub extremâ, pulſo torpore quietis
Dum fovet amplexu gravidum Cornelia curis
Pectus, & averſi petit oſcula grata mariti,
Humentes mirata genas, percuſſáque cæco
Vulnere, non audet flentem deprendere magnum.

Ille gemens, non nunc, vitâ mihi dulcior, inquit,
Cùm tædet vitæ, læto ſed tempore, conjux,
Venit mœſta dies, & quam nimirúmque, parúmque
Diſtulimus: jam totus adeſt in prœlia Cæſar.

Cedendum eſt bellis, quorum tibi tuta latebra
Leſbos erit: deſiſte preces tentare : negavi
Jam mihi.———————

———Vix tantum infirma dolorem
Cepit, & attonito ceſſerunt pectore ſenſus.

Tar

Her Husband's Pillow there, and widow'd Part
Which once he press'd, again torment her Heart.— *Dryd.*
While thus united *Cæsar*'s Arms appear,
And *Pompey* finds the great Decision near,
Uneasy Thoughts his manly Soul infest,
And dear * *Cornelia* pains his anxious Breast.
To distant *Lesbos* fain he would remove;
Far from the War, the Partner of his Love.
Oft he prepares to speak, but knows not how;
Knows they must part, but cannot bid her go:
Defers the killing News with fond Delay,
And ling'ring, puts off Fate from Day to Day.
The fleeting Shades began to leave the Sky,
And Slumber soft forsook the drooping Eye,
When, with fond Arms, the fair *Cornelia* press'd
Her Lord, reluctant, to her snowy Breast:
Wond'ring she found he shunn'd her just Embrace,
And felt warm Tears upon his manly Face.
Heart-wounded with the sudden Woe, she griev'd,
And scarce the weeping Warrior yet believ'd.——
When with a Groan, thus He. My faithful Wife,
To say how much I love Thee more than Life,
Poorly expresses what my Heart would show,
Since Life, alas! is grown my Burden now.
That long, too long delay'd, that dreadful Doom,
That cruel parting Hour at length is come.
Fierce, haughty, and collected in his Might,
Advancing *Cæsar* calls me to the Fight.
Haste then, my gentle Love, from War retreat,
The *Lesbian* Isle attends, thy peaceful Seat.
Nor seek, Oh! seek not to increase my Cares,
Seek not to change my Purpose with thy Pray'rs:
My self, in vain, the fruitless Suit have try'd,
And my own pleading Heart has been deny'd.
Stunn'd, and astonish'd, at the deadly Stroke,
All Sense, at first, the Matron sad forsook.

* *Pompey*'s Wife.

Tandem ut vox mœſtas potuit proferre querelas,
Nil mihi de fatis thalami, ſuperíſque relictum eſt,
Magne, queri: noſtros non rumpit funus amores,
Nec diri fax ſumma rogi: ſed ſorte frequenti
Plebeiâque nimis careo dimiſſa marito.

——Sic eſt tibi cognita, Magne,
Nõſtra fides? credíſne aliquid mihi tutius eſſe,
Quàm tibi? nõnne olim caſu pendemus ab uno?

——Sic fata, relictis
Exiluit ſtratis amens, tormentáque nullâ
Vult differre morâ: non mœſti pectora Magni
Suſtinet amplexu dulci, non colla tenere:
Extremúſque perit tam longi fructus amoris:
Præcipitántque ſuos luctus: neutérque recedens
Suſtinuit dixiſſe vale: vitámque per omnem
Nulla fuit tam mœſta dies.——

Labitur infelix, manibúſque excepta ſuorum
Fertur ad æquoreas, ac ſe proſternit, arenas,
Littoráque ipſa tenet, tandémque illata carinæ eſt.——
Lucan. Lib. V.

ANIMI AFFECTUS. Vide FLUCTUATIO.

UT ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adſunt
Humani vultus. Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt
Primùm ipſi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia lædent.——

——Triſtia mœſtum
Vultum verba decent: iratum, plena minarum:

Ludentem,

Motion, and Life, and Speech at length returns,
And thus, in Words of heavieſt Woe ſhe mourns.
No, *Pompey!* 'tis not that my Lord is dead,
'Tis not the Hand of Fate has robb'd my Bed:
But like ſome baſe Plebeian I am curſt,
And by my cruel Huſband ſtand divorc'd.
Is thy *Cornelia*'s Faith ſo poorly known,
That Thou ſhouldſt think her ſafer whilſt alone?
Are not our Loves, our Lives, our Fortunes one?
This ſaid, the Matron ſtart'd from her Bed,
And, wild with Sorrow, from her Huſband fled:
She ſees all ling'ring, all Delays are vain,
And ruſhes, headlong, to poſſeſs the Pain:
Nor will the Hurry of her Griefs afford
One laſt Embrace from her forſaken Lord.
How piteous was the parting of theſe two!
After a Love ſo laſting and ſo true,
Neither could bear to ſpeak the Word——Adieu.
In all the woeful Days that croſs'd their Bliſs,
Sure never Hour was known ſo ſad as this!
Low on the Ground the fainting Dame is laid;
Her Train officious haſten to her Aid:
Then gently rearing, with a careful Hand,
Support her, ſlow-deſcending o'er the Strand.
There, while with eager Arms ſhe graſp'd the Shore,
Scarcely the Mourner to the Bark they bore.— *Rowe* alt.

PASSIONS. See DOUBT.

AS Grief grows mutual, Joy produces Joy,
For Face to Face conveys ſtrong Sympathy.
Wouldſt Thou have me with Tears thy Sorrow ſhare?
Weep firſt thyſelf, and let thy Woes appear:
'Tis then to ſoft Compaſſion I incline,
Then Fancy works, and thy Misfortune's mine.
The Cholerick muſt rage, the Sad complain,
The Grave be ſerious, and the Frolick vain;

Ludentem, laſciva: ſeverum, ſeria dictu.
Format enim Natura priùs nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum: juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, & angit;
Poſt effert animi motus interprete linguâ.——
Hor. Art. Poet.

Niſi purgatum eſt pectus, quæ prælia nobis,
Atque pericula tunc ingratis inſinuandum!
Quantæ conſcindunt hominem Cupidinis acres
Sollicitum curæ! Quantique perinde timores!
Quidve ſuperbia, ſpurcities, petulantia, quantas
Efficiunt cladeis! Quid luxus, deſidiéſque!——
Lucret. Lib. V.

Latiùs regnes avidum domando
Spiritum, quàm ſi Lybiam remotis
Gadibus jungas, & uterque Pœnus
Serviat uni.——— *Hor.* Lib. II. Ode 2.

Luctantur: pectuſque leve in contraria ducunt
Hac amor, hac odium: ſed puto vincet amor.

Odero, ſi potero: ſi non, invitus amabo.
Nec juga taurus amat: quæ tamen odit, habet.

Nequitiam fugio: fugientem forma reducit;
Averſor morum crimina, corpus amo.

Sic ego nec ſine te, nec tecum vivere poſſum:
Et videor voti neſcius eſſe mei.
Aut formoſa fores minus, aut minus improba vellem:

Non

For Nature ever doth the Change begin,
The Mind inclines, and models Us within:
According to the various Turns of Fate,
She ſcrews the Soul to an unuſual Height,
And ſwells Us into Rage; or bending low,
She ſinks us to the Duſt with weighty Woe:
Then, as the Paſſions diff'rently prevail,
She makes the Tongue declare what inwardly we feel.—
Ames alter'd.

Unleſs the Mind be purg'd, what Storms ariſe!
What Dangers ſtill appear before our Eyes!
The Man that's covetous how many Cares
Gall and torment, how many anxious Fears!
What Miſchiefs, what dire Murders ſhall we find,
Where Pride, and Luſt,————
Where Luxury, and Sloth, poſſeſs the Mind!——
The Man a nobler Empire gains,
That his own craving Will reſtrains,
Than he whoſe Sword and wide Command
Join diſtant *Spain* and *Lybia*'s Land:
Than he whoſe far extended Sway,
Carthage both old and new obey.——*Creech* alter'd.

Alas! by diff'rent Paſſions I'm oppreſs'd!
Fierce Love and Hate contend within my Breaſt:
My Boſom they divide, but Love I fear
Will prove too ſtrong, and gain a Conqueſt there.
I'll ſtrive to hate Thee; but if that ſhould prove
A fruitleſs Strife, ſpite of myſelf I'll love.
The Bull diſlikes the galling Yoke, but ſtill
He bears the Thing he hates, againſt his Will.
I hate, I fly Thee, faithleſs Fair! in vain,
Thy Beauty ever brings me back again.
Thou in my Heart wilt always find a Place:
I hate thy Humour, but I love thy Face.
No Reſt I to my tortur'd Soul can give,
Nor with Thee, nor without Thee, can I live.
Oh! that thy Mind We in thy Face could view!
Leſs lovely that Thou wer't, or elſe more true!

Non facit ad mores tam bona forma malos.
Facta merent odium : facies exorat amorem :
Me miſerum, vitiis plus valet illa ſuis!——
Ovid. Amor. Lib. III. El. 10.

PATIENTIA. Vide CONSOLATIO.

—QUO fata trahunt retrahúntque, ſequamur :
Quicquid erit, ſuperanda omnis fortuna ferendo
eſt.—— *Virg. Æn.* Lib. V.

————Levius fit Patientiâ,
Quicquid corrigere eſt nefas.—— *Hor.* Lib. I. Ode 14.
Perfer & obdura : dolor hic tibi proderit olim :
Sæpe tulit laſſis ſuccus amarus opem.——
Ovid. III. *Amor.* 10.
————Gaudet patientia duris.—— *Ibid.*
Quod fuit durum pati
Meminiſſe dulce eſt.———— *Seneca.*
Ponamus nimios gemitus : flagrantior æquo
Non debet dolor eſſe viri, nec vulnere major.——
Juv. Sat. XIII.

PATRIÆ AMATOR.

UNI quippe vacat ſtudiiſque odiiſque carenti,
Humanum lugere genus.————
———Hi mores, hæc duri immota Catonis
Secta fuit, ſervare modum finémque tenere,
Naturámque ſequi, patriæque impendere vitam,

Nec

How diff'rent are thy Manners, and thy Sight?
Thy Deeds forbid Us, but thy Eyes invite.
Thy Actions ſhock Us, while thy Beauty moves:
And He who hates thy Faults, thy Perſon loves.
Ah! happy, ever happy ſhould I be,
If I no Charms, or no Defects could ſee.— *Anon.* alter'd.

PATIENCE. See CONSOLATION.

—Where-e'er the Fates
Call, or recall Us, let Us follow ſtill:
Whate'er it be, all Fortune is ſubdu'd
By Patience.———— *Trap.*

Evils, for which we no Redreſs can find,
Patience makes leſs afflictive to the Mind.——
With Patience ſuffer. What You now endure,
In time to come may Happineſs enſure:
By bitter Draughts the Sick oft find a Cure.——
Patience delights with Evils to contend.
Misfortunes that are grievous to ſupport,
Are in Remembrance ſweet.———
Let's curb our Paſſions, nor too much complain:
Grief ſhould be check'd, and it becomes a Man
To let it riſe no higher than his Pain.—— *Creech.*

PATRIOT.

NO Stings of private Hate his Peace moleſt,
Nor partial Favour grew upon his Breaſt:
But ſafe from Prejudice * he kept his Mind,
Free, and at Leiſure to lament Mankind.
Theſe were the ſtricter Manners of the Man,
And this the ſtubborn Courſe in which they ran:
The golden Mean, unchanging, to purſue:
Conſtant to keep the purpos'd End in view:
Religiouſly to follow Nature's Laws,
And die, with Pleaſure, in his Country's Cauſe;

* *Cato.*

To

Nec ſibi, ſed toti genitum ſe credere mundo.
Huic epulæ viciſſe famem, magníque penates
Submoviſſe hyemem tecto, pretioſáque veſtis
Hirtam membra ſuper Romano more Quiritis
Induxiſſe togam : Veneríſque huic maximus uſus,
Progenies : urbi pater eſt, urbíque maritus,
Juſtitiæ cultor, rigidi ſervator honeſti,
In commune bonus : nullóſque Catonis in actus
Subrepſit, partémque tulit ſibi nata voluptas.——
Lucan. Lib. II.

————Patriam tutore carentem
Excipit, & populo trepidantia membra refovit.
Ignavis manibus projectos reddidit enſes :
Nec regnum cupiens geſſit civilia bella,
Nec ſervire timens : nil causâ fecit in armis
Ipſe ſuâ.———— *Lucan.* Lib. IX.

PAX.

ASpera tum poſitis miteſcent ſæcula bellis.
Cana Fides, & Veſta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus,
Jura dabunt : diræ ferro & compagibus arctis
Claudentur belli portæ : Furor impius intus
Sæva ſedens ſuper arma, & centum vinctus ahenis
Poſt tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. I.

——Pax

think he was not for himſelf deſign'd,
born to be of Uſe to all Mankind.
him 'twas Feaſting, Hunger to repreſs:
l home-ſpun Garments were his coſtly Dreſs.
marble Pillars rear'd his Roof on high,
as warm, and kept him from the Winter Sky:
ſought no End of Marriage, but Increaſe:
r wiſh'd a Pleaſure, but his Country's Peace:
t took up all the tend'reſt Parts of Life,
Country was his Children and his Wife.
m Juſtice' righteous Rules he never ſwerv'd,
rigidly his Honeſty preſerv'd:
univerſal Good his Thoughts were bent,
knew what Gain, or Self-affection meant:
l while his Benefits the Publick ſhare,
was always laſt in *Cato*'s Care.——— *Rowe.*
His helpleſs Country like an Orphan left,
endleſs and poor, of all Support bereft,
took and cheriſh'd with a Father's Care,
comforted, he bad her not to fear, [War.
d taught her feeble Hands once more the Trade of
r Luſt of Empire did his Courage ſway,
r Hate, nor proud Repugnance to obey:
ſions and private Int'reſt he forgot:
r for himſelf, but Liberty he fought.——— *Id.*

PEACE.

—AGES mild
Shall next ſucceed, and War no more be heard:
en *Faith*, and *Veſta*, and *Quirinus*, joyn'd
ith *Remus*, ſhall give Laws: ſtrong maſſy Bars,
d Bolts of ſolid Iron, faſt ſhall cloſe
ar's dreadful Portals: impious * Rage within
ing on horrid Armour, and behind
nd with an hundred brazen Knots, ſhall roar
th bloody Mouth, and foaming bite his Chains.—*Trap.*

The Picture of War was painted in this manner by *Apelles*; and il is ſuppoſed to have taken this Deſcription from thence.

She

——Pax arva colat : Pax candida primum
Duxit araturos ſub juga curva boves.
Pax aluit vites, & ſuccos condidit uvæ,
Funderet ut nato teſta paterna merum.
Pace bidens, vomérque vigent: at triſtia duri
Militis in tenebris occupat arma ſitus.—*Tibul.* L. I. El. 10.

——Nobis Pax alma veni, ſpicámque teneto :
Perfluat & pomis candidus ante ſinus.——
Ibid.

——Pax optima rerum,
Quas homini noviſſe datum eſt : Pax una triumphis
Innumeris potior : Pax cuſtodire ſalutem,
Et cives æquare potens.—— *Silius Ital.* Lib. II.

——Trahimur ſub nomine pacis.
Non chalybem gentes penitus fugiente metallo
Eruerent, nulli vallarent Oppida muri,
Non ſonipes in bella ferox, non iret in æquor
Turrigeras Claſſis pelago ſparſura carinas,
Si bene libertas unquam pro pace daretur.—*Lucan.* L. IV.

——Jam reſpice canos,
Invalidáſque manus, & inanes cerne lacertos.
Uſus abit vitæ : bellis conſumpſimus ævum.
Ad mortem dimitte ſenes : en improba vota:
Non duro liceat morientia ceſpite membra
Ponere, non animâ galeam fugiente ferire,
Atque oculos morti clauſuram quærere dextram,
Conjugis illabi lachrymis, uníque paratum
Scire rogum : liceat morbis finire ſenectam :
Sit præter gladios aliquod ſub Cæſare fatum.——
Lucan. Lib. V.

——Ipſa tubarum
Armorúmque potens, dextram, qua fortia turbat
Agmina, qua ſtabiles portas & mœnia vellit,
Jam levibus laxat ſtudiis, haſtámque reponit:
Inſolitíſque docet galeam miteſcere ſertis.

Ferratus

ıe firſt, white Peace, the Earth with Plough-ſhares
. bent the Oxen to the crooked Yoke : [broke,
: rear'd the Vine, and hoarded firſt with Care
Father's Vintage for his drunken Heir.—— *Addiſon.*
ɛ plies the Prong, and brights the ſhining Share ;
eating Ruſt deſtroy the Tools of War.—— *Dart.*
ome, ſoft'ring Peace, to Us, and kindly bear
ıy fair Hand the Harveſt's golden Ear :
from thy Lap with laviſh Plenty pour
: Apples, and the Garden's bounteous Store.— *Dart.*
eace is the greateſt Good Mankind can know :
ɛ, Peace alone, outweighs a thouſand Triumphs :
ɛ, the dear Bleſſing of Security,
ıll impartial, gives.————
y the fair Name of Peace we are betray'd.——
ıe deep in Mines would dig the brazen Ore,
k out the Trench, or raiſe the lofty Tow'r ;
r would the Steed in Armour ſeek the Plain,
leets encounter on th' unſtable Main,
berty could well be chang'd for Peace.——
ſee at length ! with Pity, *Cæſar*, ſee
with'ring Arms, theſe Hairs grown white for Thee.
ıful Wars our joyleſs Days have paſs'd,
ary Age lie down in Peace at laſt :
's, on Beds, our dying Limbs to lay,
;h, at home, our parting Souls away :
poor Babes, and weeping Wives be by,
our drooping Eye-lids when we die.
iful, and let Diſeaſe afford
ıer Way to die, beſide the Sword :
› more a common Carnage burn,
ɛ laid in his own decent Urn.—— *Rowe.*
aid Armipotent, that dreadful Pow'r,
s th' embattl'd Hoſt, and ſhakes the ſolid Tow'r,
r Spear, and all her War-attire,
y mixes with the ſofter Quire :
r of her Helm, the Warrior's Pride,
fair Roſes innocently hide :

Ferratus laſcivit apex, horrórque receſſit
Martius, & criſtæ pacato fulgure vernant.——
Claud. Raps. Pr.

COLONUS. Vide Vita Ruſtica.

O Fortunatos nimicum, ſua ſi bona nôrint,
Agricolas! quibus ipſa, procul diſcordibus armis,
Fundit humo facilem victum juſtiſſima tellus.
Si non ingentem foribus domus alta ſuperbis
Mane ſalutantum totis vomit ædibus undam:
Nec varios inhiant pulchra teſtudine poſtes,
Illusáſque auro veſtes, Ephyreïaque æra:
Alba neque Aſſyrio fucatur lana veneno.
At ſecura Quies, & neſcia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum; at latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivíque lacus: at frigida Tempe,
Mugitúſque boum, molléſque ſub arbore ſomni
Non abſunt. Illic ſaltus, ac luſtra ferarum,
Et patiens operum parvóque aſſueta juventus,
Sacra Deûm, ſanctíque patres: extrema per illos
Juſtitia excedens terris veſtigia fecit.——
Virg. Geor. II.

Fortunatus & ille Deos qui novit agreſtes,
Panáque, Sylvanúmque ſenem, Nymphásque ſorores!
Illum non populi faſces, non purpura regum
Flexit, & infidos agitans diſcordia fratres,
Aut conjurato deſcendens Dacus ab Iſtro:
Non res Romanæ, perituraque regna: neque ille
Aut doluit miſerans inopem, aut invidit habenti.
Quos rami fructus, quos ipſa volentia rura
Sponte tulere ſuâ, carpſit: nec ferrea jura,
Inſanúmque forum, aut populi tabularia vidit.—— *Ibid.*

Agricol

She ſhines with peaceful Decorations dreſs'd,
And Flow'rs nod harmleſs from her lofty Creſt.——
Hughes.

PEASANT. FARMER. See Country Life.

O! More than fortunate, did they but know
Their Happineſs, the Country-Village Swains!
For whom, at diſtance from diſcordant Arms,
The Earth, juſt Parent, pours forth eaſy Food.
What, tho' with them no Palace, rais'd to Heav'n,
From it's proud Portals vomits out a Tide
Of Morning-Viſitants? Nor do they gape
For Luxury of Buildings: Pillars grac'd
With Spoils of Tortoiſes, in various Hue:
For 'broider'd Garments, and *Corinthian* Braſs?
Tho' their white Wool imbibes no *Syrian* Teint:
Yet ſafe Repoſe, Sincerity of Life,
Riches of various Kinds, large Farms, and Eaſe,
Lowing of Herds, and Grots, and living Lakes,
Cool Vallies, and ſweet Sleep beneath the Shades,
They want not.—Lawns are there, and Haunts of Beaſts;
Youth patient of Fatigue, and train'd to live
On Little: Rites divine, and holy Sires:——
When Juſtice left the World, ſhe left them laſt.— *Trap.*
Bleſt too is He, who knows the rural Gods,
Pan, old *Sylvanus*, and their Siſter Nymphs!
Him nor the *Faſces* of the State can move,
Nor regal Purple: nor the Hate which reigns
'Twixt faithleſs Brothers: nor the *Dacian* Pow'rs,
Deſcending from the *Danube* leagu'd in Arms:
Nor *Rome*'s Affairs, nor Kingdoms doom'd to fall:
The Poor his Pity moves not, nor the Rich
His Envy. Whate'er Fruits the Trees, and Fields,
Spontaneous, and without Compulſion give,
He gathers: nor e'er ſees the Iron Laws,
The publick Regiſters, or noiſy Bar.——

Agricola incurvo terram dimovit aratro:
Hinc anni labor, hinc patriam, parvóſque nepotes
Suſtinet: hinc armenta boum, meritóſque juvencos.
Nec requies: quin, aut pomis exuberet annus,
Aut fœtu pecorum, aut Cerealis mergite culmi:
Proventúque oneret ſulcos, atque horrea vincat.
Venit hyems: teritur Sicyonia bacca trapetis:
Glande ſues læti redeunt: dant arbuta ſylvæ:
Et varios ponit fœtus autumnus: & alte
Mitis in apricis coquitur vindemia ſaxis.

Interea dulces pendent circum oſcula nati:
Caſta pudicitiam ſervat domus: ubera vaccæ
Lactea demittunt: pinguéſque in gramine læto
Inter ſe adverſis luctantur cornibus hœdi.—— *Ibid.*

Nil vetitum feciſſe volet, quem non pudet alto
Per glaciem perone tegi: qui ſummovet Euros
Pellibus inverſis. Peregrina, ignotáque nobis
Ad ſcelus atque nefas, quodcúnque eſt, purpura ducit.—
Juv. Sat. XIV.

Ceſpes Tyrio mollior oſtro,
Solet impavido, ducere ſomnos.
Aurea rumpunt tecta quietem,
Vigiléſque trahit purpura noctes.
Tenet è patula pocula ſago,
Sed non trepida tenet ipſa manu.
Carpit faciles viléſque cibos,
Sed non ſtrictos reſpicit enſes.
Conjux modico nupta marito
Non diſpoſito clara monili
Geſtat pelagi dona rubentis,
Nec gemmiferas detrahit aures
Lapis Eoa lectus in unda:

Nec

ne Farmer with the crooked Plow upturns
Glebe: from hence his annual Labour: hence
Children, and his Country He ſuſtains,
owing Herds, and well-deſerving Steers.
'auſe, but ſtill with Fruit the Year abounds:
Apples, or th' Increaſe of Ewes and Kine,
vith full Sheaves of Corn, the Gift of *Ceres*:
oads the Furrows, and o'erpow'rs the Barns.
er comes on: the Preſſes bruiſe the Fruit
icyonian Olives: Fat with Maſt
Swine return: the Woods their Berries yield:
mn it's various Product too reſigns:
Summer on high Rocks the Vintage ſwells.
-while their tender Parents Kiſſes round
the ſweet Babes: the Family all chaſte,
e and ſpotleſs Modeſty preſerves.
Kine their Dugs with Milk diſtended bring:
the fat ſportive Kids in Paſtures green
on the Turf, and puſh with butting Horns. —— *Id.*

ne Country Peaſant meditates no Harm,
n clad with Skins of Beaſts to keep him warm,
inter Weather, unconcern'd he goes
oft Knee-deep thro' Mire, in clumſy Shoes:
dwells in Palaces, is richly dreſt,
e glows in Scarlet, and the *Tyrian* Veſt. —*Dryd.* jun.

Stretch'd on the Turf in Sylvan Shades,
No Fear the Peaſant's Reſt invades:
While gilded Roofs, and Beds of State,
Perplex the Slumbers of the Great.

Secure, he rears the beachen Bowl,
With ſteady Hand, and fearleſs Soul.
Pleas'd with his plain and homely Meats,
No Swords ſurround him as He eats.

His modeſt Wife, of Virtue try'd,
Knows not th' expenſive Arts of Pride:
Her Neck no circling Jewels wears,
No Pearls depending load her Ears:

Nec Sidonio mollis aheno
Repetita bibit lana rubores:
Nec Mæonia diſtinguit acu
Quæ Phœbeis ſubditus Euris
Legit Eois Ser arboribus.
Quælibet herbæ tinxere colos,
Quas indoctæ nevere manus:
Sed non dubios fovet illa toros.
Sequitur dira lampade Erynnis
Quorum populi coluere diem.— *Senec. Herc.* Œ

HOMINES Primævi. Vide Ætas Aurea.

NEcdum res igni ſcibant tractare, nec uti
Pellibus, & ſpoliis corpus veſtire ferarum:
Sed nemora, atque cavos monteis, ſylváſque colebant,
Et frutices inter condebant ſqualida membra,
Verbera ventorum vitare, imbreíſque coacti.
Nec commune bonum poterant ſpectare, nec ullis
Moribus inter ſe ſcibant, nec legibus uti.
Quod cuique obtulerat prædæ fortuna, ferebat,
Sponte ſua ſibi quiſque valere & vivere doctus.
Et manuum mira freti virtute, pedúmque,
Conſectabantur ſilveſtria ſæcla ferarum
Miſſilibus ſaxis, & magno pondere clavæ,
Multaque vincebant, vitabant pauca latebris:
Setigeríſque pares ſuibus ſilveſtria membra
Nuda dabant terræ nocturno tempore capti,
Circum ſe foliis ac frondibus involventes.

Inde caſas poſtquam, ac pelleis, ignémque parárunt,
Et mulier conjuncta viro conceſſit in unum:
Caſtaque privatæ Veneris connubia læta
Cognita ſunt, prolémque ex ſe videre creatam:
Tum genus humanum primùm molleſcere cœpit.

Tunc & amicitiam cœperunt jungere habentes
Finitima inter ſe, nec lædere, nec violare.

No Silks ſhe boaſts from *India* brought,
Rich by the painting Needle wrought:
Nor proud, allures each wanton Eye,
In Stuffs of double *Tyrian* Dye.
Her eaſy Wiſh, the home-ſpun Fleece,
Plain in it's native Hue, can pleaſe:
And, happy in her nuptial Bed,
No jealous Doubts diſturb her Head:
Unlike the Dame, whoſe Day of Birth,
Is ſolemniz'd thro' half the Earth.——*Ward* alter'd.

PEOPLE Firſt. See Golden Age.

MEN did, as yet, no uſe of Fire know,
To dreſs their Food; nor round their Bodies throw
he Skins of Beaſts for Cloths: but, then confin'd,
Woods and Caves they liv'd,————
o ſave them from the ſtormy Rains and Wind.
No fixt Society, no ſteddy Laws,
lo publick Good was known, nó common Cauſe:
ut every one laid hold on what he cou'd,
y Nature taught to ſeek his private Good.——

Then, ſtrong and ſwift, they did the Beaſts purſue,
nd many, arm'd with Stones and Clubs, they ſlew:
ut to their Caves from ſome they cautiouſly withdrew.
Vhen Night came on, wrapt round with Boughs they lay,
pon the Ground like Hogs, and rough as they.——
Creech alter'd.

After, when Cots were built, and Fire began,
nd Skins of Beaſts afforded Cloths for Man:
'hen one to one confin'd, in chaſte Embrace
joy'd ſweet Love, and ſaw a num'rous Race,
en Men grew ſoft: the Temper of his Mind
as chang'd from *rough to mild*, from fierce to kind.
Then Neighbours, by Degrees familiar grown,
le Leagues and Bonds, and each ſecur'd his own.

PERJURIUM.

e magiſtratum partim docuere creare,
ue conſtituêre, ut vellent legibus uti:
genus humanum deſeſſum vi colere ævum,
nimicitiis languebat: quò magis ipſum
ite ſua cecidit ſub leges, arctaque jura.— *Lucret.* V.

Condere cœperunt tum urbes, arcémque locare
æſidium reges ipſi ſibi, perfugiúmque:
t pecudes, & agros diviſere, atque dedêre
ro facie cujuſque, & viribus, ingenióque:
Jam facies multùm valuit, viréſque vigebant.—— *Ibid.*

Nam rudis ante illos, nullo diſcrimine vita
In ſpeciem converſa operum ratione carebat,
Et ſtupefacta novo pendebat lumine mundi:
Tum velut amiſſis mœrens, tum læta renatis
Syderibus, varióſque dies, incertaque noctis
Tempora, nec ſimiles umbras jam ſole regreſſo
Jam propriore, ſuis poterat diſcernere cauſis.

Necdum etiam doctas ſolertia fecerat artes,
Terráque ſub rudibus ceſſabat vaſta colonis.
Tuncque in deſertis habitabat montibus aurum,
Ignotúſque novos pontus ſubduxerat orbes.
Nec vitam pelago, nec ventis credere vota
Audebant, ſed quiſque ſatis ſe noſſe putabat.——
Manil. Li

PERJURIUM.

QUAM facile & pronum eſt ſuperos contemnere
Si mortalis idem nemo ſciat! aſpice quantâ

This made them Laws enact, and led their Choice
To Rulers: Power was giv'n by public Voice:
For Men, worn out, and tir'd by conſtant Strife,
Began at laſt to wiſh a quiet Life:
And ſo ſubmitted, of their own accord,
To rigid Laws, and their elected Lord.—— *Creech.*

Kings then began to build them Towns and Forts,
Wherein to live ſecure, and keep their Courts:
'Mongſt all they ſhar'd the Cattle and the Ground,
And round each Portion mark'd the ſteady Bound.
Each his Allotment had, as ſeem'd moſt fit,
According to his Beauty, Strength, or Wit:
For Beauty, then, and Strength were moſt eſteem'd.——
Creech alter'd.

Before that Time Life was an artleſs State,
Of Reaſon void, and thoughtleſs in Debate:
Nature lay hid in deepeſt Night below:
None knew her Wonders, and none car'd to know.
Men Upwards look'd, they ſaw the circling Light,
Pleas'd with the Fires, and wonder'd at the Sight:
The Sun, when Night came on, withdrawn, they griev'd,
As dead: and joy'd next Morn, when he reviv'd.
But why the Nights grew long, or ſhort, the Day
Was chang'd, and Shadows varied with the Ray,
Shorter at his Approach, and longer grown
At his Remove, the Cauſes were unknown.
Arts were not then found out, the deſart Plains
Were unmanur'd, nor fed the idle Swains:
Ev'n Gold in Hills lay hid, then none reſign'd
Their Lives to Seas, or Wiſhes to the Wind:
Confin'd their Search, they knew themſelves alone,
And thought that only worthy to be known.—— *Creech.*

PERJURY.

HOW ready now is every Wretch to ſwear:
How fearleſs to affront the conſcious Gods,
If ſo from Man he may his Guilt conceal!

Voce neget! quæ ſit ficti conſtantia vultûs!

Per Solis radios, Tarpeiáque fulmina jurat,
Et Martis frameam, & Cirrhæi ſpicula vatis:
Per calamos venatricis, pharetrámque puellæ,
Perque tuum, pater Ægæi Neptune, tridentem:
Addit & Herculeos arcus, haſtámque Minervæ,
Quicquid habent telorum armamentaria cœli.
Si verò pater eſt, comedam, inquit, flebile gnati
Sinciput elixi, Pharióque madentis aceto.——

Juv. Sat. XIII.

——Tunc te ſacra ad delubra vocantem
Præcedit, trahere imò ultrò, ac vexare paratus.
Nam cùm magna malæ ſupereſt audacia cauſſæ,
Creditur à multis fiducia.—— *Ibid.*

Poſtquam cupidæ mentis ſatiata libido eſt,
Verba nihil metuere, nihil perjuria curant.—— *Catull.*

PHILOSOPHIA.

FElix qui potuit rerum cognoſcere cauſas:
Atque metus omnis & inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, ſtrepitúmque Acherontis avari!——

Virg. Georg. Lib. II.

Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius ſpectare laborem:
Non quia vexari quemquam 'ſt jucunda voluptas,
Sed, quibus ipſe malis careas, quia cernere ſuave 'ſt.
Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri,
Per campos inſtructa, tua ſine parte pericli:
Sed nil dulcius eſt, benè quàm munita tenere
Edita doctrina ſapientum templa ſerena:

Deſpicere

Obſerve, how clear his Voice, when he denies:
How ſteady! how like Innocence his Look!
By the bright *Sun!* he ſwears, by *Jove*'s red Bolts!
By *Mars* his Lance! and by *Apollo*'s Shafts!
By the ſharp Arrows of the *Huntreſs-Maid*,
And by her Quiver! by thy mighty Trident,
Neptune, great Father of the vaſt *Ægeon!*
To theſe, he adds, the Bow of *Hercules*,
Minerva's Spear, and whate'er dreadful Arms
Beſide the Magazines of Heav'n contain.
If he a Father is, may I, he cries,
My Son, You Gods! my deareſt Son devour,
Dipping each mangled Morſel in the Sauce,
If I'm not innocent.——————

Dare him to ſwear, he with a chearful Face,
Flies to the Shrine, and bids Thee mend thy Pace:
He urges, goes before Thee, ſhews the Way,
Nay, pulls Thee on, and chides thy dull Delay:
For Confidence in Sin, when mixt with Zeal,
Seems Innocence, and looks to moſt as well.— *Creech.*

When once our luſtful Wiſhes ſated are,
For Promiſes, or Vows, we little care.——————

PHILOSOPHY.

HAppy the Man, who, ſtudying Nature's Laws,
Thro' known Effects can trace the ſecret Cauſe:
Who, without Fear, his certain Fate can meet,
And trample Death itſelf beneath his Feet.—— *Dryden.*

'Tis pleaſant, when the Seas are rough to ſtand,
And view another's Danger, ſafe at Land:
Not 'cauſe he's troubl'd, but 'tis ſweet to ſee
Thoſe Cares and Fears from which Ourſelves are free.
'Tis alſo pleaſant, to behold, from far,
Armies engage: ſecure Ourſelves from War.— *Creech.*

But much more ſweet, thy lab'ring Steps to guide
To Virtue's Heights, with Wiſdom well ſupply'd,
And all the Magazines of Learning fortify'd:

Deſpicere unde queas alios, paſſimque videre
Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ,
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Noctеis atque dies niti præſtante labore
Ad ſummas emergere opes, rerúmque potiri.——
Lucret. Lib. II.

Nam veluti pueri trepidant, atque omnia cæcis
In tenebris metuunt: ſic nos in luce timemus
Interdum nihilo quæ ſunt metuenda magis, quàm
Quæ pueri in tenebris pavitant, fingúntque futura.
Hunc igitur terrorem animi, tenebráſque neceſſe 'ſt
Non radii ſolis, neque lucida tela diei
Diſcutiant: ſed naturæ ſpecies, ratioque,—— *Ibid.*

Si poſſent homines, proinde ac ſentire videntur,
Pondus ineſſe animo quod ſe gravitate fatiget,
E quibus id fiat cauſis quoque noſcere, & unde
Tanta mali tanquam moles in pectore conſtet:
Haud ita vitam agerent, ut nunc plerumque videmus:
Quid ſibi quiſque velit, neſcire, & quærere ſemper,
Commutare locum, quaſi onus deponere poſſit.
Exit ſæpe foras magnis ex ædibus ille,
Eſſe domi quem pertæſum 'ſt, ſubitóque revertit:
Quippe foris nihilo meliùs qui ſentiat eſſe.
Currit agens mannos ad villam hic præcipitanter,
Auxilium tectis quaſi ferre ardentibus inſtans:
Oſcitat extemplo, tetigit cum limina villæ:
Aut abit in ſomnum gravis, atque oblivia quærit,
Aut etiam properans urbem petit, atque reviſit.

Hoc ſe quiſque modo fugit: at, quem ſcilicet, ut ſit,
Effugere haud potis eſt, ingratis hæret, & angit,
Propterea, morbi quia cauſam non tenet æger:

Quam

ce to look below on Humankind,
in the Maze of Life, and blind:
n Fools ambitiouſly contend,
id Pow'r; their laſt Endeavours bend
e each other, waſte their Time and Health
f Honour, and purſuit of Wealth.— *Dryden.*
Children are ſurpriz'd with Dread,
le in the dark: ſo riper Years,
oad Day-light, are poſſeſs'd with Fears,
at Shadows: fanciful and vain
hich in the Breaſt of Children reign.
bears of the Mind, this inward Hell,
of outward Sunſhine can diſpell:
and right Reaſon muſt diſplay
ms abroad, and bring the darkſome Soul to
——— *Ibid.*
the fooliſh Race of Man, who find
of Cares, ſtill preſſing on their Mind:
as well the Cauſe of their Unreſt,
is Burden lodg'd within the Breaſt,
would change their Courſe: not live as now,
what to wiſh, or what to vow:
both in Country, and in Town,
h a Place to lay their Burden down:
s in his Palace walks abroad,
thinks to leave behind the Load:
t returns: for he's as reſtleſs there,
there's no Relief in open Air.
his *Villa* would retire,
as hard as if it were on Fire:
enter'd at his Country-Door,
ins to yawn, and ſtretch, and ſnore;
e City, which he left before.
ry Man o'er-works his weary Will,
imſelf, and to ſhake off his Ill;
ng Fit returns, and hangs upon him ſtill:
ct of Repoſe, nor Hope of Eaſe:
ch is ignorant of his Diſeaſe;

Which

Quam benè ſi videat: jam, rebus quiſque relictis,
Naturam primùm ſtudeat cognoſcere rerum.——
Lucret. Lib. III.

Fervet avaritiâ, miſeróque Cupidine pectus?
Sunt verba, & voces, quibus lenire dolorem
Poſſis, & magnam morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes? ſunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello.
Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinoſus, amator:
Nemo adeò ferus eſt, ut non miteſcere poſſit,
Si modò culturæ patientem commendet aurem.——
Hor. Lib. I. Epiſt 1.

Felices Animæ, quibus hæc cognoſcere primis,
Inque domos ſuperas ſcandere cura fuit.
Credibile eſt, illos pariter vitiíſque locíſque
Altius humanis exeruiſſe caput.
Non Venus, & vinum ſublimia pectora fregit:
Officiúmque Fori, Militiæque labor.
Nec levis Ambitio, perfuſáque gloria fuco,
Magnarúmque fames ſollicitavit opum.
Admovere oculis diſtantia ſidera noſtris:
Ætheráque ingenio ſuppoſuere ſuo.
Sic petitur cœlum: non ut ferat Oſſan Olympus:
Summáque Peliacus ſidera tangat apex.——
Ovid. Faſt. Lib. I.

MEDICUS

Which known would all his guiltleſs Trouble ſpare,
For he would know the World not worth his Care:
Then would he ſearch more deeply for the Cauſe,
And ſtudy Nature well, and Nature's Laws.—— *Id.*

Doth creeping Avarice thy Mind engage?
Or doth it boil with fiery Luſt and Rage?
Why there are Rules and Precepts that can eaſe
Thy Pain, and cure great part of thy Diſeaſe.
Or art Thou vain?—Books yield a certain Spell,
To ſtop thy Tumour: thou ſhalt ceaſe to ſwell,
When thou haſt read them thrice, and ſtudied well.
The Man that's envious, or to Anger prone,
Slothful, or drunk, in Love, or all in one:
There's none ſo void of Reaſon, none ſo wild,
As not to be reclaim'd, and render'd mild,
If he conſults true Wiſdom's Rules with Care,
And to Inſtruction lends a patient Ear.— *Creech* alter'd.

Thrice happy They, who firſt, with Souls refin'd,
To theſe Purſuits their gen'rous Care confin'd:
Who, nobly ſpurning Earth's impure Abodes,
Eſſay'd to climb the Manſions of the Gods.
Such Minds ſublime, Intemp'rance never broke;
Such ne'er ſubmitted to Love's ſhameful Yoke;
Such fled the Wrangling of the noiſy Bar,
The hideous Din of Arms, and painful Toils of War.
Foes to Ambition and her idle Lure,
From thirſt of Fame, from thirſt of Gold, ſecure:
Such Souls, examining the diſtant Skies,
Unveil'd it's hidden Lights to mortal Eyes.
Let huge *Olympus* lofty *Oſſa* bear:
Let *Pelion* tow'r on *Oſſa* high in Air:
Mountains on Mountains ſhort of Heav'n muſt riſe;
This only Ladder reaches to the Skies.—— *Anon.*

Medicus & Ægrotus.

INſpice : neſcio quid trepidat mihi pectus, & ægris
Faucibus exuberat gravis halitus : inſpice, ſodes :

Qui dicit medico, juſſus requieſcere, poſtquam
Tertia compoſitas vidit nox currere venas,
De majore domo, modicè ſitiente lagenâ,
Lenia loturo ſibi ſurrentina rogavit.

Heus bone, tu palles. Nihil eſt. Videas tamen iſtud,
Quicquid id eſt : ſurgit tacitè tibi lutea pellis.

At tu deteriùs palles : ne fis mihi tutor,
Jampridem hunc ſepeli : tu reſtas ? perge, tacebo.

Turgidus hic epulis, atque albo ventre lavatur,
Gutture ſulphureas lentè exhalante mephites :
Sed tremor inter vina ſubit, calidúmque triental

Excutit

PHYSICIAN and PATIENT.

THUS a ſick Man to his Phyſician ſaid:
Methinks I am not right in ev'ry Part:
I feel a kind of trembling at my Heart:
My Pulſe unequal, and my Breath is ſtrong,
Beſides a filthy Fur upon my Tongue.
The Doctor heard him, exercis'd his Skill:
And, after, bid him for four Days be ſtill.
Three Days he took good Counſel, and began
To mend, and look like a recov'ring Man:
The fourth, he could not hold from drink, but ſends
His Boy to one of his old truſty Friends:
Adjuring him, by all the Pow'rs divine,
To pity his Diſtreſs, who could not dine
Without a Flaggon of his healing Wine.
He drinks a ſwilling Draught, and lin'd within,
Will ſupple in the Bath his outward Skin.
Whom ſhould he find but his Phyſician there,
Who, wiſely, bad him once again, beware.
Sir, you look wan: you hardly draw your Breath:
Drinking is dang'rous, and the Bath is Death.
'Tis Nothing, ſays the Fool:—But, ſays the Friend,
This Nothing, Sir, will bring You to your End.
Do I not ſee your Dropſy-Belly ſwell?
Your yellow Skin?—No more of that, I'm well.
One of your Tribe I've bury'd, Sir, and He
Talk'd juſt as You do now:———
And, Doctor, I may live to bury Thee.
Thou tell'ſt me, I look ill: and Thou look'ſt worſe.
'ave done, ſays the Phyſician;—take your Courſe.
The laughing Sot, like all unthinking Men,
Bathes and gets drunk: then bathes and drinks again.
His Throat half throtled with corrupted Phlegm,
And breathing thro' his Jaws a belching Steam,
Amidſt *his Cups with ſhiv'ring* Faintneſs ſeiz'd,
His Limbs diſjoynted, and all o'er diſeas'd,

Excutit è manibus: dentes crepuêre retecti,
Uncta cadunt laxis tunc pulmentaria labris.——
Perſ. Sat. III.

Nam, quoniam variant animi, variabimus artes:
Mille mali ſpecies: mille ſalutis erunt.
Corpora vix ferro quædam ſanantur acuto:
Auxilium multis ſuccus & herba fuit.—*Ovid. Rem. Amor.*

PIETAS.

SUmma Deum Pietas! cujus gratiſſima cœlo
Rara profanatas inſpectant numina terras:
Huc vittata comam, niveóque inſignis amictu,
Qualis adhuc præſens, nullàque expulſa nocentum
Fraude, rudes populos, atque aurea regna colebas:
Mitibus exequiis ades, & lugentis Hetruſci
Cerne pios fletus, laudatáque lumina terge.——
Stat. Sylv. III.

PYGMALION & Simulachrum.

——PYgmalion——
——Offenſus vitiis, quæ plurima menti
Fœmineæ Natura dedit, ſine conjuge Cœlebs
Vivebat: thalamíque diu conſorte carebat.
Interea niveum mira felicitèr arte
Sculpit ebur: formámque dedit, qua fœmina naſci
Nulla poteſt: operíſque ſui concepit amorem.

Virginis eſt veræ facies: quam vivere credas:
Et, ſi non obſtet reverentia, velle moveri:
Ars adeò latet arte ſua. Miratur, & haurit

Pectore

His Hand refuſes to ſuſtain the Bowl;
And his Teeth chatter, and his Eyeballs roll,
Till, with his Meat, he vomits out his Soul.—*Dryd.* alt.

Diſeaſes in a thouſand Forms are rang'd:
As Tempers alter, Med'cines muſt be chang'd.
The cutting Steel ſome Bodies muſt endure,
A ſimple Drug on many works a Cure.——

PIETY.

CHIEF of the Skies, Celeſtial Piety!
Whoſe Godhead, priz'd by thoſe of heav'nly Birth,
Reviſits rare theſe tainted Realms of Earth:
Mild, in thy milk-white Veſt, to ſooth my Friend,
With holy Fillets on thy Brows deſcend:
Such as of old (e'er chac'd by Guilt and Rage)
A Race unpoliſh'd, and a golden Age,
Beheld Thee frequent. Once more come below:
Mix in the ſad Solemnities of Woe:
See, ſee, thy own *Hetruſcus* waſtes the Day
In pious Grief, and wipe his Tears away.—— *Addiſon.*

PIGMALION and the Statue.

LONG time *Pigmalion* led a ſingle Life:
Women were ſo bad he durſt not take a Wife:
But hating Idleneſs, the Source of Ill,
In curious Sculpture exercis'd his Skill:
And carv'd a Maid of Ivory, ſo fair,
That Nature could not with his Art compare.
With Admiration ſtruck *Pigmalion* ſtands,
And doats on Beauties made by his own Hands.
The Statue wore a real Virgin's Face,
And ſeeming Life did ev'ry Feature grace:
It cou'd have mov'd, (one would have thought,) but ſtrove
With Modeſty, and was aſham'd to move.
Art hid with Art, ſo well perform'd the Cheat,
It caught the Carver with his own Deceit.

Pleas'd

Pectore Pygmalion ſimulati corporis ignes.
Sæpe manus operi tentantes admovit, an ſit
Corpus, an illud ebur: nec ebur tamen eſſe fatetur.

Oſcula dat, reddíque putat: loquitúrque, tenétque:
Et credit tactis digitos inſidere membris:
Et metuit, preſſos veniat ne livor in artus.

Et modo blanditias adhibet: modo grata puellis
Munera fert illi conchas, teretéſque lapillos,
Et parvas volucres, & flores mille colorum,
Liliáque, pictáſque pilas, & ab arbore lapſas
Heliadum lachrymas. Ornat quoque Veſtibus artus:
Dat digitis gemmas: dat longa monilia collo:
Aure leves baccæ, redimicula pectore pendent.

Cuncta decent: nec nuda minus formoſa videtur.

Collocat hanc ſtratis concha Sidonide tinctis:
Appellátque tori ſociam: acclinatáque colla
Mollibus in plumis, tanquam ſenſura, reponit.

Teſta dies Veneri, tota celeberrima Cypro,
Venerat: & pandis inductæ cornibus aurum
Conciderant ictæ nivea cervice juvencæ:
Thuráque fumabant: cum munere functus ad aras
Conſtitit, & timidè, Si Dii dare cuncta poteſtis:

Si

Pleas'd with Surprize his Eyes her Charms explore,
And ſtill, the more he looks, he loves the more.
With curious Hand he feels it oft, to try
If Fleſh it be, or only Ivory:
Nor that 'tis Iv'ry can himſelf perſwade,
But courts and claſps it like a living Maid:
Kiſſes, and thinks that ſhe returns the Kiſs,
Graſps, and believes her Fingers twin'd in his.
But when he ſtrain'd her hard, he was afraid
His Hands had made a Dint, and bruis'd his Maid.
With Flatt'ry now her Mind he ſeeks to move,
And now with Gifts, the pow'rful Bribes of Love:
Her Cloſet firſt he furniſhes, and fills
The crowded Shelves with Rarities of Shells:
And orient Pearls, which from the Conchs he drew,
And all the ſparkling Stones of various Hue:
And Parrots imitating human Tongue,
And ſinging Birds in ſilver Cages hung:
And ev'ry beauteous Flow'r, and fragrant Green,
And painted Toys, and Amber, ſhone between.
Rich faſhionable Robes her Perſon deck,
Pendants her Ears, and Pearls adorn her Neck:
Her taper Fingers glitt'ring Diamonds grac'd,
And an embroider'd Zone ſurrounds her ſlender Waſte:
But tho' with all this Coſt and Trouble dreſt,
Lovely ſhe look'd; ſhe look'd when naked beſt.
Along he lays her on a ſtately Bed,
With Cov'rings of *Sidonian* Purple ſpread:
Calls her his Bride, and, as of Senſe poſſeſs'd,
Soft Pillows places for her Head to reſt.
The Feaſt of *Venus* came: a ſolemn Day,
To which the *Cypriots* due Devotion pay:
With gilded Horns the Milk-white Heifers led,
Slaughter'd before the ſacred Altars bled:
And Clouds of Incenſe o'er the Altar ſpread.
Pigmalion too with Gifts approach'd the Shrine,
And trembling thus implor'd the Pow'rs divine:
Almighty Gods! if all we Mortals want,
If all we can require, be yours to grant,

Sit conjux opto, non auſus, eburnea Virgo,
Dicere Pygmalion, ſimilis mea, dixit, eburneæ.

Senſit, ut ipſa ſuis aderat Venus aurea feſtis,
Vota quid illa velint: & amici numinis omen
Flamma ter accenſa eſt, apicémque per aëra duxit.
Ut rediit, ſimulachra ſuæ petit ille puellæ:
Incumbénſque toro dedit oſcula. Viſa tepere eſt.

Admovet os iterum: manibus quoque pectora tentat.
Tentatum molleſcit ebur, poſitóque rigore
Subſidit digitis, cedítque, ut Hymettia ſole
Cera remolleſcit, tractatáque pollice multas
Flectitur in facies, ipsóque fit utilis uſu.
Dum ſtupet, & timidè gaudet, fallíque veretur,
Rurſus amans, rursúſque manu ſua vota retractat.
Corpus erat: ſaliunt tentatæ pollice venæ.

Tum verò Paphius pleniſſima concipit heros
Verba; quibus Veneri grates agat: oráque tandem
Ore ſuo non falſa premit: datáque oſcula Virgo
Senſit, & erubuit: timidúmque ad limina lumen
Attollens, pariter cum cœlo vidit amantem.
Conjugio, quod fecit, adeſt Dea. Jamque coactis
Cornibus in plenum novis lunaribus orbem,
Illa Paphon genuit: de quo tenet inſula nomen.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. X

NAVIS RECTOR. Vide NAVIGATIO.

NEcdum orbem medium nox horis acta ſubibat:
Haud ſegnis ſtrato ſurgit Palinurus, & omnes

Explor

Make this fair Statue mine, he would have ſaid,
But chang'd his Words for ſhame: and only pray'd,
Give me a Wife juſt like my Iv'ry Maid!
The Golden Goddeſs preſent at the Pray'r,
Well knew he meant th' inanimated Fair;
And gave the Sign of granting his Deſire,
For thrice in chearful Flames aſcends the Fire.
To his dear Image home again he hies,
And on the Bed cloſe to her Boſom lies:
His Lips to her's he preſs'd; the Virgin's Kiſs
To him ſeem'd warm, and oft he prov'd the Bliſs.
Tranſported more, no longer now he ſtays,
But his fond Hand on her hard Boſom lays:
Hard tho' it was, beginning to relent,
The Iv'ry Breaſt beneath his Fingers bent:
The pleaſing Taſk he fails not to renew,
Soft, and more ſoft, at ev'ry Touch it grew:
Like pliant Wax, when working Hands reduce
The Maſs to Form, and make it fit for Uſe.
Amaz'd, he would believe, but ſtill in Pain,
He fondly wanders o'er her once again:
And feels the ſoft'ning Fleſh inform'd with Heat,
And in each Vein the leaping Pulſes beat.
Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his ſtudy'd Thanks and Praiſe,
To her who made the Miracle he pays:
His Lips to her's he joins, which ſeem to melt,
For now the Virgin his warm Kiſſes felt:
And as ſhe, bluſhing, ope's her beauteous Eyes,
At once her Lover, and the Light ſhe ſpies.
The Goddeſs bleſs'd the Marriage ſhe had made:
And when nine Creſcents had at full diſplay'd,
Their joining Horns, repleat with borrow'd Flame,
She *Paphos* bore: who gave that Iſle a Name.— *Dryd.* alt.

PILOT. See NAVIGATION.

SCARCE half the Hours of ſilent Night were fled,
When careful *Palinure* forſakes his Bed:

Explorat ventos, atque auribus aëra captat.
Sidera cuncta notat tacito labentia cœlo,
Arcturum, pluviáſque Hyadas, geminóſque Triones,
Armatúmque auro circumſpicit Oriona.

Poſtquam cuncta videt cœlo conſtare ſereno,
Dat clarum è puppi ſignum: nos caſtra movemus,
Tentamúſque viam, & velorum pandimus alas.——
Æn. Lib. III.

Ut pelagus tenuere rates, nec jam amplius ulla
Occurrit tellus, cœlum undique & undique pontus.
Olli cœruleus ſupra caput aſtitit imber,
Noctem hyemémque ferens: & inhorruit unda tenebris.
Ipſe gubernator puppi Palinurus ab alta:
Heu! quianam tanti cinxerunt æthera nimbi?
Quidve, pater Neptune, paras? Sic deinde locutus,
Colligere arma jubet, validíſque incumbere remis:
Obliquátque ſinus in ventum, ac talia fatur:
Magnanime Æenea, non, ſi mihi Jupiter auctor
Spondeat, hoc ſperem Italiam contingere cœlo.
Mutati tranſverſa fremunt, & veſpere ab atro
Conſurgunt venti: atque in nubem cogitur aër.
Nec nos obniti contra, nec tendere tantum
Sufficimus: ſuperat quoniam fortuna, ſequamur:
Quoque vocat, vertamus iter.——————
Æn. Lib. V.

Quâ nullam meliùs, pelago turbante, carinæ
Audivere manum: nec lux eſt notior ulli

Craſtina,

And ev'ry Breath explores that ſtirs the Seas,
And watchful liſtens to the paſſing Breeze:
Obſerves the Courſe of ev'ry Orb on high,
That moves in ſilent Pomp along the Sky:
Arcturus, dreadful with his ſtormy Star,
The watry *Hyads*, and the northern Car:
In the blew Vault his piercing Eyes behold,
The huge *Orion* flame in Arms of Gold.
When all ſerene he ſaw th' Etherial Plain,
He gave the Signal to the ſlumb'ring Train:
Our Tents we ſtrike: the Canvas We diſplay,
And wing with ſpreading Sails the watry Way.— *Pitt.*

Now, on the full extended Main, the Land
No more appear'd: but all was Sea, and Sky:
A duſky Cloud hung gather'd o'er his Head,
Bringing on Night, and Storm: upon the Waves
Lay horrid Darkneſs: from the lofty Deck
The Pilot's ſelf, ev'n *Palinurus*, cries,
What Clouds, alas! invelop all the Heav'ns?
Or what, great *Neptune!* does thy Will intend?
This ſaid, he gives command to furl their Sails,
And ſtrongly ply their Oars: Then turns oblique
His Canvas to the Wind, and Thus proceeds;
Magnanimous *Æneas*, ſhould ev'n *Jove*
By promiſing aſſure my Voyage ſafe,
I could not in this Weather hope to reach
The Coaſts of *Italy*. The Winds tranſverſe
Roar chang'd, and from the low'ring Weſt ariſe:
And all the Air is thicken'd to a Cloud.
Nor have We Strength to bear againſt the Streſs
Of Sea, and Sky: Since Fortune all o'er-powers,
Her let Us follow, and where-e'er ſhe calls,
Direct our Courſe.———— *Trap.*

No Hand the Helm more ſkilfully could guide,
Or ſtem the Fury of the boiſt'rous Tide:
He knew what Winds would on the Morrow blow,
And how the Sails for Safety to beſtow;

Craſtina, ſeu Phœbum videat, ſeu cornua Lunæ,
Semper venturis componere carbaſa ventis.
Pila ſed in medium venere trementia pectus,
Avertitque ratem morientis dextra magiſtri.——
Lucan. Lib. III.

TERRA Ferax.

——NYmphæ quoque fiere videntur
Siccatóſque queri fontes. Sine frondibus arbos
Nuda ridet: rodunt arentia ſaxa capellæ.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XIII.

——Quæcunque vagam Syrtim complectitur ora
Sub nimio porrecta die, vicina peruſti
Ætheris, exurit meſſes, & pulvere Bacchum
Enecat, & nullâ putris radice tenetur.
Temperies vitalis abeſt: & nulla ſub illâ
Cura Jovis terrâ eſt, naturâ deſide torpet
Orbis, & immotis annum non ſentit arenis.——
Lucan. Lib. IX.

Non hæc autumno tellus viret, aut alit herbas
Ceſpite lætus ager: non verno perſona cantu
Mollia diſcordi ſtrepitu virgulta loquuntur:
Sed chaos, & nigro ſquallentia pumice ſaxa
Gaudent ſerali circum tumulata cupreſſu.——
Petron. Arb.

Celeſtial Signals well he could deſcry,
Could read the radiant Lights that ſhine on high,
And tell the coming Tempeſt of the Sky.
When from ſome hoſtile Hand a fatal Dart,
Deep piercing, trembled in his panting Heart:
Yet ſtill his careful Hand it's Taſk ſupplies,
And turns the guiding Rudder as he dies.—— *Rowe.*

PLACE (Barren.)

THeir Fountains dry'd, the weeping *Naiads* mourn'd,
The Trees ſtood bare, with ſearing Cankers burn'd:
No Herbage cloath'd the Ground: a ragged Flock
Of Goats half-famiſh'd lick'd the naked Rock.— *Catcott.*

Barren, and deſolate, thoſe Regions lie,
That border on the *Syrts*, and feel too nigh
The ſultry Summer Sun, and parching Sky.
No Harveſt there the ſcatter'd Grain repays,
But withering dies, and e'er it ſhoots decays.
There never flouriſhes the mantling Vine,
Nor round the Elm her wanton Tendrils twine:
The thirſty Duſt prevents the ſwelling Fruit,
Drinks up the gen'rous Juice, and kills the Root.
Thro' ſecret Veins no temp'ring Moiſtures paſs,
To bind with viſcous Force the mould'ring Maſs:
But genial *Jove* averſe, diſdains to ſmile,
Forgets, and curſes the neglected Soil.
Thence lazy Nature droops her idle Head,
As ev'ry vegetable Senſe were dead:
Thence the wide dreary Plains one Viſage wear:
Alike in Summer, Winter, Spring appear,
Nor feel the Turns of the revolving Year.—— *Rowe.*

No Autumn here e'er cloths herſelf with Green,
Nor joyful Spring the languid Herbage cheers:
Nor feather'd Warblers chant their pleaſing Strains,
In vernal Conſort to the ruſhing Boughs:
But *Chaos* reigns, and ragged Rocks around
With nought but baleful Cypreſs are adorn'd.

—— ÆNeas ingentem ex æquore lucum [no,
Proſpicit: hunc inter fluvio Tyberinus amœ-
Vorticibus rapidis & multa flavus arena,
In mare prorumpit. Variæ, circúmque, ſupráque,
Aſſuetæ ripis volucres, & fluminis alveo,
Æthera mulcebant cantu, lucóque volabant ——
Æn. Lib. VII.

——————————Curvata tumore
Parvo planities, & mollibus edita clivis
Creverat in collem: vivo de pumice fontes
Roſcida mobilibus lambebant gramina rivis:
Silvaque torrentes rámorum frigore Soles
Temperat, & medio brumam ſibi vindicat æſtu.

Apta fretis Abies, bellis accommoda Cornus,
Quercus amica Jovi, tumulos tectura Cupreſſus,
Ilex plena favis, venturi præſcia Laurus.
Fluctuat hic denſo criſpata cacumine Buxus,
Hic ederæ ſerpunt, hic Pampinus induit ulmos.——
Claud. Rapt. Proſ. Lib. II.

Eſt ſinus Hæmoniæ curvos falcatus in arcus:
Brachia procurrunt, ubi ſi foret altior unda,
Portus erat: ſummis inductum eſt æquor arenis.
Littus habet ſolidum, quod nec veſtigia ſervet.
Nec remoretur iter: nec opertum pendeat alga,
Myrtea ſilva ſubeſt bicoloribus obſita baccis.
Eſt ſpecus in medio: natura factus, an arte,
Ambiguum; magis arte tamen.————
Ovid. Met. Lib. XI.

Nobilis

PLACE (Pleaſant.) See FOUNTAIN. ITALY.

—— *Æneas* from the Ocean ſpies [Stream
A ſpacious Wood: Thro' which the pleaſant
Of gulphy *Tyber* rolls his yellow Sand,
And diſembogues his Waves into the Sea.
Here various Birds, accuſtom'd to the Banks
And Chanel of the River, all around,
And all above, with ſweet melodious Songs
Soften'd the Air, and flutter'd in the Grove.—— *Trap.*

Smooth lay the verdant Plain, and all around
With mild Aſcent ſwell'd flow the riſing Ground.
By unperceiv'd Degrees the Mountain grew,
Eaſy to tread, and graceful to the View.
Here chryſtal Fountains, from the living Stone,
In winding Streams thro' flow'ry Meadows run:
There ancient venerable Woods extend,
Which from the fierce meridian Beams defend:
Theſe in the ſultry Heat of Summer made
A welcome Coolneſs, and refreſhing Shade.
Of various Kinds the Trees: the ſailing *Fir*;
The cloſe-grain'd Cornel, tough, and fit for War:
Jove's fav'rite Oak; the ſun'ral *Cypreſs*' Height:
The honey'd *Ilex* wherein Bees delight:
And preſcient Lawrel, lovely to the Sight:
With dancing Leaves the buſhy Box appears:
Its creeping Trails the winding Ivy rears: [*Hughes* alt.
And round the friendly Elm the purple Vine adheres.—

A pleaſing Creek *Theſſalia*'s Coaſt can ſhow,
Two Arms project, and ſhape it like a Bow:
'Twould make a Bay, but the tranſparent Tide
Does ſcarce the yellow-gravell'd Bottom hide:
For the quick Eye may thro' the liquid Wave
A firm unweedy level Beach perceive.
A Grove of fragrant Myrtle near it grows,
Whoſe Boughs, tho' thick, a beauteous Grot diſcloſe:
The well-wrought Fabrick, to diſcerning Eyes,
Rather by Art than Nature ſeems to riſe.—— *Croxall.*

A Plain

Nobilis æſtivas platanus diffuderat umbras,
Et circumtonſæ trepidanti vertice pinus,
Et baccis redimita Daphne, tremulæque cupreſſus.
Has inter ludebat aquis errantibus amnis
Spumeus, & querulo verſabat rore lapillos.
Dignus amore locus.——————

Petron. Arb.

PESTIS. LUES.

PRincipio cœlum ſpiſſa caligine terras
Preſſit : & ignavos incluſit nubibus æſtus.
Dumque quater junctis implevit cornibus orbem
Luna, quater plenum tenuata retexuit orbem,
Letiferis calidi ſpirârunt flatibus Auſtri.
Conſtat & in fontes vitium veniſſe, lacúſque :
Milliaque incultos ſerpentum multa per agros
Errâſſe, atque ſuis fluvios temerâſſe venenis.
Strage canum primo, volucrúmque, oviúmque, boûmque,
Inque feris ſubiti deprenſa potentia morbi.
Concidere infelix validos miratur arator
Inter opus tauros, medióque recumbere ſulco.
Lanigeris gregibus balatus dantibus ægros,
Sponte ſua lanæque cadunt, & corpora tabent.
Acer equus quondam, magnæque in pulvere famæ,
Degenerat palmas : veterumque oblitus honorum,
Ad præſepe gemit, morbo moriturus inerti.
Non aper iraſci meminit : nec fidere curſu
Cerva : nec armentis incurrere fortibus urſi.
Omnia languor habet. Sylviſque, agríſque, viiſque
Corpora fœda jacent. Vitiantur odoribus auræ.
Mira loquor. Non illa canes, avidæque volucres,
Non cani tetigere lupi : dilapſa liqueſcunt :
Afflatúque nocent, & agunt contagia latè.

Pervenit ad miſeros damno graviore colonos
Peſtis, & in magnæ dominatur mœnibus urbis.

Viſcera

A Plain diffus'd it's bow'ring Verdure wide,
With trembling Pines, which to the *Zephyrs* ſigh'd:
Lawrels with Berries crown'd, the Boughs inwove,
And the ſoft Cypreſs ever whiſp'ring Love.
Midſt theſe a Brook in winding Murmurs ſtray'd,
Chiding the Pebbles over which it play'd.
'Twas Love's *Elyſium.*———— *Addiſon* junr.

PLAGUE. MURRAIN.

DARK Clouds, at firſt, hung heavy o'er the Earth,
Where ſluggiſh Heat lay rip'ning into Birth.
While four pale Moons their growing Horns unite,
And did again withdraw their feeble Light,
Hot baneful Blaſts the fatal South-wind blew:
The Lakes and Fountains thence infected grew:
Millions of Vipers trail'd the Fields untill'd,
And all the Rivers with their Venom fill'd.
Dogs, Sheep, and Oxen, firſt, the dire Diſeaſe,
And Birds, and ſavage Beaſts, did ſudden ſeize:
The ſorrowing Plowmen with Amazement, ſpy,
The lab'ring Oxen in the Furrows die.
The fleecy Flocks with Anguiſh faintly bleat,
Their Wool falls off, they pine away with Heat.
The warlike Steed, oppreſs'd with inward Pain,
Forgets his Honours on the duſty Plain:
Groans at the Manger, heedleſs of the Prize,
And by a lazy Fate inglorious dies.
The Stag forgets his Speed: his Rage the Boar:
The Bear inſults the horned Herd no more:
A general Faintneſs ev'ry where is ſpread,
And Woods and Fields all labour with the Dead.
The Stench infects the Air: and, (ſtrange to ſay,)
Nor Dogs, nor Birds, nor Wolves will touch the Prey.
Th' offenſive Bodies rot upon the Ground,
And ſpread the dire Contagion all around.
The growing Plague gets next among the Swains:
Then to the City, where at large it reigns.

Internal

Viſcera torrentur primò : flammæſque latentis
Indicium rubor eſt, & ductus anhelitus ægre.
Aſpera lingua tumet : tepidíſque arentia ventis
Ora patent : auræque graves captantur hiatu.
Non ſtratum, non ulla pati velamina poſſunt :
Dura ſed in terra ponunt præcordia ; nec fit
Corpus humo gelidum, ſed humus de corpore fervet.

Nec moderator adeſt : inque ipſos ſævá medentes
Erumpit clades : obsúntque auctoribus artes.
Quo proprior quiſque eſt, ſervítque fidelius ægro,
In partem leti citius venit. Utque ſalutis
Spes abiit, finémque vident in funere morbi :
Indulgent animis : & nulla, quid utile, cura eſt :
Utile enim nihil eſt. Paſſim poſitóque pudore,
Fontibus, & fluviis, puteíſque capacibus hærent.
Nec prius eſt extincta ſitis, quam vita, bibendo.
Inde graves multi nequeunt conſurgere, & ipſis
Immoriuntur aquis : aliquis tamen haurit & illas.

Tantáque ſunt miſeris inviſi tædia lecti,
Proſiliunt ; aut, ſi prohibent conſiſtere vires,
Corpora devolvunt in humum : fugiúntque Penates
Quiſque ſuos ; ſua cuique domus funeſta videtur :
Et quia cauſa latet, locus eſt in crimine notus.
Semianimes errare viis, dum ſtare valebant,
Aſpiceres : flentes alios, terræque jacentes,
Laſsáque verſantes ſupremo lumina motu.
Membráque pendentis tendunt ad ſidera cœli,
Hic, illic ubi mors deprenderat exhalentes.——

Quo ſe cunque acies oculorum flexerat, illic
Vulgus erat ſtratum. Veluti cum putria motis

Poma

Internal Heats upon the Vitals ſeize,
And ruddy Spots declare the ſad Diſeaſe.
Their ſcorching Breath with Pain they ſcarce expel,
Their Tongues turn furry, and with Bliſters ſwell:
They gape for Air, believing 'twill abate
Their inward Flame: but that augments the Heat.
No Bed, no Garment can the Wretches bear,
On the hard Ground they lie, in open Air:
The Ground no Coolneſs to their Bodies gives,
But glows with Heat which it from them receives.
No Drug avails: the dreadful Peſt invades
The learned Leech, nor Art the Artiſt aids:
Whoe'er moſt faithfully the Sick attends,
Haſtes his own Fate, and dies before his Friends.
No Hope they have: the Anguiſh they endure,
In Death alone can find a certain Cure.
Wherefore from what they fancy none refrain,
Nor care what's good, ſince all their Cares are vain.
At Brooks and Streams, regardleſs of the Shame,
Each Sex, promiſcuous, ſtrives to quench their Flame:
Nor vainly do they ſtrive to quench it there,
For Thirſt and Life at once extinguiſh'd are.
Down in the Streams the dying Bodies ſink,
And yet thoſe tainted Waters others drink.
Their Beds ſo much th' unhappy Wretches hate,
From thence they fly, to ſtruggle with their Fate:
Ev'n thoſe who cannot ſtand, ſo weak they're found,
Their Bodies roll along upon the Ground:
Each from his Home, as Death were there, withdraws,
And blames the Place, unknowing of the Cauſe.
Poor ghaſtly half-dead Creatures may'ſt Thou meet,
Wand'ring they know not where, in ev'ry Street,
Untill they faint and fall: with mournful Cries,
Others lie on the Earth, their heavy Eyes
And Hands rais'd up to Heav'n: but whilſt they pray,
By Death ſurpriz'd, they breathe their Souls away.
On ev'ry Side, turn where one will the Eye,
Spread o'er the Ground the wretched People lie:

Like

Poma cadunt ramis, agitatáque ilice glandes.
Corpora miſſa neci nullis de more feruntur
Funeribus: neque enim capiebant funera portæ.
Aut inhumata premunt terras: aut dantur in altos
Indotata rogos. Et jam reverentia nulla eſt.
Qui lachryment, deſunt: indefletæque vagantur
Natorum, virûmque animæ, juvenúmque, ſenúmque:
Nec locus in tumulos, nec ſufficit arbor in ignes.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. VII.

———Morbo cœli miſeranda coorta eſt
Tempeſtas, totóque autumni incanduit æſtu,
Et genus omne neci pecudum dedit, omne ferarum,
Corruptíque lacus, infecit pabula tabo.

Sæpe in honore Deûm medio ſtans hoſtia ad aram,
Lanea dum niveâ circumdatur infula vittâ,
Inter cunctantes cecidit moribunda miniſtros.

Hinc lætis vituli vulgo moriuntur in herbis,
Et dulces animas plena ad præſepia reddunt.
Hinc canibus blandis rabies venit, & quatit ægros
Tuſſis anhela ſues, ac faucibus angit obeſis.

Labitur infelix ſtudiorum, atque immemor herbæ
Victor equus, fontéſque avertitur, & pede terram
Crebra ferit: demiſſæ aures: incertus ibidem
Sudor, & ille quidem morituris frigidus: aret
Pellis, & ad tactum tractanti dura reſiſtit.
Hæc ante exitium primis dant ſigna diebus.
Sin in proceſſu cœpit crudeſcere morbus,
Tum vero ardentes oculi, atque attractus ab alto
Spiritus interdum gemitu gravis: imáque longo
Ilia ſingultu tendunt: it naribus ater
Sanguis, & obſeſſas fauces premit aſpera lingua.

Like Acorns ſcatter'd by too rude a Breeze,
Or mellow Apples from the ſhaken Trees.
The common fun'ral Honours are unpaid;
Nor can the Gates let out the num'rous Dead:
But un-interr'd upon the Ground they lie,
Or elſe without Regard to Decency,
All Rites of Burial loſt, the Bodies burn:
Nor pious Tears are ſhed upon the Urn.
The Ghoſts of Old and Young, of Sons and Sires,
All wander undeplor'd:———— [*Sewell. Gay* alt.
Nor Room for Tombs is left, nor Wood for fun'ral Fires.—
————A Plague from tainted Air
Roſe, and with all the Fires of Autumn burn'd:
Beaſts, tame, and ſavage, of all Species, flew:
Poiſon'd the Rivers: o'er the Paſtures ſpread
Contagious Juice.————————

Oft, ſtanding at the Altar, and with Wreaths
And wooly Fillets bound, the Victim Bull,
In the mid Honour of the Gods, fell dead
Between the ling'ring Sacrificer's Hands.
In ev'ry Paſture, on the verdant Graſs,
The Calves all die: and render their ſweet Souls
Before the plenteous Racks: the gentle Dogs
Run mad: the wheezing Swine with rattling Coughs
Are torn, and ſtrangled in their ſwelling Throats.
Unhappy of his Toils, the Victor Steed
Sinks, and forgets his Food: and loaths the Streams,
And paws the Ground, and hangs his flagging Ears;
Bedew'd with doubtful Sweats: and thoſe, near Death,
Clammy and cold: his rigid Hide reſiſts
The Touch, and harden'd no Impreſſion takes.
Theſe Symptoms firſt; but as the Evil grows
More obſtinate, and gathers Strength from Time,
His Eyes are all inflam'd: from his deep Breaſt
His Breath with Labour heaves: long Sobs and Groans
Diſtend his Entrails: from his Noſtrils drops
Black ropy Gore: and to his Jaws his Tongue,
Clotted with Filth and Putrefaction, cleaves,

Smoking

——Duro fumans ſub vomere taurus
Concidit, & mixtum ſpumis vomit ore cruorem,
Extremóſque ciet gemitus: it triſtis arator,
Mœrentem abjungens fraternâ morte juvencum,
Atque opere in medio defixa relinquit aratra.
Non Lupus inſidias explorat ovilia circum,
Nec gregibus nocturnus obambulat: acrior illum
Cura domat: timidi damæ cervíque fugaces
Nunc interque canes & circum tecta vagantur.
Jam maris immenſi prolem, & genus omne natantum
Litore in extremo, ceu naufraga corpora, fluctus
Proluit: inſolitæ fugiunt in flumina Phocæ.
Interit & curvis fruſtra defenſa latebris
Vipera, & attoniti ſquamis aſtantibus hydri.
Ipſis eſt aër avibus non æquus, & illæ
Præcipites altâ vitam ſub nube relinquunt.

Balatu pecorum, & crebris mugitibus amnes
Arentéſque ſonant ripæ, colléſque ſupîni.
Jamque catervatim dat ſtragem, atque aggerat ipſis
In ſtabulis turpi dilapſa cadavera tabo:
Donec humo tegere, ac foveis abſcondere diſcant.
Nam neque erat coriis uſus: nec viſcera quiſquam
Aut undis abolere poteſt, aut vincere flammâ.
Nec tondere quidem morbo illuviéque pereſa
Vellera, nec telas poſſunt attingere putres.
Verum etiam inviſos ſi quis tentarat amictus:
Ardentes papulæ, atque immundus olentia ſudor
Membra ſequabatur: nec longo deinde moranti
Tempore, contactos artus ſacer ignis edebat.——
Virg. Georg. Lib. III.

—— Exhauſtæ præbenda ad pabula terræ,
Quæ currens obtrivit eques, gradibúſque citatis
Ungula frondentem diſcuſſit cornea campum.
Belliger attonſis ſonipes defeſſus in arvis,
Adventos cùm plena ferant præſepia culmos,

Ore

Smoking beneath the Plow the ſturdy Steer
ılls down, and ſpues a Flood of Gore and Foam,
nd groans his laſt :—the penſive Hind unyokes
is mourning Fellow-Lab'rer, and amidſt
h' unfiniſh'd Furrow leaves the ſticking Share.
The Wolf no longer, nightly roaming round,
ouls, and explores the Cotts : a ſharper Care
bdues him. Now the tim'rous Hinds and Dear
mong the Dogs, and round the Houſes, rove.
Now the vaſt Ocean's Progeny, and all
he finny Race, like Shipwreck'd Bodies thrown
pon the Shore, lie beaten by the Waves :
he *Phocæ* to the wondring Rivers fly :
he Viper vainly by her winding Den
efended, and the Snakes, with ſtaring Scales
maz'd expire.—Ev'n to the Birds the Air
mortal : and beneath the Clouds aloft
hey leave their Lives, and headlong fall to Earth.
With bleating Sheep and lowing Herds, the Streams,
he ſloping Mountains, and dry Banks, reſound.
ow Heaps on Heaps expire : ev'n in the Stalls,
nd Stables, Carcaſſes promiſcuous lie
otting in Gore : 'Till, urg'd by that Diſtreſs,
hey learn'd to hide, and bury them in Earth.
or of their Skins no uſe was made : their Fleſh
o Water could dilute, nor Fire ſubdue.
or could they ſheer the Fleeces, by the Plague,
nd running Sores, corrupted : nor ev'n touch,
ıhurt, the putrid Wool : or, if they try'd
ı' infectious Clothing, fiery Whelks and Blains,
ıd Sweats, of noiſome Stench, their Bodies ſeiz'd :
ıd, in ſhort Space, from that contagious Touch,
ıe ſacred Fire their tainted Limbs devour'd.—— *Trap.*
The riſing Graſs by trampling Hoofs repell'd,
aſte lie the Ruſſet Fields : the gen'rous Steed
:ks on the naked Soil, in vain, to feed :
athing, from Racks of huſky Straw he turns,
ıd, pining for the verdant Paſture, mourns.

Ore novas poſcens moribundus labitur herbas,
Et tremulo medios abrumpit poplite gyros.

Corpora tum ſolvit tabes, & digerit artus.
Traxit iners cœlum fluidæ contagia Peſtis
Obſcuram in nubem.———————

Indè labant populi, cœlóque paratior unda
Omne pati virus duravit viſcera cœno.

Jam riget atra cutis, diſtentáque lumina rumpit:
Igneáque in vultus, & ſacro fervida morbo
Peſtis abit, feſsúmque caput ſe ferre recuſat.

Jam magìs atque magìs præceps agit omnia fatum:
Nec medii dirimant morbi vitámque, necémque:
Sed languor cum morte venit, turbâque cadentum
Aucta lues, dum mixta jacent incondita vivis
Corpora: nam miſeros ultra tentoria cives
Spargere funus erat.———————

Lucan. Lib. VI.

———————Mortifer æſtus
Finibu' Cecropiis funeſtos reddidit agros,
Vaſtavítque vias, exhauſit civibus urbem.
Nam penitus veniens Ægypti è finibus ortus,
Aëra permenſus multum, campóſque natanteis,
Incubuit tandem populo Pandionis: omnes
Indè catervatim morbo mortíque dabantur.
Principiò, caput incenſum fervore gerebant,
Et dupliceis oculos ſuffuſa luce rubenteis.

Sudabant

No more his Limbs his dying Load ſuſtain,
Aiming a Stride, he falters in the Strain,
And ſinks, a Ruin, on the wither'd Plain:
Dire Maladies upon his Vitals prey,
Diſſolve his Frame, and melt the Maſs away.
Thence mortal Plagues invade the lazy Air,
Reek to the Clouds, and hang malignant there:
Thence liquid Streams the mingling Plague receive,
And deadly Potions to the thirſty give.
To Man the Miſchief ſpreads, the fell Diſeaſe
In fatal Draughts does on his Entrails ſeize;
A rugged Scurf, all loathſome to be ſeen,
Spreads, like a Bark, upon his ſilken Skin:
Malignant Flames his ſwelling Eye-balls dart,
And ſeem, with Anguiſh, from their Seats to ſtart:
Fires o'er his glowing Cheeks and Viſage ſtray,
And mark, in crimſon Streaks, their burning Way:
Low droops his Head, declining from it's Height,
And nods, and totters, with the fatal Weight.
With winged Haſte the ſwift Deſtruction flies,
And ſcarce the Soldier ſickens e'er he dies.
Now falling Crowds, at once, reſign their Breath,
And doubly taint the noxious Air with Death.
Careleſs their putrid Carcaſſes are ſpread,
And on the Earth, their dank unwholeſome Bed,
The Living reſt in common with the Dead.
For none the laſt funereal Rites receive; [*Rowe.*
To be caſt forth the Camp is all their Friends can give.—

A Fatal Fever laid *Achaia* waſte,
Thro' ev'ry Street, in ev'ry Town it paſs'd;
From *Egypt*'s Coaſts the dire Diſtemper came,
And with the Air diffus'd the deadly Flame:
The raging Peſt at laſt to *Athens* ſpread,
Where Heaps on Heaps were number'd with the Dead.

Firſt fierce unuſual Heats attack'd the Head,
The glowing Eyes, with blood-ſhot Beams, look'd red:

Sudabant etiam fauces intrinſecus atro
Sanguine, & ulceribus vocis via ſepta coïbat:
Atque animi interpres manabat lingua cruore,
Debilitata malis, motu gravis, aſpera tactu:
Indè, ubi per fauceis pectus complerat, & ipſum
Morbida vis in cor mœſtum confluxerat ægris:
Omnia tum verò vitaï clanſtra lababant.
Spiritus ore foras tetrum volvebat odorem,
Rancida quo perolent projecta cadavera ritu.
Intolerabilibùſque malis erat anxius angor
Aſſiduè comes, & gemitu commiſta querela,
Singultúſque frequens noctem perſæpe, diémque,
Conripere aſſiduè nervos & membra coactans,
Diſſolvebat eos, defeſſos antè, fatigans,—*Lucret.* Lib. VI.

Qualis Erichthonios peſtis populata colonos,
Extulit antiquas per funera pacis Athenas,
Alter in alterius labens cùm fata ruebant.
Nec locus artis erat medicæ: nec vota valebant.
Ceſſerat officium morbis, & funera deerant
Mortibus & lachrymæ: feſſus defecerat ignis.
Et coacervatis ardebant corpora membris.
Ac tanto quondam populo vix contingit hæres.——
Manil. Lib. I.

——————————Contagio labem
Et dabit in plures: ſicut grex totus in agris
Unius ſcabie cadit,——————————
Uvaque conſpectâ livorem ducit ab uvâ.— *Juv.* Sat. II.

PLANETARUM Poteſtas.

——SOL tempora dividit anni,
Mutat nocte diem, radiiſque potentibus aſtra
Ire vetat, curſûſque vagos ſtatione moratur.
Luna ſuis vicibus Tethyn, terrenáque miſcet.

Frigida

The Mouth and Jaws were fill'd with clotted Blood,
Sore Ulcers ſeiz'd the Throat,———————
And putrid Gore the ſpeaking Tongue o'erflow'd:
Whence feeble, hard to move, and rough it grew.——
When from the Mouth, advancing thro' the Breaſt,
The dire Diſeaſe the heaving Heart poſſeſs'd,
Then Life began to fail: then too the Breath
Stunk like a Corpſe, and told approaching Death.
With raging Pains were joyn'd tormenting Care,
And racking Anguiſh, Groanings, and Deſpair:
Complaints, continual Sobs, and deep-drawn Sighs,
Fatigue beyond the Strength, diſſolve the Ties
Of Soul and Body:—and the Patient dies.— *Creech* alt.

Such Plagues *Achaia* felt; the fierce Diſeaſe
Laid *Athens* waſte, and ſpoil'd the Town in Peace.
It bore the helpleſs Nation to the Grave,
No Phyſick could aſſiſt, no Vows could ſave:
Heaps fell on Heaps, and while they gaſp'd for Breath,
Heaps fell on thoſe, and finiſh'd half their Death.
None nurs'd the Sick: the neareſt Kinſmen fled;
None ſtay'd to bury, or to mourn the Dead.
The Fires grown weary, dy'd beneath their Spoils,
And heap'd-up Limbs ſupply'd the Place of Piles.
Vaſt Emptineſs and Deſolation reign'd,
And to a Nation ſcarce an Heir remain'd.—— *Creech.*
Infections, from one ſingle Caſe begun,
Soon ſpread their Poiſon, and thro' Numbers run.
So one Sheep touch'd, few of the Flock eſcape:
And the whole Bunch rots from one rotten Grape.——

PLANETS (their Influence.)

THE Sun the Seaſons of the Year ſupplies,
And bids the Ev'ning and the Morning riſe:
Commands the Planets with ſuperior Force,
And keeps each wand'ring Orb to it's appointed Courſe.
The ſilver Moon o'er briny Seas preſides,
And heaves huge Ocean with alternate Tides.

Frigida Saturno glacies, & Zona nivalis
Ceſſit. Habet ventos, incertaque fulmina Mavors.
Sub Jove temperies, & nunquam turbidus aër.
At fœcunda Venus cunctarum ſemina rerum
Poſſidet. Immenſæ Cyllenius arbiter undæ eſt.——
Lucan. Lib. X.

VOLUPTAS.

——VOluptas
——Achæmenium ſpirabat vertice odorem,
Ambroſias diffuſa comas, & veſte refulgens,
Oſtrum qua fulvo Tyrium ſuffuderat auro:
Fronte decor quæſitus acu, laſciváque crebras
Ancipiti motu jaciebant lumina flammas.

Virtutis diſpar habitus, frons hirta, nec unquam
Compoſitâ mutata comâ, ſtans vultus, & ore
Inceſsúque viro proprior, lætíque pudoris,
Celſa humeris, niveæ fulgebat ſtamine pallæ.——
Sil. Ital. Lib. XV.

——————Nulli ſincera voluptas:
Sollicitique aliquid lætis intervenit.— *Ovid. Met.* L. VII.

SPOLIA.

ET jam porticibus vacuis, Junonis aſylo,
Cuſtodes lecti Phœnix & dirus Ulyſſes
Prædam aſſervabant: huc undique Troïa gaza
Incenſis erepta adytis, menſæque Deorum,
Crateréſque auro ſolidi, captiváque veſtis
Congeritur: pueri & pavidæ longo ordine matres
Stant circum.———————— *Æn.* Lib. II.

Protinus hoſtili ſtatuit ſuccedere vallo,
Dum Fortuna calet, cùm conficit omnia terror,
——————————————Miles
In prædam ducendus erat. Victoria nobis

Plena,

Saturn's cold Rays prevail beneath the Pole:
And o'er the Winds and Thunders *Mars* bears rule.
Where *Jove* aſcends, the Skies are ſtill ſerene:
And fruitful *Venus* is the genial Queen:
While ev'ry limpid Spring, and rolling Stream,
Submits to *Mercury*'s o'er-ruling Beam.——*Rowe* alter'd.

PLEASURE.

PLeaſure in Cloth of Gold and Purple Dye,
With glaring Luſtre overwhelms the Eye:
Ambroſial Fragrance from her Locks exhales,
And in her Breath are all *Arabia*'s Gales:
Her Beauty ſhines with ev'ry Help of Art,
That can allure, and captivate the Heart.
Her ſparkling Eyes in ſprightly Motions dance,
And dart laſcivious Flames at ev'ry Glance.— *Addiſ.* alt.
———A different Dreſs did *Virtue* wear:
Rude from her Forehead fell th' unplaited Hair:
With dauntleſs Mein aloft ſhe rear'd her Head,
And next to manly was the Virgin's Tread:
Her Height, her ſprightly Bluſh, the Goddeſs ſhow,
And Robes, unſullied, as the falling Snow.——
No mortal Bliſs does ever come ſincere,
Pleaſure may lead, but Grief brings up the Rear.——

PLUNDER.

NOW in the empty Iſles of *Juno*'s Fane
Phœnix, and dire *Ulyſſes*, choſen Guards,
Watch o'er the Prey. There *Trojan* Treaſure ſnatch'd
From burning Shrines, the Tables of the Gods,
Goblets of maſſy Gold, and captive Robes,
Lie pil'd in Heaps: Children, and trembling Dames,
Rank'd in long Rows, ſtand round.——— *Trap.*
Then, while his glowing Fortune yet was warm,
And ſcatt'ring Terror ſpread the wild Alarm,
Swift to the hoſtile Camp he bent his Way,
And led the Soldier greedy to the Prey.

Plena, viri, dixit: ſupereſt pro ſanguine merces,
Quod monſtrare meum eſt: nec enim donare voca
Quod ſibi quiſque dabit. Cunctis en plena metalli
Caſtra patent: raptum Heſperiis è gentibus aurum
Hic jacet: Eoáſque premunt tentoria gazas.

Tot regum fortuna ſimul, Magníque coacta
Expectat dominos: propera præcedere, Miles,
Quos ſequeris: quaſcunque tuas Pharſalia fecit,
A victis rapiantur opes.——————

——————Nec plura locutus
Impulit amentes, auríque cupidine cæcos
Ire ſuper gladios, ſupráque cadavera patrum,
Et cæſos calcare duces. Quæ foſſa, quis agger
Suſtineat pretium belli, ſcelerúmque petentes?

Invenere quidem ſpoliato plurima mundo,
Bellorum in ſumptus congeſtæ pondere maſſæ.
——————Capit improba plebes
Ceſpite patricio ſomnos: vacuúmque cubile
Regibus infandus miles premit.—— *Lucan.* Li

METRICUS.

UT, mala quem ſcabies, aut morbus regius ur
Aut fanaticus error, & iracunda Diana,
Veſanum tetigiſſe timent, fugiúntque Poëtam,
Qui ſapiunt.—————————— *Hor. A*

Nec ſatis apparet, cur Verſus factitet: utrum
Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triſte bidental
Moverit inceſtus. Certè furit: ac velut urſus,
Objectos caveæ valuit ſi frangere clathros,
Indoctum doctúmque fugat recitator acerbos:

Behold, he cries, our Victory compleat,
The glorious Recompence attends You yet:
Much have You done to Day for *Cæſar*'s ſake;
'Tis mine to ſhew the Prey, 'tis your's to take:
'Tis your's, whate'er the vanquiſh'd Foe has left,
'Tis what your Valour gain'd, and not my Gift.
Treaſures immenſe yon wealthy Tents infold,
The Gems of *Aſia*, and *Heſperian* Gold.
For You the once great *Pompey*'s Store attends,
With regal Spoils of his Barbarian Friends:
Haſte then, prevent the Foe, and ſeize that Good,
For which you paid ſo well with *Roman* Blood.
He ſaid: and with the Rage of Rapine ſtung,
The Multitude tumultuous ruſh along.
On Swords, and Spears, on Sires and Sons they tread,
And all remorſeleſs ſpurn the gory Dead.
What Trench can intercept, what Fort withſtand
The brutal Soldier's rude rapacious Hand,
When eager to his Crime's Reward he flies,
And bath'd in Blood, demands the horrid Prize?
There Wealth collected from the World around,
The deſtin'd Recompence of War, they found.
Then in Patrician Tents Plebeians reſt,
And regal Couches are by Ruffians preſs'd.—— *Rowe.*

POETASTER.

A Mad Dog's Foam, th' Infection of the Plague,
And all the Judgments of the angry Gods
Are not avoided more by Men of Senſe,
Than Poetaſters in their raging Fits.—— *Roſcommon.*
'Tis hard to ſay, whether for Sacriledge,
Or Inceſt, or ſome more unheard-of Crime,
The rhyming Fiend is ſent into theſe Men:
But they are all moſt viſibly poſſeſs'd:
And like a baited Bear when he breaks looſe,
Without Diſtinction ſeize on all they meet:
Learn'd, or unlearn'd, none 'ſcape within their Reach,
Sticking

Quem verò arripuit, tenet, occîdítque legendo,
Nec miſſura cutem, niſi plena cruoris, hirudo.——

Ibid.

Suffenus iſte, Varre, quem probe noſti,
Homo eſt venuſtus, & dicax, & urbanus,
Idemque longe plurimos facit verſus.
Puto eſſe ego illi millia aut decem, aut plura,
Præſcripta: nec ſic, ut fit, in palimpſeſto
Relata. chartæ regiæ, novi libri,
Novi umbilici, lora rubra, membrana
Directa plumbo, & pumice omnia æquata.

Hæc quum legas, tum bellus ille & urbanus
Suffenus, unus caprimulgus aut foſſor
Rurſus videtur: tantum abhorret, ac mutat.
Hoc quid putemus eſſe? qui modo ſcurra,
Aut ſi quid hac re tritius videbatur,
Idem inficeto eſt inficetior rure:
Simul poëmata attigit. neque idem unquam
Æque eſt beatus, ac poëma quum ſcribit.
Tam gaudet in ſe, tamque ſeipſe miratur.——

Catul.

POESIS. CARMINA. Vide POETA. STYLUS.

SIlveſtres homines ſacer interpréſque Deorum
Cædibus, & victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus,
Dictus ab hoc lenire tigres rabidóſque leones.
Dictus & Amphion Thebanæ conditor arcis
Saxa movere ſono teſtudinis, & prece blandâ
Ducere quò vellet. Fuit hæc ſapientia quondam,
Publica privatis ſecernere, ſacra profanis:
Concubitu prohibere vago: dare jura maritis:
Oppida moliri: leges incîdere ligno.
Sic honor & nomen divinis Vatibus, atque
Carminibus venit.——————

Hor. de Art. Poet.

Ut

king like Leeches 'till they burſt with Blood,)
iout Remorſe inſatiably they read,
never leave 'till they have read Men dead.—— *Id.*
Suffenus, whom You know, the witty,
he gay, the talkative, and pretty:
nd, all his Wonders to rehearſe,
he Thing which makes a World of Verſe:
n certain I ſhould not belie him,
o ſay he 'as ſev'ral Thouſands by him,
et none deform'd with critic Blot,
r wrote on Vellum to rub out.
oyal Paper! Scarlet Strings!
ilded Backs! and ſuch fine Things!
it——when you read 'em, then the witty
ay *Suffenus*, and the pretty,
the dulleſt heavieſt Clown,
) alter'd he can ſcarce be known.
his is ſtrange, that He, who now,
)uld ſo flatter, laugh, and bow,
) much Wit, ſuch Breeding ſhow,
iould be ſo ungenteel a Wight,
'henever he attempts to write.
nd yet the Wretch is ne'er ſo pleas'd,
s when he's with this Madneſs ſeiz'd.—— *Anon.*

POETRY. See POET. STYLE.

Rpheus, by Harmony divine, ſubdu'd
Man's ſavage Nature, and his Thirſt of Blood:
this the ſacred Bard was ſaid t'aſſwage
Tyger's Fury, and the Lion's Rage:
when *Amphion* built the *Theban* Wall,
is feign'd the liſt'ning Stones obey'd his Muſick's Call.
: was contrived then to make Folks wiſe,
:heriſh Virtue, and diſcourage Vice:
ep'rate Actions ſacred and prophane,
reſs wild Luſt, and link the nuptial Chain:
'rs it plann'd out, and inſtituted Laws.
se Bards were call'd divine, and Verſe acquir'd Ap-
plauſe,—— *Ames alter'd.*

Poems

Ut pictura, poëfis erit: quæ, ſi propriùs ſtes,
Te capiet magis, & quædam, ſi longiùs abſtes.
Hæc amat obſcurum: volet hæc ſub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen. [*Hor. Art. Po.*
Hæc placuit ſemel: hæc decies repetita placebit.——

Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæſitum eſt. Ego nec ſtudium ſine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid proſit video ingenium: alterius ſic
Altera poſcit opem res, & conjurat amicè.——
Hor. Art. Poet.

At qui legitimum cupiet feciſſe Poëma,
Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti:
Audebit quæcumque parum ſplendoris habebunt,
Et ſine pondere erunt & honore indigna feruntur,
Verba movere loco: quamvis invita recedant,
Et verſentur adhuc intra penetralia Veſtæ.
Obſcurata diu populo, bonus eruet, atque
Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum:
Quæ priſcis memorata Catonibus, atque Cethegis,
Nunc ſitus informis premit, & deſerta vetuſtas.
Adſciſſet nova, quæ genitor produxerit uſus:
Vehemens & liquidus, puróque ſimillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiúmque beabit divite lingua.
Luxuriantia compeſcet: nimis aſpera ſano
Lævabit cultu: virtute carentia tollet:
Ludentis ſpeciem dabit, & torquebitur.—*Hor.* Lib. II. Ep. 2.

Quis populi ſermo eſt? quis enim? niſi carmina molli
Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per læve ſeveros
Effundat junctura ungues. Scit tendere verſum
Non ſecus ac ſi oculo rubricam dirigat uno.
Sive opus in mores, in luxum, in prandia regum,

Dicere

Poems (like Pictures) are of diff'rent Sorts:
ome better at a Diſtance, others near:
ome love the Dark, ſome chuſe the cleareſt Light,
nd boldly challenge the moſt piercing Eye:
ome pleaſe for once, ſome will for ever pleaſe.—*Roſcommon.*

* Now ſome diſpute, to which the greateſt Part
A Poem owes, to *Nature*, or to *Art:*
ut Troth, to ſpeak my Thoughts, I hardly know,
What *witleſs Art*, or *artleſs Wit* can do.
ach by itſelf is vain, I'm ſure: but join'd, [*Creech.*
heir Force is ſtrong, each proves the other's Friend.—
Whoe'er would form a valuable Poem,
Muſt rigorouſly diſcharge the Cenſor's Part,
And dare reject whatever Words appear
Or void of Elegance, or Weight, or Worth;
Tho' faſhionable, tho' rever'd they be.
Words our Forefathers us'd, if apt and juſt,
Tho' obſolete, and to our Ears uncouth,
He muſt revive, and bring to Light again.
Such new Expreſſions let him authorize
As Cuſtom ſhall produce: and with freſh Stores
Inrich his Mother Tongue, till it becomes
Like ſome fam'd River, flowing, full, and clear.
Whate'er's redundant let him wiſely prune:
often what's harſh; reject what is unfit;
And turn, and wind, and work them ev'ry Way.

What is the Verſe in Vogue?—When Numbers flow,
oft without Senſe, and without Spirit flow:
o ſmooth and equal that no Sight can find
The Paſſage where the poliſh'd Piece was joyn'd.
o even all, with ſuch a ſteady View,
As if he ſhut one Eye to level true.
Whether the vulgar Vice his Paſſion ſtings,
The People's Riots, or the Rage of Kings:

* Some think that Poets may be form'd by Art,
Others maintain that Nature makes them ſo:
I neither ſee what Art without a Vein,
Nor Wit, without the *Help of Art*, can do:
But mutually they need each other's Aid.——— Roſcommon.

The

Dicere res grandes noſtro dat Muſa Poëtæ.——

Perſ. Sat. I.

POETÆ.

ILLE per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire Poëta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,
Ut magus: & modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.—

Hor. Lib. I. Epiſt. 2.

Ille bonis faveâtque, & conſilietur amicis:
Et regat iratos, & amet peccare timentes.
Ille dapes laudet menſæ brevis: ille ſalubrem
Juſtitiam, legéſque, & apertis otia portis.
Ille tegat commiſſa, Deóſque precetur, & oret,
Ut redeat miſeris, abeat fortuna ſuperbis.——

Hor. Art. Poet.

Quid petitur ſacris, niſi tantùm fama, Poëtis?
Hoc votum noſtri ſumma laboris habet.
Cura ducum fuerant olim, regumque Poëtæ:
Præmiáque antiqui magna tulere chori:
Sanctáque majeſtas, & erat venerabile nomen
Vatibus, & largæ ſæpe dabantur opes.
Ennius emeruit Calabris in montibus ortus,
Contiguus poni Scipio magne tibi.
Nunc ederæ ſine honore jacent: operatáque doctis
Cura vigil muſis, nomen inertis habet.——

Ovid. Art. Lib. III.

——Inſidiæ ſacris à vatibus abſunt:
Et facit ad mores ars quoque noſtra bonos.
Nec nos ambitio, nec nos amor urget habendi:
Contempto colitur lectus & umbra foro.

Scilicet

The gentle Poet is alike in all:
The Reader hopes no Riſe, and fears no Fall.—*Dryden.*

POETS.

LET me for once preſume t' inſtruct the Times,
To know the Poet from the Man of Rhimes:
'Tis He who gives my Breaſt a thouſand Pains,
Can make me feel each Paſſion that he feigns,
Enrage, compoſe, with more than magic Art,
With Pity, and with Terror, tare my Heart:
And ſnatch me o'er the Earth, or thro' the Air,
To *Thebes*, to *Athens*, when he will, and where.— *Pope.*

The Good to cheriſh, Friends to reconcile:
The Furious to reſtrain, and love the Man
Who fears a wicked Deed: Temp'rance to praiſe;
Strict Juſtice, and his Country's Laws ſupport:
To preach up ſacred Hoſpitality,
And to conceal, not aggravate Miſtakes,
Becomes the Poet.—He too implores the Gods
To raiſe the wretched, and the Proud pull down.——

What ſeeks the Poet for, but only Fame?
Nought crowns his Labours but an empty Name.
By Kings and Heroes, as old Authors ſhew,
Poets, in ancient Times,——————
Were lov'd, protected, and rewarded too.
Then to the Name much Rev'rence was allow'd,
And they with rich Poſſeſſions were endow'd.
Ennius with Honours was by *Scipio* grac'd,
And, next his own, the Poet's Statue plac'd.
But now their ivy Crowns bear no Eſteem,
And all their Learning's thought an idle Dream.——
Congreve alter'd.

No Fraud the Poet's ſacred Breaſt can bear,
Mild are his Manners, and his Heart ſincere:
Nor Wealth he ſeeks, nor feels Ambition's Fires,
But ſhuns the Bar, and Books and Shades requires.

——Our

Scilicet ingenium placida mollitur ab arte:
Et ſtudio mores convenienter eunt.
Eſt Deus in nobis, ſunt & commercia cœli
Sedibus æthereis ſpiritus ille venit.—— *Ibid.*
————Pictoribus atque Poëtis
Quidlibet audendi ſemper fuit æqua poteſtas.— *Hor. Art.*

Aut prodeſſe volunt, aut delectare poëtæ:
Aut ſimul & jucunda, & idonea dicere vitæ.—— *Ibid.*

Exit in immenſum fecunda licentia vatum,
Obligat hiſtorica nec ſua verba fide.— *Ov.* III. *Am.* 11.

Ficta, voluptatis cauſa, ſint proxima veris.———
Hor. Art.

Scribimus indocti, doctique poëmata paſſim.
Hic error tamen, & levis hæc inſania, quantas
Virtutes habeat, ſic collige. Vatis avarus
Non temerè eſt animus: verſus amat: hoc ſtudet unum
Detrimenta, fugas ſervorum, incendia ridet:
Non fraudem ſocio, pueróve incogitat ullam
Pupillo: vivit ſiliquis, & pane ſecundo.
Militiæ quamquam piger, & malus, utilis urbi.
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari:
Os tenerum pueri, balbùmque Poëta figurat:
Torquet ab obſcenis jam nunc ſermonibus aurem:
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Aſperitatis & invidiæ corrector, & iræ.
Rectè facta refert: orientia tempora notis
Inſtruit exemplis: inopem ſolatur, & ægrum.——
Hor. Lib. II. Epiſt. 1
Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, paritérque monendo.——

Maxima pars vatum, pater, & juvenes patre digni,
Decipimur ſpecie recti: brevis eſſe laboro
Obſcurus fio: ſectantem levia, nervi
Deficiunt, animique: profeſſus grandia, turget:
Serpit humi tutus nimiùm, timidúſque procellæ.

POETS.

—Our ſofter Studies with our Souls combine,
ıd, both, to Tenderneſs our Hearts incline:
nething divine is in Us, and from Heav'n
' inſpiring Spirit can alone be giv'n.—— *Co*
Painters and Poets have been ſtill allow'd
eir Pencils and their Fancies unconfin'd.—— *K*
A Poet ſhould inform us, or divert:
joyning both he ſhews his greateſt Art.———
'oets may take a boundleſs Liberty,
r are confin'd to Truths in Hiſtory.———
ut let whate'er of Fiction, You bring in,
ſo like Truth, to ſeem, at leaſt, a-kin.——
earn'd or unlearn'd we write:—we're Poets all.
this Miſtake, a Madneſs tho' it be,
ıduces ſuch good Qualities as theſe:
e Poet's Soul is free from Avarice:
: Muſe his Miſtreſs, her alone he courts:
l laughs at Loſſes, Robberies, or Fires.
Friend he will not cheat, nor wrong his Ward.
entedly he lives on homely Fare:
tho' unactive, and for War unfit,
ɔme he dwells, a uſeful Citizen.
Things are brought about by humble Means:
's ſtammering Tongue the Poet forms to Speech:
leud Expreſſions guards the tender Ears,
enerous Precepts pours into the Soul,
ing Envy, Savageneſs, and Rage.
ghtly he relates: the riſing Age
eat Examples fires: the Sick revives,
the Wretched Conſolation brings.——
Whoever joins Inſtruction with Delight,
with Profit, is moſt ſurely right.
'oets fall into the groſſeſt Faults,
by a ſeeming Excellence.
g to be ſhort, they grow obſcure:
they would write ſmoothly, they want Strength
its ſink: while Others, that affect
le, ſwell to a Tympany.
ous Wretches ſtart at ev'ry Blaſt,

Qui variare cupit rem prodigialitér unam,
Delphinum ſylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.
In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, ſi caret arte.——
Hor. Art P

Deſcriptas ſervare vices, operúmque colores,
Cur ego, ſi nequeo, ignoróque, Poëta ſalutor?—— *I*

Sed Vatem egregium, cui non ſit publica vena,
Qui nihil expoſitum ſoleat deducere, nec qui
Communi feriat carmen triviale monetâ:
Hunc, qualem nequeo monſtrare, & ſentio tantùm,
Anxietate carens animus facit, omnis acerbi
Impatiens, cupidus ſylvarum, aptúſque bibendis
Fontibus Aonidum; neque enim cantare ſub antro
Pierio, thyrsùmve poteſt contingere ſana
Paupertas, atque æris inops, quo nocte diéque
Corpus eget. Satur eſt, cum dicit Horatius, Euhoe!
Qui locus ingenio, niſi cùm ſe carmine ſolo
Vexant?—————— *Juv.* Sat. V

ARS POLITICA.

JUS, & fas multos faciunt, Ptolemæe, nocentes:
Dat pœnas laudata fides, cùm ſuſtinet, inquit,
Quos fortuna premit: fatis accede, deiſque:
Et cole felices, miſeros fuge. Sidera terrâ

And fearing Tempeſts, dare not leave the Shore:
Others in love with wild Variety,
Draw Boars in Waves, and Dolphins in a Wood.
Thus fear of erring, joyn'd with want of Skill,
Is the moſt certain Way of erring ſtill.—— *Roſcommon.*

If I diſcern not the true Stile, and Air,
Nor how to give the proper Character
To ev'ry Kind of Work, how dare I claim,
And challenge to myſelf a Poet's Name?——

But he, whoſe noble Genius is allow'd,
Who with ſtretch'd Pinions ſoars above the Crowd,
Who mighty Thought can cloath with manly Dreſs,
He, whom I fancy, but can ne'er expreſs:
Such, ſuch a Wit, tho' rarely to be found,
Muſt be ſecure from Want, if not abound:
Eaſy and Quiet in his Mind muſt be,
From Care, from Buſ'neſs, and from Trouble free.
He muſt have Groves, and lonely Fountains chuſe,
And pleaſing Solitudes to bait his Muſe;
Unvex'd with Thought of Wants which may betide,
Or for to Morrow's Dinner to provide.
Horace ne'er wrote but with a roſy Cheek,
Full were his Pockets, and his Sides were ſleek.
A Wit ſhould have no Care, or this alone,
To make his riſing Numbers juſtly run.— *Dryden* jun.

POLICY of STATE.

TO ſtricteſt * Juſtice many Ills belong,
And Honeſty is often in the Wrong:
Chiefly when ſtubborn Rules her Zealots puſh,
To favour thoſe whom Fortune means to cruſh.
But thou, Oh royal *Ptolemy!* be wiſe:
Change with the Gods, and fly whom Fortune flies.

* Maxims of *Pothinus*, Privy-Counſellor to *Ptolemy* King of *Egypt*.

Ut diſtant, & flamma mari, ſic utile recto.
Sceptrorum vis tota perit, ſi pendere juſta
Incipit: evertítque arces reſpectus honeſti.

Libertas ſcelerum eſt, quæ regna inviſa tuetur,
Sublatúſque modus gladiis: facere omnia ſævè
Non impune licet, niſi cùm facis: exeat aulâ,
Qui vult eſſe pius: virtus & ſumma poteſtas
Non coëunt: ſemper metuet, quem ſæva pudebunt.

Nulla fides unquam miſeros elegit amicos.———
Lucan. Lib. VI
———Nec jura, fidémque,
Reſpectúmque deûm veteris ſperavêris aulæ.
Nec pudet aſſuetos ſceptris: mitiſſima ſors eſt
Regnorum ſub rege novo.——— *Ib*

POPULARITAS.

QUoque modo vanos populi conciret amores,
Gnarus & irarum cauſas, & ſumma favoris
Annonâ momenta trahi. Namque aſſerit urbes
Sola fames, emitúrque metus, cùm ſegne potentes
Vulgus alunt. Neſcit plebes jejuna timere.———
Lucan. Lib. II

PORTENTA. PRODIGIA. Vide OMINA.

SUperi———rumpere quanquam
Ferrea non poſſunt veterum decreta ſororum,
Signa tamen luctus dant haud incerta futuri.

Am

Not Earth from yon high Heav'n which we admire,
Not from the watry Element the Fire,
Are ſever'd by Diſtinctions half ſo wide,
As Int'reſt and Integrity divide.
The mighty Pow'r of Kings no more prevails,
When Juſtice comes with her deciding Scales:
Freedom for all Things, and a lawleſs Sword,
Alone ſupport an arbitrary Lord.
He that is cruel, muſt be bold in Ills,
And find his Safety from the Blood he ſpills.
For Piety, and Virtue's ſtarving Rules,
To mean Retirements let 'em lead their Fools:
There may they ſtill inglorioufly be good:
None can be ſafe in Courts, who bluſh at Blood.
The Prudent on the Proſp'rous ſtill depends, [*Rowe.*
And, none but Fools, chuſe Wretches for their Friends.—
Truſt not a Pow'r accuſtom'd to be Great,
And vers'd in wicked Policies of State.
Old Kings long harden'd in the regal Trade,
By Int'reſt and by Craft alone are ſway'd:
But new Ones make ſome Conſcience of their Truſt,
And to their People are benign and juſt.—— *Id.*

POPULARITY.

CAreful to purchaſe popular Applauſe,
And gain the giddy Vulgar to his Cauſe:
He knew the conſtant Practice of the Great,
That thoſe who court the Vulgar, bid them eat.
When pinch'd with Want, all Rev'rence they withdraw:
For hungry Multitudes obey no Law.
Thus therefore Factions make their Parties good,
And buy Authority and Pow'r with Food.—— *Rowe.*

PORTENTS. PRODIGIES. See OMENS.

THE Gods can't alter Fate's reſiſtleſs Will:
But They, by Signs, foretell th' approaching Ill.

Arma ferunt inter nigras crepitantia nubes,
Terribiléſque tubas, auditaque cornua cœlo.
Præmonuiſſe nefas. Phœbi quoque triſtis imago
Lurida ſollicitis præbebat lumina terris.
Sæpe faces viſæ mediis ardere ſub aſtris:
Sæpe inter nimbos guttæ cecidere cruentæ.
Cærulus & vultum ferrugine Lucifer atra
Sparſus erat: ſparſi Lunares ſanguine currus.
Triſtia mille locis Stygius dedit omina bubo:
Mille locis lacrymavit ebur: cantúſque feruntur
Auditi, ſanctis & verba minacia lucis.

Victima nulla litat: magnóſque inſtare tumultus
Fibra monet: cæsúmque caput reperitur in extis.
Inque foro, circumque domos, & templa Deorum
Nocturnos ululaſſe canes: umbráſque ſilentum
Erraviſſe ferunt: motámque tremoribus urbem.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XV.

Sol etiam extincto miſeratus Cæſare Romam,
Cum caput obſcurâ nitidum ferrugine texit,
Impiaque æternam timuerunt ſæcula noctem.
Tempore quamquam illo tellus quoque, & æquora ponti,
Obſcœníque canes, importunæque volucres
Signa dabant. Quoties Cyclopum effervere in agros
Vidimus undantem ruptis fornacibus Ætnam,
Flammarúmque globos, liquefactáque volvere ſaxa?
Armorum ſonitum toto Germania cœlo
Audiit, inſolitis tremuerunt motibus Alpes.
Vox quoque per lucos vulgo exaudita ſilentes
Ingens, & ſimulacra modis pallentia miris
Viſa ſub obſcurum noctis: pecudéſque locutæ,
Infandum! ſiſtunt amnes, terræque dehiſcunt:
Et mœſtum illacrymat templis ebur, æráque ſudant.
Proluit inſano contorquens vortice ſylvas
Fluviorum rex Eridanus, campóſque per omnes

Cum

Dreadful were heard, among the Clouds, Alarms
Of ecchoing Trumpets, and of claſhing Arms.
The Sun's pale Image gave ſo faint a Light,
That the ſad Earth was almoſt veil'd in Night.
The ſtarry Sky with fiery Meteors glow'd,
And with the Rain were mingled Drops of Blood,
A duſky Hue the Morning Star o'erſpread,
And the Moon's Orb was ſtain'd with Spots of Red.
In ev'ry Place portentous Shrieks were heard,
The fatal Warnings of th' infernal Bird:
In ev'ry Place the Marble melts to Tears:
While in the Groves, rever'd thro' length of Years,
Boding and aweful Sounds the Ear invade,
And ſolemn Muſic warbles thro' the Shade.
No Victims can the Wrath of Heav'n aſſwage:
The Intrails of the Sacrifice preſage
Our Head cut off, and Tumult, War, and Rage.
Around each hallow'd Shrine, and ſacred Dome,
Night-howling Dogs diſturb the peaceful Gloom:
Their ſilent Seats the wandring Shades forſake,
And fearful Tremblings the rock'd City ſhake.— *Welſted.*

The Sun, at *Cæſar*'s Murder, pitying *Rome*,
With duſky Scurf obſcur'd his beamy Head,
And impious Mortals fear'd eternal Night.
Tho' at that Time Earth too, and ſpacious Seas,
And Dogs obſcene, and ill-preſaging Birds
Have dire Portents. How oft have we beheld
Loud thund'ring *Ætna* from Volcanos burſt,
Deluge with liquid Fire *Cyclopean* Fields,
And toſs huge Balls of Flame, and molten Stones?
O'er all the Sky *Germania* heard the Clank
Of Arms: Unuſual ſhudd'rings rock'd the *Alps*:
And oft in ſilent Woods were Voices more
Than human heard: And Spectres wondrous pale
Seen in the Duſk of Ev'ning: Oxen ſpoke,
Horrid to tell!) Earth yawn'd, and Streams ſtood ſtill:
Temples mourning Iv'ry wept: and Braſs
Sweated: *Eridanus*, ſupreme of Rivers,

Continuo cladis nominum venturaque
Auſpiciis patuere Deûm ; namque orbe cru
Deformis Titan vultus caligine texit :
Civiles acies jam tum ſpirare putares.
Parte alia plenos extinxit Cynthia vultus,
Et lucem ſceleri ſubduxit : rupta tonabant
Verticibus laſſis montis juga, nec vaga pa
Flumina per notas ibant morientia ripas.
Armorum ſtrepitu cœlum ſurit, & tuba l
Sideribus tranſmiſſa ciet : jamque Ætna v
Ignibus inſolitis, & in æthera fulmina mit
Ecce inter tumulos, atque oſſa carentia bi
Umbrarum facies diro ſtridore minatur.
Fax ſtellis comitata novis incendia ducit :
Sanguineóque recens deſcendit Juppiter ir

Dos. Vide Uxor

NEC Veneris pharetris macer eſt, aut
Inde faces ardent, veniunt à Dote ſa

With roaring Inundation, o'er the Plains,
Swept Woods away, and Cattle, with their Stalls.
Nor did, mean-while, th' ill-boding Fibres ceaſe
To menace Fate: nor Blood to riſe in Wells:
Nor Cities loudly to reſound with Wolves
Howling by Night. Ne'er, from unclouded Sky,
Did Lightnings with more nimble Flaſhes glare:
Nor e'er ſo thick did baleful Comets blaze.—— *Trap.*

The Gods by dreadful Omens ſtraight diſclos'd
The deathful Horrors of approaching Fate.
The Sun in gloomy Clouds obſcur'd his Rays,
As if he mourn'd our civil Wars begun:
While trembling *Cynthia* fled the impious Sight,
Hid her full Orb, and from the World withdrew.
Mountains by ſudden Storms were over-turn'd:
And erring Rivers left their Channels dry.
The Noiſe of Armour rattles thro' the Air,
And from the Clouds ſhrill Trumpets ſound a Charge.
Fierce *Ætna* belches forth uncommon Fires,
And darts it's Lightnings upwards to the Skies.
Unbury'd Ghoſts wander amongſt the Tombs,
With horrid Screams denouncing dreadful Woes.
A fiery Comet ſhakes it's blazing Hair: [jun.
And wond'ring *Jove* deſcends in Show'rs of Blood.—*Addiſ.*

PORTION. See WIFE.

THE Darts of *Venus* and her Torch He ſcorns;
The Fortune charms him: 'tis for that he burns.—
Dryden.

What the World calls a Portion with a Wife,
I boaſt not of as ſuch: But Chaſtity,
Becoming Shame, and moderate Deſires:
My Fear of Heav'n, my Fondneſs of my Parents,
My Friendſhip and Regard for our Relations,
The Courſe of my Behaviour towards Yourſelf:
My Bounty to the Good, and my Concern
To cheriſh Virtue, and reward the Virtuous.——

A vir-

Dos eſt, magna parentium
Virtus, & metuens alterius viri
Certo fœdere caſtitas.——
Hor. Lib. III. Od. 24.

PAUPERTAS.

MAgnum Pauperies opprobrium, jubet
Quidvis & facere, & pati:
Virtutiſque viam deſerit arduæ.——
Hor. Lib. III. Od. 24.

Quantum quiſque ſua nummorum ſervat in arca,
Tantum habet & fidei: jures licet & ſamothracum
Et noſtrorum aras, contemnere fulmina pauper
Creditur atque deos, diis ignoſcentibus ipſis.——
Juv. Sat. X.

Nil habet infelix Paupertas durius in ſe,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.—— *Ibid.*
Haud facilè emergunt, quorum virtutibus obſtat
Res anguſta domi.—— *Ibid.*

Lectus erat Codro Proculâ minor, urceoli ſex,
Ornamenti abaci, nec non & parvulus infra
Cantharus, & recubans ſub eodem marmore Chiron:
Jamque vetus Græcos ſervabat ciſta libellos,
Et divina opici rodebant Carmina mures.
Nil habuit Codrus: quis enim negat? & tamen illud
Perdidit infelix totum nil: ultimus autem
Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum & fruſtra rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hoſpitio, tectóque juvabit.——
Juv. Sat. III.

Curia

A virtuous Anceſtry, a Mind ſo chaſte,
So ſtrictly faithful to the nuptial Tye,
It dreads the Thought of any other Man:
Theſe are an ample Portion with a Wife.——

POVERTY.

DIſgraceful Poverty does Man expoſe
To ſuffer Life's ſevereſt Woes,
And act the worſt of Crimes:—far, far aſtray
It leads from rigid Virtue's Way.——
Obſerve what Caſh a Perſon has in Store,
Juſt ſo much Credit has he, and no more:
Should'ſt Thou upon a thouſand Bibles ſwear,
And call each Saint throughout the Kalendar
To vouch thy Oath, it won't be taken here.
The Poor ſlight Heav'n and Thunder-bolts, we think,
And Heav'n itſelf does at ſuch Trifles wink.— *Dryden.*
Nothing, in Poverty, ſo ill is born,
As its expoſing Men to grinning Scorn.——
Rarely they riſe by Virtue's Aid, who lie
Plung'd in the Depth of helpleſs Poverty.——
* *Codrus* had but one Bed, ſo ſhort to boot,
That his ſhort Wife's ſhort Legs hung dangling out:
His Cupboard's Head ſix earthen Pitchers grac'd;
Beneath 'em was his truſty Tankard plac'd:
And to ſupport this noble Plate, there lay
A bending *Chiron* caſt from honeſt Clay.
His few *Greek* Books a rotten Cheſt contain'd,
Whoſe Covers much of Mouldineſs complain'd:
Where Mice and Rats devour'd poetic Bread,
And with heroic Verſe luxuriantly were fed.
'Tis true, poor *Codrus* Nothing had to boaſt,
And yet poor *Codrus* all that Nothing loſt:
Begg'd naked thro' the Streets of wealthy *Rome*,
And found not one, to feed, or take him home.—*Dryd.*

* *Codrus* was a learned Man, very poor, and by his Books ſuppoſed to be a Poet.

Courts

Curia pauperibus clauſa eſt: dat cenſus honores,
Cenſus amicitias: Pauper ubique jacet.——*Ovid. Eleg.*

Quanquam res noſtræ ſunt, pater, pauperculæ:
Modicè, & modeſtè melius eſt vitam vivere.
Nam ſi ad paupertatem admigrant infamiæ
Gravior paupertas fit, fides ſubleſtior.—— *Plaut. Perſ.*

VENENUM.

IPSE cruor, gelido ceu quondam lamina candens
Tincta lacu, ſtridit: coquitúrque oriente veneno.
——————Sorbent avidæ præcordia flammæ:
Cœruleúſque fluit toto de corpore ſudor:
Ambuſtíque ſonant nervi: coeciique medullis
Tabe liquefactis.—————— *Ovid. Met.* Lib. IX.

Hic magicos affert cantus, hic Theſſala vendit
Philtra, quibus valeant mentem vexare mariti,
Et ſoleâ pulſare nates. quòd deſipis, inde eſt:
Inde animi caligo, & magna oblivio rerum,
Quas modo geſſiſti.——————————

Juv. Sat. VI.

LAUS.

IN freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ
Luſtrabunt convexa, polus dum ſidera paſcet:
Semper honos, nomenq; tuum, laudéſq; manebunt.—*Æn.* I.

——————O Fama ingens, ingentior armis,
Vir Trojane, quibus cœlo te laudibus æquem?
Juſtitiænè prius mirer, bellinè laborum?——

Æn. Lib. XI.

Si titulos annóſque tuos numerare velimus,
Facta premant annos. Pro te, fortiſſime, vota
Publica ſuſcipimus: Bacchi tibi ſumimus hauſtus:
Conſonat aſſenſu populi, precibúſque faventum
Regia: nec tota triſtis locus ullus in urbe eſt.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. VII.

Vitis

Courts to the Poor are ſhut: Wealth Honour gains,
And Wealth gets Friends: but each the Poor diſdains.—
Therefore, Father, ſince our Circumſtances are but indifferent, it's our beſt Way to live modeſtly and ſparingly: for ſhould an ill Reputation be added to our Poverty, it would make our Poverty ſtill more grievous, and endanger our Honeſty.——

POYSON.

LIKE red-hot Steel in Water drench'd, his Blood
Hiſs'd with the Venom, all one boiling Flood:
Now with the greedy Flame his Entrails glow,
And livid Sweats down all his Body flow:
The cracking Nerves, burnt up, are burſt in twain,
The lurking Venom melts his ſwimming Brain.— *Gay.*

The craving Wife the Force of Magic tries,
And Philters for th' unable Huſband buys:
The Potion works not on the Part deſign'd,
But turns his Brain, and ſtupifies his Mind.
A long Oblivion, a benumbing Froſt,
Conſtrains his Head, and Yeſterday is loſt.—— *Dryden.*

PRAISE.

WHile Rivers ſeek the Sea, while Shades ſurround
The Mountains Sides, while Ether feeds the Stars:
Your Honour, Name, and Praiſe ſhall ever live—*Trap.*

O Great in Fame, but far more Great in Arms,
Brave *Trojan* Chief! what Praiſes ſhall I chuſe
To equal Thee with Heav'n? what ſhall I firſt
Admire? Thy Juſtice? or thy Deeds in War?—— *Id.*

When Fame to count thy Acts and Years proceeds,
Thy Years appear but Cyphers to thy Deeds!
For Thee, brave Youth! as for our Common-Wealth,
We pray: and drink, in yours, the public Health.
Your Praiſe the Nobles and Plebeians ſing,
With your lov'd Name the Court and Cottage ring:
'Tis You alone make all the People glad;
And *not a Soul in this* vaſt City's ſad.—— Tate.

Vitis ut arboribus decori eſt, ut vitibus uvæ,
Ut gregibus tauri, ſegetes ut pinguibus arvis:
Te decus omne tuis.—————— *Virg. Ecl.* V.
Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piſcis amabit,
Dumque thymo paſcentur apes, dum rore cicadæ:
Semper honos, noménq; tuum, laudéſq; manebunt.— *Ibid.*

Lenta ſalix quantum pallenti cedit olivæ,
Puniceis humilis quantum ſaliunca roſetis:
Judicio noſtro tantum tibi cedit Amyntas.—— *Ibid.*

PRECES. Vide VOTA.

PRima ferè vota, & cunctis notiſſima templis,
Divitiæ ut creſcant, ut opes, ut maxima toto
Noſtra ſit arca foro: ſed nulla aconita bibuntur
Fictilibus: tunc illa time, cùm pocula ſumes
Gemmata, & lato Setinum ardebit in auro.——
Juv. Sat. X.
Da ſpatium vitæ, multos da, Jupiter, annos:
Hoc recto vultu, ſolum hoc & pallidus optas.
Sed quàm continuis & quantis longa ſenectus
Plena malis!—————— *Ibid.*

Funde merum Genio: non tu prece poſcis emaci,
Quæ niſi ſeductis nequeas committere divis.
At bona pars procerûm tacitâ libabit acerrâ. [ſuuros
Haud cuivis promptum eſt, murmúrque humiléſque ſu-
Tollere de templis, & aperto vivere voto.

Mens bona, fama, fides: hæc clarè, & ut audiat hoſpes:
Iſta ſibi intorsùm, & ſub linguâ immurmurat: ô ſi
Ebullît patrui præclarum funus! & ô ſi
Sub raſtro crepet argenti mihi ſeria, dextro

Hercule!

As of the Trees the Glory is the Vine:
Grapes of the Vine: of Herds, the Bull: the Corn
Of fertile Fields: ſo Thou of all the Swains.—— *Trap.*
While Boars love Mountain Tops, while Fiſh the Streams:
While Bees ſuck Thyme, while Graſhoppers the Dew:
Thy Honour, Name, and Praiſe ſhall ever live.— *Id.*
As the tough Willow to the Olive yields,
The Cowſlip to the crimſon Roſe: ſo much
Amyntas, in my Judgment, yields to Thee.—— *Id.*

PRAYERS. See WISHES.

OF all our Vows, the firſt and chief Requeſt,
Of each, is to be richer than the reſt:
And yet no Doubts the poor Man's Draught controul;
He dreads no Poyſon in his homely Bowl.
Then fear the deadly Drug, when Gems divine
Enchaſe the Cup, and ſparkle in the Wine.—— *Dryden.*
O, Grant me Length of Life, and Years good Store
Heap on my Head, Great *Jove!* I aſk no more.
Thus, with a bold Aſſurance doſt Thou pray,
Tho' pale, for fear the God ſhould ſay Thee nay.
And yet what Ills continually a-wait
Helpleſs old Age, that miſerable State!—— *Id.* alter'd.
To thy good Genius pour the ſparkling Wine,
And pray:—thy Pray'rs will ſtand the Teſt of Heav'n;
Nor need'ſt Thou take the Gods aſide to hear 'em.
But many of the Great in Silence burn
Their coſtly Incenſe: for 'tis not convenient,
That ev'ry one ſhould from the Temple bring,
The Pray'r he whiſpers, to the public Ear.——
Grant me Good-nature, give me Fame, Great *Jove!*
And make me honeſt:—thus, the Knave aloud
Cries out, for to be heard:—but to himſelf
Inly he mutters;—O, would'ſt Thou but deign
To take away my wealthy Unkle's Life!
Or elſe,—O *Hercules!* would'ſt Thou vouchſafe
To guide my Rake upon the chinking Sound

Hercule! pupillùmve utinam, quem proximus hæres
Impello, expungam! namque eſt ſcabioſus, & acri
Bile tumet. Nereo jam tertia ducitur uxor.
Hæc ſanctè ut poſcas, Tiberino in gurgite mergis
Manè caput bis terque, & noctem flumine purgas.

Heus age, reſponde: (minimum eſt quod ſcire laboro,)
De Jove quid ſentis? eſtne, ut præponere cures
Hunc cuiquam? cuinam? vis Staio? an ſcilicet hæres
Quis potior judex, puerìſve quis aptior orbis?

Hoc igitur, quo tu Jovis aurem impellere tentas,
Dic agedum Staio: proh Jupiter! O bone, clamet,
Jupiter! at ſeſe non clamet Jupiter ipſe?

Ignoviſſe putas, quia, cùm tonat, ocyùs ilex
Sulfure diſcutitur ſacro, quàm tuque domuſque:
An quia non fibris ovium Ergannâque jubente
Triſte jaces, lucis, evitandùmque bidental,
Idcirco ſtolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam
Jupiter? aut quidnam eſt, qua tu mercede Deorum
Emeris auriculas? pulmone, & lactibus unctis?——
Perſ. Sat. II.

Orandum eſt, ut ſit mens ſana in corpore ſano.
Fortem poſce animam, & mortis terrore carentem,
Qui ſpatium vitæ extremum inter munera ponat
Naturæ, qui ferre queat quoſcunque labores.

Neſciat

ſome vaſt Treaſure!—Or,—Behold the Wretch,
/ Ward; how ſcabby and unſound he is;
uld I but tip him off, th' Eſtate were mine.
,—This is happy *Nereus*'s third Wife:
could I be ſo lucky!—Thus thou pray'ſt:
d; wickedly devout, at early Dawn,
rice doſt Thou plunge Thyſelf in *Tyber*'s Stream,
purge away the Night's Impurities.
ut, prithee tell me, ('tis a ſmall Requeſt,)
at Thou believ'ſt of *Jove*?—Is he, doſt think,
be preferr'd to Man?—To Man! What Man?—
y * *Staius* let's ſuppoſe; for he's the worſt.—
w art thou doubtful whether of the two,
us, or *Jove*, would prove the truſtier Guardian,
make the better Judge?———
ut come, let's try:—unfold to *Staius* ſtrait
at to *Jove*'s Ear thou boldly didſt impart;
us will cry, O righteous *Jupiter!*
ſt thou bear this!—And will not *Jove* himſelf,
t think, exclaim, and riſe to juſt Revenge?
ecauſe his Thunder ſplits ſome ancient Oak,
l is not darted at thy Houſe and Thee:
r ly'ſt thou dead; ſad Object! in the Grove,
ck down, amidſt thy Sacrifice, ev'n whilſt
: pious Prieſt performs the ſacred Rites:
refore thou fancieſt *Jove* thy Crime forgives,
l tamely lets thee take him by the Beard.
ut by what Gifts doſt Thou pretend to bribe
: Gods, to hear thy wicked Pray'rs, unpuniſh'd?
thy fat Off'rings their juſt Wrath appeaſe?——
'ray to the Gods: but be thy Pray'rs confin'd
Health of Body, and Content of Mind.
y for a Soul that dares grim Death defy,
l count it Nature's Priviledge to die:
ne, and manly, hardned to ſuſtain
: Load of Life, and exercis'd in Pain:

* *Staius* was a moſt corrupt and wicked Judge: He likewiſe poiſoned rother and his Brother's Wife.

Neſciat iraſci, cupiat nihil, & potiores
Herculis ærumnas credat, ſævóſque labores,
Et Venere, & cœnis, & plumis Sardanapali.——
Juv. Sat. 1

TEMERITAS.

AUdax omnia perpeti
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.
Audax Japeti genus
Ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit.
Poſt ignem ætheriâ domo
Subductum, macies, & nova febrium
Terris incubuit cohors:
Semotíque priùs tarda neceſſitas
Lethi, corripuit gradum.
Expertus vacuum Dædalus aëra
Pennis non homini datis.
Perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor.
Nil mortalibus arduum eſt.
Cœlum ipſum petimus ſtultitiâ: neque
Per noſtrum patimur ſcelus
Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina.——
Hor. Lib. I. Od. 3.

SUPERBIA. Vide JACTANTIA.

ECCE venit comitum Niobe celeberrima turba,
Veſtibus intexto Phrygiis ſpectabilis auro:
Et, quantum ira ſinit, formoſa: movénſque decoro
Cum capite immiſſos humerum per utrúmque capillos.
Conſtitit: utque oculos circumtulit alta ſuperbos:
Quis furor auditos, inquit, præponere viſis

Cœleſti

eſs of Rage, and Proof againſt Deſire,
all Things weighs, and nothing can admire:
dares prefer the Toils of *Hercules*,
alliance, Banquets, and ignoble Eaſe.— *Dryden alt.*

PRESUMPTION.

BOLD Man, that all Things dares eſſay,
Thro' Crimes forbidden makes his Way:
Bold *Japhet*'s Race, of Humankind
The Curſe, celeſtial Fire purloin'd:
The Fire celeſtial ill-obtain'd,
Strait, the wan ling'ring *Pthiſis* reign'd;
Came Fevers, with peſtif'rous Breath,
A ſpotted Legion! and ſlow Death,
Far off before, tho' ſure decreed,
Catch'd up his Steps, and march'd with Speed:
Preſumptuous *Dædalus!* he try'd
Thro' Air, with Wings to Man deny'd,
To journey: Raſh *Alcmena*'s Son
The Barriers broke of *Acheron*:
To Deeds ſtupendous Mortals riſe:
We e'en in Folly brave the Skies:
Nor ſuffer *Jove*, thro' ſtubborn Pride,
To lay th' uplifted Bolt aſide.—— *Welſted.*

PRIDE. See BOASTING.

SURrounded with a courtly Guard,
The royal *Niobè* in State appear'd:
d in Robes embroider'd o'er with Gold,
mad with Rage; yet lovely to behold:
eauteous Treſſes, o'er her Shoulders ſpread,
d with becoming Grace, whene'er ſhe mov'd her Head.
, darting round a proud diſdainful Look,
ughty Tone her haſty Paſſion broke,
thus began: What Madneſs this, to court
ddeſs founded merely on Report?

Cœleſtes? aut cur colitur Latona per aras:
Numen adhuc ſine thure meum eſt?——*Ov. Met.* Lib. VI.

In quamcunque domus adverto lumina partem,
Immenſæ ſpectantur opes. Accedit eodem
Digna Deâ facies.——————
Sum felix. Quis enim neget hoc? felíxque manebo.
Hoc quoque quis dubitet? tutam me copia fecit.
Major ſum, quam cui poſſit Fortuna nocere.
Multaque ut eripiat, multò mihi plura relinquet.——

Ibid.

Multi illum juvenes, multæ cupiere puellæ:
Sed fuit in tenera tam dira Superbia forma:
Nulli illum juvenes, nullæ tetigere puellæ.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. III.

Abſentis ranæ pullis vituli pede preſſis,
Unus ubi effugit, matri denarrat, ut ingens
Bellua cognatos eliſerit. Illa rogare,
Quantáne? num tandem, ſe inflans, ſic magna fuiſſet?
Major dimidio. Num tanto? Cùm magis, atque
Se magis inflaret: non, ſi te ruperis, inquit,
Pars eri.——————

Hor. Lib. II. Sat. 3.

Supplicantium Agmen Procedens. Vide Majeſtas.

INterea ad templum non æquæ Pallidis ibant
Crinibus Iliades paſſis, peplúmque ferebant
Suppliciter triſtes, & tunſæ pectora palmis.
Diva ſolo fixos oculos averſa tenebat.——

Æn. Lib. I.

Nec non ad templum ſummáſque ad Palladis arces
Subvehitur magnâ matrum regina catervâ,

Dona

are ye *Latona*'s fancy'd Power invoke,
hile yet no Altars to my Godhead ſmoke?—*Croxall* alt.
Where e'er around I turn my wond'ring Eyes,
y Riches glitter, and my Treaſures riſe:
ld too, th'unequall'd Beauties of my Face,
hoſe Charms celeſtial might a Goddeſs grace.
y Happineſs beyond all Doubt is fixt,
id with no Tincture of Misfortune mixt:
y Plenty guards me againſt future Ill,
id ſpite of Fortune I'll be happy ſtill:
and ſuperior to her giddy Power; [*Id.* alt.
r tho' ſhe much may take, ſhe ſtill muſt leave me more,—
Narciſſus many a blooming Youth careſs'd,
d many a Maid her Love for him confeſs'd:
t tho' his Form was ſoft, his Pride was ſuch,
at Youth, nor Maid, his haughty Heart could touch.
Whilſt the old Frog was gone to range abroad,
Ox came by, and on her young ones trod.
e 'ſcap'd, and told her, that a monſtrous Beaſt
d trampled on her Young, and kill'd the reſt.
w large, ſays ſhe; As large as I am now?
d ſwells:—Yes, yes, 'twas twice as large as You.
at! larger ſtill? and then ſhe ſwells again.
, larger much, and you contend in vain;
bear your Swelling, for you cannot be,
o' you ſhould burſt yourſelf, as large as he.—*Creech* alt.

PROCESSION. See MAJESTY.

[EAN while a mournful ſupplicating Train
Of *Trojan* Matrons, to *Minerva*'s Fane
ad Proceſſion with a Veil repair,
: their white Breaſts, and rend their flowing Hair.
nov'd with Pray'rs, diſdainfully ſhe frown'd,
l fixt her Eyes, relentleſs, on the Ground,—— *Pitt.*
ſean while the Queen to *Pallas*' ſtately Dome
idſt a num'rous Quire of Matrons, rode,

Dona ferens: juxtaque comes Lavinia virgo,
Cauſa mali tanti, atque oculos dejecta decoros.
Succedunt matres, & templum thure vaporant,
Et mœſtas alto fundunt de limine voces:
Armipotens belli præſes, Tritonia virgo,
Frange manu telum Phrygii prædonis, & ipſum
Pronum ſterne ſolo, portiſque effunde ſub altis.——
Æn. Lib. XI.

FORTUNA SECUNDA. Vide FORTUNA.

UNI nimirum tibi rectè ſemper erunt res?
O magnus poſthac inimicis riſus! utér-ne
Ad caſus dubios fidet ſibi certiùs? hic, qui
Pluribus aſſuerit mentem, corpúſque ſuperbum?
An qui contentus parvo, metuénſque futuri,
In pace, ut ſapiens, aptarit idonea bello?—*Hor.* II. Sat. 2.
Neſcia mens hominum fati ſortíſque futuræ,
Et ſervare modum, rebus ſublata ſecundis!—*Virg. Æn.* X.
Si Fortuna juvat, caveto tolli,
Si Fortuna tonat, caveto mergi.—— *Perian. per Auſ.*
——————Ingenium res
Adverſæ nudare ſolent, cælare ſecundæ.— *Hor.* II. Sat. 8.
Mens erit apta capi, tunc, cùm lætiſſima rerum,
Ut ſeges in pingui, luxuriabit, humo.
Pectora dum gaudent, nec ſunt adſtricta dolore,
Ipſa patent.—————— *Ovid. Art.* Lib. I.
Licet ſuperbus ambules pecunia,
Fortuna non mutat genus.—— *Hor* Epod. IV.
Diligitur nemo, niſi cui Fortuna ſecunda eſt.—*Ov.* II. *Pon.* 3.
Quem res plus nimio delectavere ſecundæ,
Mutatæ quatient.—————— *Hor.* Lib. I. Epiſt. 10.
Omnes cùm ſecundæ res ſunt maximè, tum maximè
Meditari ſecum oportet, quo pacto adverſam ærumnam ferant,
Pericula, damna, exſilia.—————— *Ter. Phor.*

nd Off'rings bore: *Lavinia* by her Side,
he Royal Virgin, Cauſe of all their Woe:
er beauteous Eyes caſt down, and bent on Earth.
he Matrons follow: and with Incenſe ſweet
erfume the Temple: and with mournful Sound
hus from the ſtately Entrance breath their Pray'r.
ritonian Virgin! Arbitreſs of War!
reak with thy Pow'r the *Phrygian* Pirate's Lance:
nd Him lay prone extended on the Ground,
nd roll his Trunk beneath the lofty Gates.—— *Trap.*

PROSPERITY. See FORTUNE.

WHO thinks that Fortune cannot change her Mind,
Prepares a dreadful Jeſt for all Mankind!
nd who ſtands ſafeſt, tell me? is it he
hat ſpreads and ſwells with puff'd Proſperity,
r, bleſt with little, who preventing Care,
n Peace provides fit Arms againſt a War?—— *Pope.*

O Mortals! blind in Fate, who never know
o bear high Fortune, or endure the low.—— *Dryden.*

When Fortune ſmiles, hold not your Head too high:
Nor ſink, deſponding, in Adverſity.——
——Ill Fortune ſtill reveals
The Temper of the Mind, which good conceals.——

A Mind at Eaſe may eaſily be won,
As Corn delights in Fields bleſt by the Sun.
When Fortune's Favours make the Soul rejoice,
The Mind is open to Perſwaſion's Voice.——

Tho' Fortune ſmiles, and ſwells thy Mind,
It gilds, but cannot change thy Kind.—— *Creech.*

No one's belov'd, but he whom Fortune favours.——

Whom Fortune's Favours over much delight,
Her Frowns will terrify with great Affright.——

When every Thing goes on proſperouſly, People hould conſider how to behave themſelves in Caſes of dverſity: ſuch as Dangers, Loſſes, Baniſhment.——

PROVIDENTIA. Vide Sors. Fatum. Deus.

——CAnam tacita naturæ mente potentem,
Infusúmque Deum cœlo, terríſque, fretóque,
Ingentem æquali moderantem fœdere molem:
Et rationis agi motu, cùm ſpiritus unus
Per cunctas habitet parteis, atque irriget orbem
Omnia pervolitans.——————
Quòd niſi cognatis membris contexta maneret
Machina, & impoſito parêret tota magiſtro,
Ac tantum mundi regeret prudentia ſenſum,
Non eſſet ſtatio terris, non ambitus aſtris:
Hæreréтque vagus mundus: ſtandóque rigeret:
Nec ſua diſpoſitos ſervarent ſidera curſus:
Nóxque alterna diem fugeret, rursúmque fugaret.

Non imbres alerent terras, non æthera venti:
Non pontus gravidas nubes: nec flumina pontum:
Nec pelagus fonteis: nec ſtaret ſumma per omnis
Par ſemper partes æquo digeſta parente,
Ut neque deficerent undæ, nec ſidera nobis,
Nec cœlum juſto majúſve minúſve volaret.
Motus alit, non mutat opus, ſic omnia toto
Diſpenſata manent mundo, dominúmque ſequuntur.——
Manil. Lib. II.

Nec varios obitus norûnt, variósque receſſus,
Certa ſed in proprias oriuntur ſidera luces:
Nataléſque ſuos, occasúmque ordine ſervant.
At mihi tam præſens ratio non ulla videtur,
Quà pateat mundum divino numine verti,
Atque ipſum eſſe Deum, nec ſorte coiſſe magiſtra,

Ut

PROVIDENCE. See Chance. Fate. God.

I'LL ſing, how God, the World's Almighty Soul,
Fills Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas, and ſways the Whole;
Each Part diſpoſes with an equal Hand,
While ſubject Nature bends to his Command:
How all by Reaſon moves: becauſe one Mind
Does all pervade, and all together bind.——
For did not all the friendly Parts conſpire
To make one Whole, and keep the Frame entire:
And did not Wiſdom's conſtant Laws controul
That vaſt ſtupendious Machine of the Whole,
The Earth would loſe it's Place; the Skies would fall;
And want of Motion prove the Bane of all:
No more the Stars would roll; nor Day, nor Night,
By turns, each other fly, and put to Flight:——
Rains would not chear the Earth; nor Winds ſupply
Miſts to the Clouds, and Vapours to the Sky:
Nor Seas would fill the Springs, nor Springs return
A grateful Tribute from their flowing Urn:
Nor would the All, unleſs contriv'd by Art,
So juſtly be proportion'd in each Part,
That neither Seas, nor Skies, nor Stars exceed
Our Wants, nor are too ſcanty for our Need.
Thus ſtands the Frame, and one Almighty Soul
Thro' all diffus'd, ſo turns and guides the Whole,
That Nothing from it's ſettled Station ſwerves:
Motion, not alters, but the World preſerves.—*Creech* alt.
The Stars ſtill keep one Courſe: they ſtill purſue
Their conſtant Track, nor vary in a new:
From one fixt Point they ſtart: their Courſe maintain:
Repeat their Whirl, and viſit it again:
A moſt convincing Reaſon drawn from Senſe,
That this vaſt Frame is rul'd by Providence:
Which, like the Soul, does every Whirl advance:
It muſt be God, nor was it made by Chance,

As

Ut voluit credi, qui primus mœnia mundi
Seminibus ſtruxit minimis, ínque illa reſolvit
Æquis & maria, & terras, & ſidera cœli,
Ætheráque immenſos fabricantem finibus orbes:
Solventémque alios conſtare, & cuncta reverti
In ſua principia, & rerum mutare figuras.
Quis credat tantas operum ſine numine moles
Ex minimis, cæcóque creatum fœdere mundum——
Manil. Lib. I.

——————Si Conſilium vis,
Permittes ipſis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebúſque ſit utile noſtris.
Nam pro jucundis aptiſſima quæque dabunt Dî.
Carior eſt illis homo, quàm ſibi: nos animorum
Impulſu, & cæcâ magnâque cupidine ducti,
Conjugium petimus, partúmque uxoris: at illis
Notum, qui pueri, qualíſque futura ſit uxor.——
Juv. Sat. X.

Et male conſultis pretium eſt, Prudentia fallax,
Nec Fortuna probat cauſas, ſequitúrque merentes,
Sed vaga per cunctos nullo diſcrimine fertur.
Scilicet eſt aliud quod nos cogátque, regátque
Majus, & in proprias ducat mortalia leges.——
Manil. Lib. IV.

Animarum PURGATIO, earumq; Reditus in Corpora.

——VIdet Æneas in valle reducta
Secluſum Nemus, & virgulta ſonantia ſilvis:
Lethæúmque, domos placidas qui prænatat, amnem.
Hunc circum innumeræ gentes populíque volabant.
Ac veluti in pratis, ubi apes æſtate ſerenâ
Floribus inſidunt variis, & candida circum

Lilia

As *Epicurus* dream'd: who madly thought
This beauteous Frame of ſenſeleſs Atoms wrought;
That Seas, and Earth, the Stars, and ſpacious Air,
What forms new Worlds, or does the old repair,
Firſt roſe from Theſe, by Theſe ſupply'd remain:
And All muſt be, when Chance ſhall break the Chain,
Diſſolv'd to theſe wild Principles again.
Abſurd, and Nonſenſe! Atheiſt, uſe thine Eyes,
And having view'd the Order of the Skies,
Think, if Thou canſt, that Matter blindly hurl'd,
Without a Guide ſhould frame this wondrous World.——
Creech.

Receive my Council, and ſecurely move;
Inſtruct thy Fortune to the Pow'rs above:
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring Wiſdom ſees thee Want:
In Goodneſs as in Greatneſs they excell:
Ah! that we lov'd Ourſelves but half ſo well!
We, by our headſtrong Paſſions blindly led,
Are hot for Action, and deſire to wed:
Then wiſh for Heirs:—but, to the Gods alone
Our future Offspring, and our Wives, are known.—*Dryd.*

On human Prudence ſafely none depend,
For ill Advice Succeſs does oft attend:
Fortune but ſeldom Merit's Side approves,
But here and there without Diſtinction roves.
So that ſome greater over-ruling Cauſe [alt.
Subjects all mortal Things to it's appointed Laws.— *Creech*

PURGATION of Souls, and their return into Bodies.

—— *ÆNEAS* ſees
A Grove, ſecluded, in a ſecret Vale,
Shrubs rattling in the Woods, and *Lethe*'s Stream,
Which near the peaceful Manſions glides along:
Round which unnumber'd Crowds, and Nations flew.
As when the Bees in Meads, while Summer ſhines,
On various Flowers alight, and hover o'er

The

Lilia funduntur: ſtrepit omnis murmure campus,
Horreſcit viſu ſubitò, cauſáſque requirit
Inſcius Æneas, quæ ſint ea flumina porrò,
Quive viri tanto complêrint agmine ripas.

Tum pater Anchiſes: Animæ, quibus altera fato
Corpora debentur, Lethæi ad fluminis undam
Securos latices & longa oblivia potant.——

O Pater, anne aliquas ad cœlum hinc ire putendûm eſt
Sublimes animas? iterúmque ad tarda reverti
Corpora? quæ lucis miſeris tam dira cupido?

Dicam, equidem, nec te ſuſpenſum, nate, tenebo:
Suſcipit Anchiſes.————————
Principio cœlum, ac terras, campóſque liquentes,
Lucentémque globum Lunæ, Titaniáque aſtra
Spiritus intus alit: totámque infuſa per artus
Mens agitat molem, & magno ſe corpore miſcet.

Inde hominum pecudúmque genus, vitæque volantum,
Et quæ marmoreo fert monſtra ſub æquora pontus.
Igneus eſt ollis vigor, & cœleſtis origo
Seminibus: quantum non noxia corpora tardant,
Terrenique hebetant artus, moribundáque membra.

Hinc metuunt cupiúntque, dolent gaudéntque: neque
Reſpiciunt, clauſæ tenebris & carcere cæco. [auras
Quin & ſupremo cum lumine vita reliquit:
Non tamen omne malum miſeris, nec funditus omnes
Corporeæ excedunt peſtes: penitúſque neceſſe eſt
Multa diu concreta modis inoleſcere miris.
Ergo exercentur pœnis, veterúmque malorum
Supplicia expendunt. Aliæ panduntur inanes
Suſpenſæ ad ventos: aliis ſub gurgite vaſto
Infectum eluitur ſcelus, aut exuritur igni.

Quiſque

The Snow-white Lillies: all the Field reſounds
With humming Noiſe.—Struck at the ſudden Sight,
Surpriz'd, and ignorant, *Æneas* aſks
The Cauſe: enquires, what River That? and who
The thronging Ghoſts that crouded to the Shore?
Anchiſes then: Thoſe Souls, to whom by Fate
New Bodies are decreed, at *Lethe*'s Stream
Drink long Oblivion from the drowſy Waves.
O Father, is it then to be conceiv'd,
That any of theſe Spirits ſo ſublime,
Would go to upper Light, and re-aſſume
Their ſluggiſh Bodies? whence ſuch fond Deſire,
Such miſerable Love of wretched Life?
Yes; all, my Son, to thee I will explain,
Replies *Anchiſes*.——————
Firſt, * Heaven, and Earth, and Oceans liquid Plains,
The Moon's bright Globe, the Sun, and ſhining Stars,
A Soul within enlivens: and a Mind
Diffus'd thro' all it's Parts, the gen'ral Maſs
Invigorates, and mingles with the Whole.
Hence Men, and Beaſts, and all the feather'd Kind
Proceed, and Monſters of the boundleſs Deep.
A fiery Force and Origine divine
Theſe Seeds inſpires: ſo far as not controul'd
By their terreſtrial Bodies, clog'd and damp'd
By their dull Fleſh, and cumbrous mortal Frame.
Hence they deſire, and fear, rejoice, and grieve:
Nor ſee the Light, in Priſon dark confin'd.
Nor, ev'n when Life is fled, do all their Ills,
And all their Peſts corporeal wear away:
But many Stains, in ſuch a Length of Time
Contracted, marvellouſly muſt inhere.
Therefore with Puniſhment they are explor'd,
And pay due Penance for their former Crimes.
Some hang expanded to the empty Winds:
The Guilt, ingrain'd, of Other's in th' Abyſs
Of Seas is waſh'd: or burnt away with Fire.

* *Plato*'s Syſtem.

Each

Quiſque ſuos patimur Manes. Exinde per amplum
Mittimur Elyſium, & pauci læta arva tenemus:
Donec longa dies perfecto temporis orbe
Concretam exemit labem, purúmque reliquit
Ætherium ſenſum, atque auraï ſimplicis ignem.
Has omnes, ubi mille rotam volvêre per annos,
Lethæum ad fluvium Deus evocat agmine magno:
Scilicet immemores ſupera ut convexa reviſant,
Rurſus & incipiant in corpora velle reverti.——

Virg. Æn. Lib. VI.

CURSUS PEDESTER.

——LOcum capiunt, ſignóque repente
Corripiunt ſpatia audito, liménque relinquunt
Effuſi, nimbo ſimiles: ſimul ultima ſignant.
Primus abit, longéque ante omnia corpora Niſus
Emicat, & ventis & fulminis ocyor alis:
Proximus huic, longo ſed proximus intervallo,
Inſequitur Salius: ſpatio poſt deinde relicto
Tertius Euryalus. —— —— ——
Euryalúmque Elymus ſequitur. Quo deinde ſub ipſo
Ecce volat, calcémque terit jam calce Diores,
Incumbens humero: ſpatia & ſi plura ſuperſint,
Tranſeat elapſus prior, ambiguùmve relinquat.

Jamque fere ſpatio extremo feſsíque ſub ipſum
Finem adventabant: levi cum ſanguine Niſus
Labitur infelix, cæſis ut forte juvencis,
Fuſus humum viridéſque ſuper madefecerat herbas.
Hic juvenis, jam victor ovans, veſtigia preſſo
Haud tenuit titubata ſolo: ſed pronus in ipſo
Concidit immundóque ſimo ſacróque cruore.

Non

ach of Us from our ſeveral * *Manes* bear
urgation: to *Elyſium* then we go,
nd here We few enjoy theſe bliſsful Fields.
When tract of Time (it's fatal Round at length
Revolv'd) has quite work'd off the blended Stain,
Leaving defecated th' etherial Ray,
And ſimple Energy of heav'nly Fire:
All Theſe (the Circle of a thouſand Years
Compleat) the God to *Lethe*'s River calls
Aſſembl'd: that, forgetful of the paſt,
They may return to Life, and re-aſcend,
Contented, to their firſt embodied State.—— *Trap.*

RACE.

THEY take their Places: And, the Signal giv'n,
Fleet as a Tempeſt, ſpring at once, and leave
The Bounds, fly o'er the Field, and mark the Goal.
Viſus the firſt, and long before the reſt,
Swift ſhoots away: more ſwift than Winds, or Wings
Of Light'ning.—Next, but far at Diſtance next,
Him *Salius* follows: Near to Him, the Third
Euryalus.——————
Him *Elymus* ſucceeds: Whom preſſing cloſe,
Diores flies: and juſtles Heel with Heel,
Imminent o'er his Shoulder: and had Room
More wide been giv'n him, foremoſt he had ſprung,
Or left him doubtful.—Now They panting reach'd
The utmoſt Line, and almoſt touch'd the Goal:
When *Niſus*, ſliding on the ſlipp'ry Gore,
Which there by chance, from Oxen ſlain, beſmear'd
The Ground and verdant Graſs, his tott'ring Steps
Could not ſupport: but now, ev'n Victor, fell,
Prone in the Mire obſcene, and ſacred Blood,
Unfortunate: Yet not unmindful Then

* Theſe *Manes* are underſtood by many to mean the *Furiæ*, or Infernal Tormentors, which puniſh the Souls in Hell: as may be inferred from *Georg.* IV. 489. *Scirent ſi ignoſcere Manes.* Trap.

Of

Non tamen Euryali, non ille oblitus amorum:
Nam ſeſe oppoſuit Salio, per lubrica ſurgens:
Ille autem ſpiſsâ jacuit revolutus arenâ.
Emicat Euryalus, & munere victor amici
Prima tenet, plausúque volat fremitúque ſecundo.——
Æn. Lib. V.

FUROR. Vide IRA.

ARma, viri, ferte arma: vocat lux ultima victos.
Reddite me Danais, ſinite inſtaurata reviſam
Prælia: numquam omnes hodie moriemur inulti.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. II.

Regina è ſpeculis ut primum albeſcere lucem
Vidit, & æquatis claſſem procedere velis,
Litoráque & vacuos ſenſit ſine remige portus:
Terque quaterque manu pectus percuſſa decorum,
Flaventéſque abſciſſa comas: Proh Jupiter! ibit
Hic, ait, & noſtris illuſerit advena regnis?
Non arma expedient, totáque ex urbe ſequentur,
Diripiéntque rates alii navalibus? ite:
Ferte citi flammas, date vela, impellite remos.
Quid loquor? aut ubi ſum? quæ mentem inſania mutat?
Infelix Dido! nunc te fata impia tangunt.——
Æn. Lib. IV.

His agitur ſuriis, totóque ardentis ab ore
Scintillæ abſiſtunt: oculis micat acribus ignis.
Mugitus veluti cum prima in prœlia taurus
Terrificos ciet, atque iraſci in cornua tentat,
Arboris obnixus trunco, ventóſque laceſſit
Ictibus, & ſparsâ ad pugnam proludit arenâ.— *Æn.* XII.

Turnus ut infractos adverſo Marte Latinos
Defeciſſe videt, ſua nunc promiſſa repoſci,
Se ſignari oculis: ultro implacabilis ardet,

Attollíque

Of Friendſhip, and *Euryalus*, oppos'd
Himſelf to *Salius*, from the ſlipp'ry Place
Riſing: He, tumbling on the clotted Sand,
Extended lay: *Euryalus* ſprings on,
And, Victor by th' Aſſiſtance of his Friend,
Comes in the firſt, with Shouts, and mix'd Applauſe. *Trap.*

RAGE. See ANGER.

ARms, Arms, my Friends: Tho' vanquiſh'd, This laſt
Calls us to Arms: Give me the *Greeks* again: [Day
Off:—let me go:—I'll ſee the Fight renew'd:
This Day We will not all die unreveng'd.——— *Trap.*
Soon as the * Queen perceiv'd the dawning Day,
And from a Tower beheld the Navy move
With even Sails, the empty Ports, and Shores
Abandon'd: with repeated Blows ſhe beats
Her beauteous Breaſt, and rends her yellow Hair:
Shall he then go? The Fugitive? O *Jove!*
She cry'd, and make my Kingdoms thus his Sport?
Will they not ruſh to Arms? from all the Town
Purſue? While Others from the Docks ſwift plunge
My Ships into the Sea? Go, fly: bring Fire:
Quick, hoiſe your Sails, and ſtrongly ply your Oars.
What was't I ſaid? where am I? what Diſtraction
Has turn'd my Brain?——Unhappy *Dido!* now
Thy cruel Fate ſtabs home.——— *Id.*
Thus wild He raves: and from his ſmoking Mouth
Burſt Sparks of Fire, and Flaſhes from his Eyes.
So hideous roars the Bull with previous Rage,
And practices the Fight: againſt an Oak
Whetting his Horns, he puſhes empty Air,
And ſpurns the Sand, preluding to the War.—— *Id.*
When *Turnus* ſaw the harraſs'd *Latins* faint
With unſucceſsful War: his Promiſe claim'd:
Himſelf mark'd out, and by all Eyes obſerv'd:
Conſcious of inborn Worth he burns with Rage

* *Dido.*

ollítque animos. Pœnorum qualis in arvis
cius ille gravi venantum vulnere pectus,
m demum movet arma Leo : gaudétque comantes
cutiens cervice toros, fixúmque latronis
ipavidus frangit telum, & fremit ore cruento.
aud ſecus accenſo gliſcit violentia Turno.——

Æn. Lib. XI

IMBRES. Vide TORRENS.

——MAdidis Notus evolat alis :
Terribilem ſpicea tectus caligine vultum :
Barba gravis nimbis : canis fluit unda capillis :
Fronte ſedent nebulæ : rorant pennæque ſinúſque.
Utque manu lata pendentia nebula preſſit,
Fit fragor : hinc denſi funduntur ab æthere nimbi.
Nuncia Junonis varios induta colores
Concipit Iris aquas, alimentáque nubibus adfert.
Sternuntur ſegetes, & deplorata coloni
Vota jacent : longíque labor perit irritus anni.——

Ovid. Met. Lib

————————Effuſis imbribus atra
Tempeſtas ſine more furit : tonitrúque tremiſcunt
Ardua terrarum, & campi : ruit æthere toto
Turbidus imber aquâ, denſíſque nigerrimus Auſtris.

Æn. Li

Ac velut, effusâ ſi quando grandine nimbi
Præcipitant, omnis campis diffugit arator,
Omnis & agricola, & tutâ latet arce viator,
Aut amnis ripis, aut alti ſornice ſaxi,
Dum pluit : in terris ut poſſint, ſole reducto,
Exercere diem.———————— *Æn.*

Implacable; and rouſes all his Fire.
The lordly Lion thus, on *Lybia*'s Plains,
Gor'd by the Hunter's Spear within his Breaſt
Faſix'd, at length ſprings furious to the Fight,
And ſhakes with dreadful Pride his ſhaggy Mane:
Intrepid ſnaps the ſticking Dart, and roars,
And foams with bloody Mouth. No leſs, incens'd;
Fierce *Turnus* ſtorms.———— *Id.*

RAIN. See FLOOD.

OUT flies the *South*, with dropping Wings, and
His dreadful Viſage in a Night of Clouds. [ſhrouds
His white Hairs ſtream, his Beard is ſwell'd with Show'rs,*
Miſts bind his Brows, Rain from his Boſom pours.
As his broad Hand the hanging Clouds conſtrains,
They roar, and ſcatter in deſcending Rains.
Iris extends her Bow of various Dies,
And feeds the weeping Clouds with new Supplies.
The Corn is lodg'd: deſpairing mourns the Swain;
And the long Labours of the Year are vain.—*Sewell.* alt.

———Black with ruſhing Rain
A Tempeſt rag'd enormous, and the Hills
And Fields with Thunder ſhook: o'er all the Sky
A Show'r with Water dark, and thicken'd Winds
Turbid deſcends.———— *Trap.*

As when a Tempeſt, thick with patt'ring Hail,
Precipitate deſcends: from all the Fields
Flies ev'ry Traveller, and lab'ring Hind,
For Shelter ſafe, or to a River's Bank,
Or to the hollow of ſome lofty Rock:
There hide ſecure, while pour'd upon the Earth
The Tempeſt rages: till the Sun reſtor'd
Permits them to renew the Toils of Day.—— *Id.*

* *Jupiter Pluvius*, or the *Rainy*, is repreſented in this Manner upon the *Antonine* Pillar at *Rome*. See *Montfaucon*'s Antiquities, *Vol.* I. *Plate* lx.

Quantus ab occaſu veniens pluvialibus hœdis
Verberat imber humum: quam multa grandine nimbi
In vada præcipitant, cum Jupiter horridus Auſtris
Torquet aquoſam hyemem, & cœlo cava nubila rumpit.—
Æn. Lib. IX.

RAPIDITAS.

AC velut immiſſi diverſis partibus ignes
Arentem in ſylvam, & virgulta ſonantia lauro:
Aut ubi decurſu rapido de montibus altis
Dant ſonitum ſpumoſi amnes, & in æquora currunt,
Quiſque ſuum populatus iter: non ſegnius ambo
Æneas Turnúſque ruunt per prælia.———
Virg. Æn. Lib. XII.

Ac veluti montis ſaxum de vertice præceps
Cum ruit avulſum vento, ſeu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis ſolvit ſublapſa vetuſtas:
Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu,
Exſultátque ſolo, ſylvas, armenta, virósque
Involvens ſecum:————Turnus
Sic ruit.———— *Ibid.*

————Equi torrentius amne
Hiberno, tortáque ruunt pernicius haſta:
Quantum non jaculum Parthi, non impetus Auſtri,
Non leve ſollicitæ mentis diſcurrit acumen.——
Claud de Rapt. Lib. II.

RATIO.

—RAtio, cui nulla reſiſtunt
Clauſtra, nec immenſæ moles, cedúntque receſſus.
Omnia ſuccumbunt: ipſum eſt penetrabile cœlum.
Manil. Lib. I.

Nec contemne tuas quaſi parvo in corpore vires:

Quod

——————As from the Weſt
And rainy Kids a turbid Storm deſcends,
And beats the Ground: or thick with rattling Hail
Tumbles precipitate into the Sea:
When *Jove* tempeſtuous whirls the wintry Show'r
With Winds aloft, and burſts the bellying Clouds.——*Id.*

RAPIDITY.

AS when from diff'rent Parts two ruſhing Fires
Invade a Grove of crackling Lawrel-Boughs:
Or from the Mountain's Tops with tumbling Flood
And roaring Noiſe two foamy Rivers run
Into the Sea, and ſweeping force their Way:
With ſuch Rapidity the *Trojan* Chief
And *Turnus* thro' the Battle ruſh.———— *Trap.*

As when a Rock, from ſome high Mountain's Top,
Tumbles precipitate, or torn by Winds,
Or by a roaring Flood, or eating Age:
Down the ſteep Cliff the maſſy Fragment runs
With Impulſe vaſt, and jumps upon the Ground,
Involving, as it rolls, Men, Beaſts, and Woods.—— *Id.*

More ſwift with rapid Courſe the Horſes go,
Than roaring Rivers in the Winter flow:
With them compar'd the Jav'lin paſſes ſlow.
The *Parthian* Dart not near ſo ſwiftly flies,
Nor the South-Wind that ſweeps along the Skies,
Nor Thoughts that in an anxious Boſom riſe.——

REASON.

—REaſon's Force can pierce
The deep Receſſes of the Univerſe:
No Bars can ſtop it: thro' the World it flies,
And Heav'n itſelf lies open to it's Eyes.—— *Creech.*

Think not thy Power too ſmall, too weak thy Mind,
Becauſe it's to a little Body joyn'd:

Quod valet immenſum eſt: ſic auri pondera parvi,
Exuperant pretio numeroſos æris acervos.
Parvula ſic totum perviſit pupula cœlum:
Quódque vident oculi minimum eſt: cùm maxima cernant:
Sic animi ſedes tenui ſub corde locata,
Per totum anguſto regnat de limite corpus.

Materiæ ne quære modum, ſed perſpice vires,
Quas ratio, non pondus habet: ratio omnia vincit.——
Manil. Lib. IV.

POENITENTIA.

LAurea delapſa eſt audito crimine amantis:
Et pariter vultúſque Deo, plectrúmque, colórque
Excidit. Utque animus tumida fervebat ab ira,
Arma aſſueta capit; flexúmque à cornibus arcum
Tendit, & illa ſuo toties cum pectore juncta
Indevitato trajecit pectora telo.
Icta dedit gemitum, tractóque à vulnere ferro,
Candida puniceo perfudit membra cruore:
————Et pariter vitam cum ſanguine fudit.

Pœnitet heu ſero pœnæ crudelis amantem:
Seque, quod audierit, quod ſic exarſerit, odit:
Odit avem, per quam crimen cauſsámque dolendi
Scire coactus erat: nervúmque, arcúmque, manúmque
Odit: cumque manu temeraria tela ſagittas.
Collapsámque fovet: ſeráque ope vincere fata
Nititur: & medicas exercet inaniter artes.

Quæ

For wondrous is it's Force:——how ſmall a Maſs
Of ſtandard Gold exceeds vaſt Heaps of Braſs!
How little is the Apple of the Eye!
And yet, at once, it takes in half the Sky:
How vaſt the Diſproportion to the Senſe!
The Organ ſmall, the Object is immenſe.
So, from the narrow Limits of the Heart,
The active Soul does vig'rous Life impart
To all the Limbs: it's Sway the Members own,
And wide it's Empire ſpreads around it's Throne.
Regard thy Powers, O Man! nor heed thy Size:
In piercing Reaſon thy Advantage lies;
Reaſon that conquers all, and rules the Skies.— *Id.* alt.

REPENTANCE.

* HE heard her Falſhood with a mournful Look,
The Wreath his Head, the Harp his Hand forſook;
Then kindling into Rage, his Bow he drew:
Swift the inevitable Arrow flew,
And deeply enter'd that ſoft tender Breaſt,
Which to his own ſo often had been preſt.
A Groan ſhe gave, when ſhe the Miſchief found,
And pull'd the Arrow reeking from the Wound.
O'er her fair Limbs the crimſon Tide was ſhed,
And with the ſtreaming Blood her Spirits fled.
The Loveſick God too late repents the Deed:
He hates the Bird that made her Falſehood known,
And hates himſelf for what himſelf had done:
The Bow, the Shaft that ſent her to the Fates,
And his own Hand that ſent the Shaft he hates:
Fain would he heal the Wound, and eaſe her Pain,
And tries the Compaſs of his Art in vain.

* The Raven diſcovered to *Apollo*, that his Miſtreſs *Coronis* was falſe to him; upon which *Apollo* killed her with an Arrow; but afterwards repenting, he lamented his dead Miſtreſs, and in Revenge made the Raven's Feathers black, which were always white before.

Quæ poſtquam fruſtra tentata, rogúmque parari
Senſit, & arſuros ſupremis ignibus artus:
Tum vero gemitus (neque enim cœleſtia tingi
Ora decet lacrymis) alto de corde petitos
Edidit.——Ingratos in pectore fudit odores,
Et dedit amplexus, injuſtaque juſta peregit.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. II.

Ut vero ſummo deſpexit ab æthere terras
Infelix Phaeton, penitus penitúſque patentes:
Palluit, & ſubito genua intremuere timore:
Suntque oculis tenebræ per tantum lumen obortæ.
Et jam mallet equos nunquam tetigiſſe paternos:
Jamque agnoſſe genus piget, & valuiſſe rogando:
Jam Meropis dici cupiens.—————— *Ibid.*

OPPROBRIUM. Vide EXPROBATIO.

QUIS metus, ô numquam dolituri, ô ſemper inertes
Tyrrheni, quæ tanta animis ignavia venit?
Fœmina palantes agit, atque hæc agmina vertit!
Quo ferrum? quìdve hæc geritis tela irrita dextris?
At non in Venerem ſegnes nocturnaque bella,
Aut ubi curva choros indixit tibia Bacchi,
Exſpectare dapes, & plenæ pocula menſæ.
Hic amor, hoc ſtudium: dum ſacra ſecundus aruſpex
Nunciet, ac lucos vocet hoſtia pinguis in altos.——
Æn. Lib. XI.

Quid miſeros toties in aperta pericula cives
Projicis? O Latio caput horum & cauſa malorum!
Scilicet, ut Turno contingat regia conjux,
Nos, animæ viles, inhumata infletáque turba
Sternamur campis.—————— *Ibid.*

—Uxorius,

But when he ſaw the lovely Nymph expire,
The Pile made ready, and the kindling Fire,
With Sighs, and Groans, her Obſequies he kept,
And, if a God could weep, the God had wept:
Her Corps he kiſs'd, and heav'nly Incenſe brought,
And ſolemniz'd the Death himſelf had wrought.——
Addiſon alter'd.

Unhappy *Phaëton*, when from the Sky,
He ſaw the Earth, far, far below him, lie,
All pale with fear, and trembling at the Sight,
And ſcarce enduring ſuch Exceſs of Light,
Too late he wiſh'd the fiery Steeds untry'd,
His Birth obſcure, and his Requeſt deny'd:
Gladly would *Merops* for his Father own,
And quit his boaſted Kindred to the Sun.—— *Id.*

REPROACH. See UPBRAIDING.

O Void of all Reſentment! whom no Wrongs
Can move, Ye ever ſtupid *Tuſcans!* whence
This Panic? whence ſuch Cowardice of Soul?
A Woman drives You ſtraggling, and defeats
Theſe Squadrons: Wherefore hold You in your Hands
Thoſe Swords, and thoſe unprofitable Darts?
But not to *Venus*, and nocturnal Wars
Are You ſuch Recreants: nor ſo liſtleſs watch
The *Bacchanalian* Revels, when thoſe Feaſts
The crooked Pipe of *Bacchus* has proclaim'd,
(This is your Love, your Study, and Delight,)
Till the auſpicious Augur's Voice declares
The ſacred Rites begun, and Victims ſlain
Invite You, with their Fat, and pamper'd Fleſh,
Into the deep Receſſes of the Grove.—— *Trap.*

O Thou, the Head, and Source of all this Woe
To *Latium!* why ſo oft doſt Thou expoſe
Our wretched Citizens to Toil and Death?
Forſooth, that *Turnus* may eſpouſe a Queen,
We, viler Lives, a Rabble, uninterr'd,
And undeplor'd, muſt periſh in the War.—— *Id.*

Uxorious

——————Uxorius,——

——Heu, regni rerúmque oblite tuarum!
Quid ſtruis? aut quâ ſpe Lybicis teris otia terris?——
Æn. Lib. IV.

EXORATIO Morientis. Vide MORIENS.

VIribus illa carens, & jam moribunda, coëgit
Hæc ſe pauca loqui: per noſtri fœdera lecti,
Perque Deos ſupplex ora, ſuperóſque, meóſque:
Per ſi quid merui de te bene: pérque manentem
Nunc quoque, cum pereo, cauſam mihi mortis, amorem:
Ne thalamis Auram patiare innubere noſtris.
Ovid. Met. Lib. VII.

Utere jamdudum generoſo ſanguine, dixit.
Nulla mora eſt. Aut tu jugulo, vel pectore telum
Conde meo: jugulúmque ſimul pectúſque retexit.
Vos modo, ne Stygios adeam non libera Manes,
Eſte procul: ſi juſta peto: tactúque viriles
Virgineo removete manus. Acceptior illi,
Quiſquis is eſt, quem cæde mea placare paratis,
Liber erit ſanguis. Si quos tamen ultima noſtri
Vota movent oris: Priami vos filia regis,
Non captiva, rogat, genitrici corpus inemptum
Reddite: neve auro redimat jus triſte ſepulchri,
Sed lachrymis. Tunc, cum poterat, redimebat & auro.

Dixerat. At populus lachrymas, quas illa tenebat,
Non tenet. Ipſe etiam flens invitúſque Sacerdos
Præbita conjecto rupit præcordia ferro.
Illa, ſuper terram defecto poplite labens,
Pertulit intrepidos ad fata noviſſima vultus:

Tunc

is Man! ah! thoughtleſs! unconcern'd
vn Kingdom, and thy own Affairs!
Thou purpoſe? with what Proſpect waſte
, unactive, on theſe *Lybian* Coaſts? *Id.*

QUEST Dying. See DYING.

at Death's Door, * ſhe ſpent and fainting lay,
theſe few Words had only Strength to ſay:
ſacred Bonds of plighted Love!
r Rev'rence to the Pow'rs above!
made me charming once appear!
Thing for which you held me dear!
by Love, the Cauſe thro' which I bleed,
never to my Bed ſucceed!—— *Tate.*
rike, † ſhe ſaid: now ſpill my noble Blood:
ıy Breaſt, or Throat (for I'm prepar'd,)
ger plunge:—and then her Breaſt ſhe bar'd.
: the rude Hand of Man pollute
Victim: 'tis a modeſt Suit.
ll pleaſe, whoe'er demands my Blood,
y, and untouch'd I reach the *Stygian* Flood.
e ſhort, laſt, dying Pray'r be heard;
's Daughter pay this laſt Regard:
n's Daughter, not a Captive, ſues:
e Rites of Sepulture refuſe.
flicted Mother, I implore,
hout Ranſom, my dead Corps reſtore:
r me for Gain, when I am cold,
Tears the Price, if I am ſold;
, ſhe could have ranſom'd me with Gold.
s ſhe pray'd, one common Show'r of Tears
h, and ſtream'd from ev'ry Eye but her's.
Prieſt wept: and with a deep Remorſe
n her Heart the Steel's reſiſtleſs Force.
en'd Limbs ſink gently to the Ground,
her Looks, unalter'd by the Wound.

† *Polyxena* ſacrific'd to the Manes of *Achilles.*

And

Tunc quoque cura fuit partes velare tegendas,
Cum caderet: caſtíque decus ſervare pudoris.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. XIII.

Unum hoc, per, ſi qua eſt victis venia hoſtibus, oro:
Corpus humo patiare tegi: ſcio acerba meorum
Circumſtare odia: hunc, oro, defende furorem,
Et me conſortem nati concede ſepulcro.——

Virg. Æn. Lib. X.

Ille, humilis ſuppléxque, oculos dextrámque precantem
Protendens: equidem merui, nec deprecor, inquit:
Utere ſorte tuâ: miſeri te ſi qua parentis
Tangere cura poteſt, oro, (fuit & tibi talis
Anchiſes genitor) Dauni miſerere ſenectæ:
Et me, ſeu corpus ſpoliatum lumine mavis,
Redde meis.——————— *Æn.* Lib. XII.

RECESSUS è NEGOTIO.

O Rus! quando ego te aſpiciam? quandóque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno & inertibus horis,
Ducere ſollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?——

Hor. Lib. II. Sat. 6.

O quid ſolutis eſt beatius curis?
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore feſſi venimus Larem ad noſtrum,
Deſideratóque acquieſcimus lecto.——

Catullus 31.

And as ſhe fell, ſhe ſtrove, with decent Pride,
To hide what ſuits a Virgin's Care to hide.—— *Stanyan.*

——————One thing * I implore,
(If aught of Grace remain for vanquiſh'd Foes)
Permit my Corps to be interr'd: I know
The Malice of my Subjects hovers round:
Forbid that Outrage: let me ſhare a Grave,
Joyn'd to my Son, and reſt with him in Death.—— *Trap.*

————————— † He ſuppliant bends
His Eyes: And, ſtretching out his Hand, 'Tis true,
I have deſerv'd, He cry'd: Nor will I ſtrive
To deprecate: Enjoy thy Fortune's Gift.
Yet Oh! if aught a wretched Parent's Care
Can touch thy Soul (Thou too hadſt ſuch a Sire
The old *Anchiſes*) pity *Daunus'* Age:
And, whether living, or deſpoil'd of Breath,
(Thine be that Choice) reſtore me to my Friends.—— *Id.*

RETIREMENT.

OH! when ſhall I a Country Life enjoy,
And with old Authors my calm Hours emplo
Bleſt with ſweet Leiſure, bleſt with downy Peace,
And my whole Buſineſs to conſult my Eaſe!
When, when ſhall I, compleatly happy, there,
Delightfully forget my former Days of Care!——

What greater Bliſs on Earth can be,
Than after much Anxiety,
Buſineſs the Load of Life laid down,
Retiring to one's native Town,
A quiet Leiſure to poſſeſs,
That long deſir'd Happineſs.——

* *Mezentius.* † *Turnus.*

Recessus è Prælio. Vide Fuga.

—Turnus paulatim excedere pugnâ,
Et fluvium petere, ac partem quæ cingitur amni;
Acrius hoc Teucri clamore incumbere magno,
Et glomerare manum. Ceu ſævum turba leonem
Cum telis premit infenſis: at territus ille
Aſper, acerba tuens, retro redit: & neque terga
Ira dare aut virtus patitur: nec tendere contra
Ille quidem hoc cupiens potis eſt per tela viróſque.
Haud aliter retrò dubius veſtigia Turnus
Improperata refert, & mens exæſtuat irâ.
Quin etiam bis tum medios invaſerat hoſtes,
Bis converſa fugâ per muros agmina vertit.
Sed manus è caſtris propere coit omnis in unum:
Ergo nec clypeo juvenis ſubſiſtere tantum,
Nec dextra valet: injectis ſic undique telis
Obruitur. Strepit aſſiduo cava tempora circum
Tinnitu galea, & ſaxis ſolida æra fatiſcunt:
Diſcuſſæque jubæ capiti, nec ſufficit umbo
Ictibus: ingeminant haſtis & Troës, & ipſe
Fulmineus Mneſtheus: tum toto corpore ſudor
Liquitur: & piceum, nec reſpirare poteſtas,
Flumen agit: feſſos quatit æger anhelitus artus.

Tum demum præceps ſaltu ſeſe omnibus armis
In fluvium dedit: ille ſuo cum gurgite flavo
Accepit venientem, ac mollibus extulit undis:
Et lætum ſociis, ablutâ cæde, remiſit.——

Æn. Lib. IX.

RETREAT. See FLIGHT.

TURNUS, retreating, from the Fight withdraws
By ſlow Degrees: and to that Part retires,
Which by the ambient River's Stream is waſh'd.
The more the ſhouting *Trojans* urge him cloſe,
And thick'ning onwards ruſh. As when a Band
Of Hunters preſs and gore with pointed Spears
A ſavage Lion: He appal'd gives Way,
With Aſpect ſtern, and makes a ſour Retreat:
Courage and Rage permit him not to turn
His Back: Nor does his Strength ſuffice to leap
(Tho' fain he would) againſt the Darts, and Foes.
So *Turnus* backward with ſlow Paces moves,
Dubious of Thought, and all with Fury burns.
Ev'n then the Centre of the hoſtile Troops
He twice attack'd, twice drove them on the Walls
Confus'd in haſty Flight. But all at once
On Him alone their Forces from the Tents
United preſs:—He therefore, with his Shield,
And Arms, unable to ſupport the Shock,
Stands panting, with ſuch Storms of Darts o'erwhelm'd
On ev'ry Side: his hollow Temples round
With oft repeated Blows his Helmet rings,
Batter'd with Stones, and flatten'd to his Head:
It's Creſt ſtruck off: Nor does his Target's Orb
Suffice againſt the Strokes: The *Trojans* thick,
With thund'ring *Mneſtheus* at their Head, puſh on.
Then Sweat in Rivers o'er his Body flows:
He faints with Toil, ſtagg'ring he gaſps for Breath:
And the vaſt Labour ſhakes his weary Limbs.
At length into the River's yellow Waves,
Plunging himſelf, he leaps with all his Arms:
The gentle Stream receives him, as he falls,
In it's ſoft Lap: and, waſhing off the Blood,
Wafts him exulting to rejoin his Friends.—— *Trap.*

VINDICTA.

AT Vindicta bonum vitâ jucundius ipsâ!
Nempe hoc indocti, quorum præcordia nullis
Interdum, aut levibus videas flagrantia cauſis:
Quantulacúnque adeo eſt occaſio, ſufficit iræ.
Chryſippus non dicet idem, nec mite Thaletis
Ingenium, dulcíque ſenex vicinus Hymetto,
Qui partem acceptæ ſæva inter vincla cicutæ
Accuſatori nollet dare.———————
———————Minuti
Semper, & infirmi eſt animi, exiguíque voluptas
Ultio: continuò ſic collige, quòd Vindictâ
Nemo magis gaudet, quàm fœmina.— *Juv.* Sat. XIII.

———————Dolor ora repreſſit:
Verbaque quærenti ſatis indignantia linguæ
Deſuerunt: nec flere vacat. Sed fâſque nefâſque
Confuſura ruit: pœnæque in imagine tota eſt.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. VI.

——Non eſt lachrymis hic, inquit, agendum,
Sed ferro: ſed ſi quid habes, quod vincere ferrum
Poſſit. In omne nefas ego me, Germana, paravi.
———————Magnum quodcúnque paravi:
Quid ſit, adhuc dubito.——————— *Ibid.*

———————Spectat truculenta loquentem,
Falsáque jurantem: tumidáque exæſtuat ira.
Atque ita correptum captivarum agmine matrum
Involat, & digitos in perfida lumina condit,
Exſpoliátque genas oculis (facit ira potentem)
Immergítque manus: fœdatáque ſanguine fronti
Non lumen, neque enim ſupereſt, loca luminis haurit.—
Ovid. Met. Lib. XIII.

REVENGE.

Revenge is ſweeter much than Life!—'tis true,
So the unthinking ſay, and the mad Crew
Of hect'ring Blades, who for ſlight Cauſe, or none,
At ev'ry turn, are into Paſſion blown.
Not ſo meek *Thales*, or *Chryſippus* taught,
Or *Socrates*, who took the Poyſon-Draught
With a forgiving Soul, nor wiſh'd to ſee
His baſe Accuſer drink as deep as he.
Much Satisfaction in Revenge to find,
Denotes a little, mean, ungen'rous Mind:
This, Obſervation will moſt plainly ſhew,
For none ſo eagerly Revenge purſue,
Or love it half ſo well as Women do.——
In ſuch tumultuous Haſte her Paſſions ſprung,
They choak'd her Voice, and quite diſarm'd her Tongue.
No room for female Tears: the Furies riſe,
And ev'ry Thought of Right or Wrong deſpiſe:
Reaſon's calm Dictates no Admittance find,
Revenge alone commands her raging Mind.— *Croxall* alt.
Tears, unavailing, but defer our Time,
The ſtabbing Sword muſt expiate the Crime:
Or worſe, if Wit on bloody Vengeance bent,
A Weapon more tormenting can invent.
O Siſter! I 'ave prepar'd my ſtubborn Heart,
To act ſome helliſh and unheard-of Part:
Some great, ſome mighty Miſchief I've deſign'd,
But yet the Draught's unfiniſht in my Mind.—— *Id.*
She ſtands attentive to his Perjuries,
And darts avenging Horror from her Eyes.
Raging Reſentment fires her boiling Blood:
She ſprings upon him 'midſt the Captive Crowd,
(Her Thirſt of Vengeance want of Strength ſupplies,)
She thruſts her forky Fingers in his Eyes:
Tares out the rooted Balls: her Rage purſues,
And in the hollow Orbs her Hands imbrews.— *Stanyan.*

REVOLUTIO. Vide ÆTAS AUREA Reſtaurata.

——SOLIS & facta diurna,
Et facies eadem ſignis per ſæcula conſtet,
Idem Phœbus eat cœli de partibus iiſdem.
Inde ſuos ſinuat flexus per crura, pedéſque
Centauri, alterius rurſus aſcendere cœlum
Incipit, Argivámque ratem per apluſtria ſumma.
Lunaque per toridem luces mutetur, & orbes,
Et natura vias ſervet quas fecerat ipſa.

Nec tyrocinio peccet, circúmque feratur
Æterna cum luce dies, quod tempora monſtrat.
Nunc his, nunc illis eadem regionibus orbis
Semper, & ulterius vadentibus ortus ad ortus,
Occasùmve ortus cœlum & cum Sole perennet.——
Manil. Lib. I.

——Conſumpto, magnus qui dicitur, anno
Rurſus in antiquum veniant vaga ſidera curſum:
Qualia diſpoſiti ſteterant ab origine mundi.—*Auſ. Edyl.* 18.

PRÆMIA. Vide MUNIFICENTIA.

MUnera—— ante oculos, Circóque locantur
In medio; ſacri tripodes, viridéſque coronæ,
Et palmæ, pretium victoribus; armáque, & oſtro
Perfuſæ veſtes, argenti auríque talenta.—— *Æn.* Lib. V.

Muneraque, in naves, ternos optare juvencos,
Vinaque, & argenti magnum dat ferre talentum.
Ipſis præcipuos ductoribus addit honores:
Victori chlamydem auratam, quam plurima circum
Purpura Mæandro duplici Meliboea cucurrit.—— *Ibid.*

——Qui

REVOLUTION. See GOLDEN AGE Reſtor'd.

THE ſelf-ſame Sun does ev'ry Morn appear,
And as He drives a Day, He whirls a Year.
From the ſame Eaſt He comes with equal Pace,
To the ſame Weſt He ſtill directs his Race,
And not one Change is ſeen in Nature's Face.
The ſame Moon ſhines, and at a certain Day,
Her Light encreaſes, and her Horns decay.
Nature does ſtill her beaten Track purſue,
Nor like a Novice wanders in a new.
Phœbus ſtill warms thoſe Signs where firſt he ſhone,
And Day goes round with one eternal Sun:
Thus prov'd:—becauſe by juſt Degrees the Hours
In different Countries are the ſame with our's.
The Eaſtern Nations view the riſing Fires,
Whilſt Night ſhades Us, and lazily retires.
As to the diſtant Weſt we nimbly run,
That ſtill removes, nor can we reach the Sun:
His Race no Eaſt begins, no Weſt doth bound,
But on he drives in one continual Round.— *Creech* alt.

When round the great *Platonic* Year has turn'd,
In their old Ranks the wand'ring Stars ſhall ſtand,
As when firſt marſhal'd by th' Almighty's Hand.—*Addiſon.*

REWARDS. See MUNIFICENCE.

THEN in the Center of the Cirque are plac'd
The Prizes, ſacred Tripods, Wreaths of Greens,
And Palms for Victors: Arms, and purple Robes,
Talents of maſſy Silver, and of Gold.—— *Trap.*

——————On every Ship
Three Heifers, to be choſen, he beſtows,
A ſilver Talent's maſſy Weight, and Wine,
As Prizes.—To the Conq'ror firſt he gives
A Cloak, with Gold embroider'd, edg'd with Fringe
Of *Melibœan* Purple, doubly round
Entwining.——————

——Qui deinde locum tenuit virtute ſecundum,
Levibus huic hamis conſertam auróque trilicem
Loricam,——————————
Donat habere viro, decus & tutamen in armis.
Tertia dona facit geminos ex ære lebetas,
Cymbiaque argento perfecta atque aſpera ſignis.— *Ibid.*

Nemo ex hoc numero mihi non donatus abibit.
Gnoſia bina dabo lævato lucida ferro
Spicula, cælatímque argento ferre bipennem:
Omnibus hic erit unus honos. Tres præmia primi
Accipient, flavâque caput nectentur olivâ.
Primus equum phaleris inſignem victor habeto.
Alter Amazoniam pharetram, plenámque ſagittis
Threïciis: lato quam circum amplectitur auro
Balteus, & tereti ſubnectit fibula gemmâ.
Tertius Argolicâ hâc galeâ contentus abito.—— *Ibid.*

———Tergum Gætuli immane leonis
Dat Salio, villis onerosum atque unguibus aureis.
Et clypeum effierri juſſit, Didymaonis artes,
Neptuni ſacro Danais de poſte refixum.
Hoc juvenem egregium præſtanti munere donat.— *Ibid.*

Sic ait: & geminum pugnæ proponit honorem:
Victori velatum auro vittíſque juvencum:
Enſem, atque inſignem galeam, ſolatia victo.—— *Ibid.*

Bina dabo argento perfecta atque aſpera ſignis
Pocula, devictâ genitor quæ cepit Ariſbâ:
Et tripodas geminos, auri duo magna talenta:
Cratera antiquum, quem dat Sidonia Dido.
Si vero capere Italiam ſceptríſque potiri

Contigerit

To him whoſe Merit held the ſecond Place
A Coat of Mail he gives, compact with Hooks,
And wrought with triple Tiſſue: to defend
At once and deck the Warrior.———
Two brazen Cauldrons to the Third he gives,
And ſilver Bowls with Figures rough emboſs'd.—— *Id.*

Not One of all this Number ſhall from me
Go unrewarded: I'll on each beſtow
Two *Gnoſſian* Jav'lins, bright with poliſh'd Steel,
And a carv'd Battle-Ax with Silver wrought.
This Honour ſhall be one to All. The Three
Who firſt excell, ſhall diff'rent Prizes ſhare,
And with pale Olive bind their Heads. The Firſt
A Steed enrich'd with Trappings ſhall receive:
The Next an *Amazonian* Quiver, fill'd
With *Thracian* Arrows, which a Belt around
Incloſes with broad Gold, a Buckle claſps
With round ſmooth Diamonds: Be the Third content
With this *Argolick* Shield.———— *Id.*

——A huge *Getulian* Lion's Hide
He gives to *Salius*, rough with heavy Fur,
And golden Claws.————
————Then He commands to bring
A Shield, the Work of *Didymaon*'s Art,
Torn by the *Grecians* from the ſacred Poſts
Of *Neptune*: and with that excelling Gift
Diſtinguiſhes the well-deſerving Youth.—— *Id.*

He ſaid: And for the Combat two Rewards
Propos'd: The Victor's Prize, a Bull adorn'd
With Gold, and Wreaths: a Sword, and burniſh'd Helm,
The Solace of the Vanquiſh'd.——— *Id.*

Two Goblets I will give, in Silver wrought,
And rough with Sculpture: which my Father took
From ſack'd *Ariſba*: And two Talents Weight
Of maſſy Gold: two Tripods: and a Bowl
Of antique Caſt, which *Tyrian Dido* gave.
But if 'tis giv'n Us in the Chance of War
To conquer *Latium*, and its Scepter wield,

Contigerit victori, & prædæ ducere ſortem:
Vidiſti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis,
Aureus? ipſum illum clypeum criſtáſque rubentes
Excipiam ſorti, jam nunc tua præmia, Niſe.
Præterea bis ſex genitor lectiſſima matrum
Corpora, captivóſque dabit, ſuaque omnibus arma:
Inſuper, id campi quod rex habet ipſe Latinus.——
Æn. Lib. IX.

——————Humero ſimul exuit enſem
Auratum, mirâ quem fecerat arte Lycaon
Gnoſſius, atque habilem vaginâ aptarat eburnâ:
Dat puero.———————— *Ibid.*

RITUS SACRI. Vide Exequiæ. Manes. Palatium. Supplicantium Agmen Procedens. Sacrificium.

——LIbatos irroravere liquores
Veſtibus, & capiti: flectunt veſtigia ſanctæ
Ad delubra Deæ.————————
Ut templi tetigere gradus, procumbit uterque
Pronus humi, gelidóque pavens dedit oſcula ſaxo.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

————Feſtum celebrare ſacerdos,
Immunéſque operum dominas famuláſque ſuorum,
Pectora pelle tegi, crinales ſolvere vittas,
Serta coma, manibus frondentes ſumere Thyrſos,
Juſſerat: & ſævam læſi ſore numinis iram
Vaticinatus erat.————————
Ovid. Met. Lib. IV.

Tu, genitor, cape ſacra manu, patrióſque penates.
Me bello è tanto digreſſum & cæde recenti,
Attrectare nefas: donec me flumine vivo
Abluero.————————
Æn. Lib. II.

Sic

Victorious, and by Lot to ſhare the Spoils:
Saw'ſt Thou the Steed by *Turnus* preſs'd, the Arms
In which he rode, all glitt'ring, all in Gold?
That very Shield, and thoſe red Plumes which grace
His Helmet, from the Lot I will exempt,
Already, *Niſus*, thy adjudg'd Reward.
Beſides, twelve choiceſt Dames, twelve captive Youths,
With their own Arms, my Father ſhall beſtow:
And, added to them All, that Tract of Land,
Which by the King *Latinus* is poſſeſs'd. —— *Id.*

——————Drawing from his Belt
His gilded Sword, which wrought with wondrous Art
Lycaon, born of *Gnoſſian* Race, had made,
And in an iv'ry Scabbard fit inclos'd,
That Preſent on the lovely Youth beſtows. —— *Id.*

RITES (RELIGIOUS.) See Funerals. Manes. Palace. Proceſſion. Sacrifice.

THey ſprinkled firſt their Garments, and their Head,
Then took the Way which to the Temple led:
Before the Gradual, proſtrate they ador'd,
Kiſs'd the cold Stone, and trembling thus implor'd.——
Dryden alter'd.

Be this a ſolemn Feaſt, the Prieſt had ſaid,
Be with each Miſtreſs unemploy'd each Maid:
With Skins of Beaſts your tender Limbs incloſe,
And with an ivy Crown adorn your Brows:
The leafy *Thyrſus* high in Triumph bear,
And give your Locks to wanton in the Air.
Theſe Rites profan'd, the holy Seer ſore ſhow'd
A mourning People, and a vengeful God. —— *Euſden.*

——————The holy Things
Take you, my Father, and our Country-Gods:
In me 'twere Guilt to touch them, juſt return'd
Recent from ſo much Slaughter, and beſmear'd
With War: 'till in the living Stream I waſh
The Blood away.—————— Trap.

Sic fatus, meritos aris mactavit honores:
Taurum Neptuno: taurum tibi, pulcher Apollo:
Nigram Hyemi pecudem, Zephyris felicibus albam.——
Æn. Lib. III.

Quin, ubi tranſmiſſæ ſteterint trans æquora claſſes,
Et poſitis aris jam vota in litore ſolves,
Purpureo velare comas adopertus amictu:
Ne qua inter ſanctos ignes in honore Deorum
Hoſtilis facies occurrat, & omina turbet.
Hunc ſocii morem ſacrorum, hunc ipſe teneto:
Hac caſti maneant in relligione nepotes.——
Ibid.

Templa Jovi centum, latis immania regnis,
Centum aras poſuit: vigilémque ſacraverat ignem,
Excubias Divûm æternas, pecudúmque cruore
Pingue ſolum, & variis florentia limina ſertis.——
Æn. Lib. IV.

—— Cinerem, & ſopitos ſuſcitat ignes;
Pergameúmque Larem, & canæ penetralia Veſtæ
Farre pio & plenâ ſupplex veneratur acerrâ.——
Æn. Lib. V.

Nunc pateras libate Jovi, precibúſque vocate
Anchiſen genitorem, & vina reponite menſis.
Sic deinde effatus, frondenti tempore ramo
Implicat, &, Geniúmque loci, primámque Deorum
Tellurem, Nymphaſque & adhuc ignota precatur
Flumina: tum Noctem, noctíſque orientia ſigna,
Idæúmque Jovem, Phrygiámque ex ordine matrem
Invocat, & duplices cœlóque Erebóque parentes.——
Æn. Lib. VII.

—— Nox

He ſaid, and paid the Gods their Honour due:
A Bull to *Neptune*, and a Bull to Thee,
Beauteous *Apollo*: To the ſtormy Pow'r
A ſable Ewe: a white one to the ſmooth
Propitious *Zephyrs*.——————— *Id.*

But when your Ships reſt wafted o'er the Main,
And you on Altars rais'd along the Shore
Pay your vow'd Off'rings, with a purple Veil
Cover your Head: leſt any hoſtile Face
Appearing, ſhould diſturb the ſolemn Rites,
The holy Fires, and Honour of the Gods.
This Form in ſacrificing let your Friends
With you obſerve; and let your future Race
Pious in this Religion perſevere.—— *Id.*

————————He to mighty *Jove*
An hundred ſpatious Temples, in his Realms
Of wide Extent, an hundred Altars built:
And conſecrated to the Gods the Hearths
Of everlaſting Fire: The Ground with Blood
Of ſlaughter'd Victims ſmoking: and the Doors
With various colour'd flow'ry Wreaths adorn'd.—— *Id.*

He wakes the Embers, and the ſleeping Fire,
And with a holy Cake and Cenſer fill'd,
The *Trojan Lar*, and aged *Veſta*'s Shrine
Suppliant adores.——————— *Id.*

Now from your Bowls to *Jove* Libations pour:
My Sire *Anchiſes* with religious Pray'rs
Invoke: and on your Boards replace the Wine.
This ſaid, He binds his Temples with a Wreath
Of verdant Boughs, and ſupplicant adores
The *Genius* of the Place, and *Earth* the firſt
Of Deities, the *Nymphs*, and *River-Gods*
As yet unknown, and *Night*, and of the Night
The riſing *ſtarry Signs*: in order next
The *Phrygian* Mother, and *Idæan Jove*,
And both his *Parents*, one rever'd in Heav'n,
And one in *Erebus*.——————— *Id.*

Sleep

———Nox Æneam ſomnúſque reliquit.
Surgit, & ætherii ſpectans orientia Solis
Lumina, rite cavis undam de flumine palmis
Suſtulit, ac tales effudit ad æthera voces:
Nymphæ, Laurentes Nymphæ, genus amnibus unde eſt:
Tuque, ô Tybri, tuo genitor cum flumine ſancto,
Accipite Æneam, & tandem arcete periclis.
Quo te cumque lacus miſerantem incommoda noſtra
Fonte tenet, quocumque ſolo pulcherrimus exis:
Semper honore meo, ſemper celebrabere donis,
Corniger Heſperidum fluvius regnator aquarum:
Adſis ô tantùm, & propriùs tua numina firmes.——
Æn. Lib. VIII.

Æneas (quamquam & ſociis dare tempus humandis
Præcipitant curæ, turbataque funere mens eſt)
Vota Deûm primo Victor ſolvebat Eoo.——
Æn. Lib. XI.

FLUMINIS Tranſitus.

PRimus in obliquum ſonipes opponitur amnem
Excepturus aquas. Molli tum cætera rumpit
Turba vado faciles jam fracti fluminis undas.——
Lucan. Lib. I.

———Equitum properate catervæ:
Ite ſimul Pedites, ruiturum aſcendite pontem.
Hæc ubi dicta, levis totas accepit habenas
In campum ſonipes: crebróque ſimillima nimbo
Trans ripam validi torſerunt tela lacerti.
Ingreditur pulsâ fluvium ſtatione vacantem.——
Lucan. Lib. II.

Cæſar—carpere arma jubet: nec quærere pontem,
Nec vada, ſed duris fluvium ſuperare lacertis.

Pareur,

Sleep leaves *Æneas*, and the Night retires.
Riſing, he turns him to the riſing Sun,
And, from the River, in his hollow Hands,
By ſolemn Rite accuſtom'd, Water takes,
And thus prefers his Suit in open Air.
Ye Nymphs! *Laurentian* Nymphs! from whom the Birth
Of Rivers ſprings: And Thou, ſupreme of Floods,
O Father *Tyber!* with thy ſacred Stream
Receive *Æneas*, and relieve his Toils.
Thou, who with Pity doſt regard our Woes,
In whate'er Soil thy beauteous Head is rais'd,
Where-e'er thy Source: For ever ſhall by me
Thy Deity be honour'd, horny God,
King of *Heſperian* Rivers. Only grant
To Us thy nearer Succour I implore.——— *Id.*

Æneas (tho' th' Interment of his Friends
Hurries his Thoughts, with Fun'ral Cares perplex'd,)
With the firſt Dawn of Morning, Victor pays
His Vows to Heav'n.——— *Id.*

RIVER (paſſing over.)

—TO ſtem the rapid Water's Courſe,
Firſt plung'd amidſt the Flood the bolder Horſe:
With Strength oppos'd againſt the Stream they lead,
While to the ſmoother Ford the Foot with Eaſe ſucceed.—
———Spur on the winged Horſe: [*Rowe.*
And march the Foot, the Bridge, tho' falling, force.
Make good your Paſſage, my brave Friends! he ſaid:
Swift as a Storm the nimble Horſe obey'd:
A-croſs the Stream their deadly Darts they throw,
And from their Station drive the yielding Foe.
The Victors at their Eaſe the Ford explore,
And paſs the undefended River o'er.——— *Id.*

Cæſar commands to Arms: Without delay
The Soldier to the River bends his Way:
None then with cautious Care the Bridge explor'd,
Or ſought the Shallows of the ſafer Ford;

Arm'd

Paretur, rapuítque ruens in prælia miles,
Quod fugiens timuiſſet, iter.————————

————————Mox uda receptis
Membra fovent armis, gelidóſque à gurgite curſu
Reſtituunt artus.———————— *Lucan.* Lib. IV.

ROSA.

IPſa juſſit mane, ut udæ Virgines nubant roſæ,

Fuſæ prius de cruore deque amoris oſculis,

Deque gemmis, deque flammis, deque Solis purpuris.—
Catull. Pervigil Veneris.

EFFUGIUM. Vide PRÆLIUM. CÆDES.

PRima fugit, dominâ amiſsâ, levis ala Camillæ:
Turbati fugiunt Rutuli, fugit acer Atinas:
Diſjectíque duces, deſolatíque manipli
Tuta petunt, & equis averſi ad mœnia tendunt.
Nec quiſquam inſtantes Teucros letúmque ferentes
Suſtentare valet telis, aut ſiſtere contra:
Sed laxos referunt humeris languentibus arcus,
Quadrupedúmque putrem curſu quatit ungula campum.
Volvitur ad muros caligine turbidus atrâ
Pulvis: & è ſpeculis percuſſæ pectora matres
Fœmineum clamorem ad cœli ſidera tollunt.

Qui curſu portis primi irrupere patentes,
Hos inimica ſuper mixto premit agmine turba.

Nec

Arm'd at all Points, they plunge amidſt the Flood,
And with ſtrong Sinews make the Paſſage good:
Dangers they ſcorn'd that might the Bold affright,
And ſtop ev'n panting Cowards in their Flight.
At length the farther Bank attaining ſafe,
Chill'd by the Stream, their dropping Limbs they chafe:
Then with freſh Vigour urge the Foes Purſuit,
And in the ſprightly Chace the Pow'rs of Life recruit.—*Id.*

ROSE.

SHE in the Morning calls; Ye Maids! prepare,
In roſy Garlands bind your flowing Hair:
'Tis *Venus'* Plant: The Blood fair *Venus* ſhed,
O'er the gay Beauty pour'd immortal Red:
From Love's ſoft Kiſs a ſweet Ambroſial Smell
Was taught for ever on the Leaves to dwell:
From Gems, from Flames, from orient Rays of Light,
The richeſt Luſtre makes it's Purple bright.—— *Parnel.*

ROUT. See BATTLE. SLAUGHTER.

THEIR Queen thus ſlain, firſt flies *Camilla*'s Wing
Light-arm'd: the *Rutuli* confounded fly,
And brave *Atinas*, and the ſcatter'd Chiefs,
And broken Troops: To ſafer Poſts they run,
And ſpur their foaming Steeds to reach the Town.
Nor now can any force in Arms ſuſtain
The *Trojans*, preſſing, and diſpenſing Death:
Or ſtand oppos'd: But languid back they bear
Their Bows unbent, and o'er their Shoulders ſlung:
And the ſwift Horſes ſhake the putrid Soil
With ſounding Hoofs. A turbid Cloud of Duſt
Rolls to the City: On the lofty Tow'rs
The Matrons ſtand, and to th' etherial Stars
Raiſe female Cries: And frantick beat their Breaſts.
With Thoſe who thro' the open Gates firſt croud
Into the Town, a mingled Throng of Foes

Together

Nec miſeram effugiunt mortem : ſed limine in ipſo,
Mœnibus in patriis, atque inter tuta domorum
Confixi exſpirant animas. Pars claudere portas :
Nec ſociis aperire viam, nec mœnibus audent
Accipere orantes : oritúrque miſerrima cædes
Defendentum armis aditus, inque arma ruentum.
Excluſi, ante oculos lachrymantúmque ora parentum,
Pars in præcipites foſſas, urgente ruinâ,
Volvitur : immiſſis pars cæca & concita frænis
Arietat in portas, & duros obice poſtes.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. XI.

Ut primùm ſonipes transfixus pectora ferro
In caput effuſi calcavit membra regentis,
Omnis eques ceſſit campis, glomeratáque pubes
In ſua converſis præceps ruit agmina frænis.
Perdidit indè modum cædes, ac nulla ſecuta eſt
Pugna : ſed hinc jugulis, hinc ferro bella geruntur.—
Lucan. Lib. VII.

SACRIFICIUM. Vide Exequiæ. Ritus Sacri.

CUM procul obſcuros colles, humilémque videmus
Italiam:——————
Tum pater Anchiſes magnum cratera coronâ
Induit, implevítque mero : Divóſque vocavit,
Stans celſa in puppi.———
Dî, maris & terræ tempeſtatúmque potentes,
Ferte viam vento facilem, & ſpirate ſecundi.——
Æn. Lib. III.

Principio delubra adeunt, pacémque per aras
Exquirunt : mactant lectas de more bidentes
Legiferæ Cereri, Phœbóque, patríque Lyæo :
Junoni ante omnes, cui vincla jugalia curæ.

Ipſi

Together preſſes: Nor a cruel Death
Do they eſcape: but ev'n within their Walls,
Their Houſes, and beneath their native Roofs,
Transfix'd expire their Souls. Some ſhut the Gates:
Nor durſt permit their own imploring Friends
To enter: Thoſe with Arms the Paſſes guard,
Theſe ruſh againſt thoſe Arms: Among them All,
A Slaughter vaſt, and terrible, enſues.
Others, before their weeping Parents Eyes,
Excluded, by the Rout, and Ruin urg'd,
Down the ſteep Trenches leap: With looſen'd Reins
Some forward ſpur their Steeds, and blindly tilt
Againſt the Gates, the Bars, and ſolid Poſts.—— *Trap.*
The fiery Steeds, impatient of a Wound,
Hurl their neglected Riders to the Ground:
Or on their Friends with Rage ungovern'd turn,
And trampling o'er the helpleſs Foot, are born.
Hence foul Confuſion and Diſmay ſucceed,
The Victors murder, and the Vanquiſh'd bleed:
Their weary Hands the tir'd Deſtroyers ply,
Scarce can theſe kill, ſo faſt as thoſe can die.—— *Rowe.*

SACRIFICE. See Funerals. Religious Rites.

SOON as the Hills at Diſtance we behold
Obſcure in Miſts, and *Italy*'s low Plains,
My Sire *Anchiſes* a large Goblet crowns,
Fills it with Wine, and ſtanding on the Deck
Aloft, invokes the Gods.——
Ye Gods! Controulers of the Land, the Seas,
And Tempeſts: ſpeed our Voyage by the Winds,
And breathe propitious!—— *Trap.*
Firſt to the Temple they repair, and ſeek
Heav'n's Favour at the Altars: On them laid,
Selected Victims, with accuſtom'd Rites,
To *Ceres* Law-giver, and *Phœbus*, bleed,
And Father *Bacchus*:—But above the reſt
To *Juno*, who preſides o'er nuptial Beds.

The

Ipſa tenens dextrâ pateram pulcherrima Dido,
Candentis vaccæ media inter cornua fundit:
Aut ante ora Deûm pingues ſpatiatur ad aras,
Inſtaurátque diem donis, pecudúmque reclusis
Pectoribus inhians, ſpirantia conſulit exta.——

Æn. Lib. IV.

Jamque dies epulata novem gens omnis, & aris
Factus honos.————
Tres Eryci vitulos, & Tempeſtatibus agnam
Cædere deinde jubet: ſolvíque ex ordine funes.
Ipſe caput tonſæ foliis evinctus olivæ,
Stans procul in prora, pateram tenet, extáque ſalſos
Porricit in fluctus, ac vina liquentia fundit.——

Æn. Lib V.

Forte die ſolemnem illo rex Arcas honorem
Amphytrioniadæ magno Diviſque ferebat,
Ante, urbem in luco. Pallas huic filius unà,
Unà omnes juvenum primi, paupérque ſenatus,
Thura dabant: tepidúſque cruor fumabat ad Aras.——

Tum lecti juvenes certatim aræque ſacerdos
Viſcera toſta ferunt taurorum, onerántque caniſtris
Dona laboratæ Cereris, Bacchúmque miniſtrant.
Veſcitur Æneas ſimul & Trojana juventus,
Perpetui tergo bovis & luſtralibus extis.——

Æn. Lib. VIII.

Dixerat: Herculeâ bicolor cum populus umbrâ
Velavítque comas, foliiſque innexa pependit:
Et ſacer implevit dextram ſcyphus. Ocyus omnes
In menſam læti libant, Divóſque precantur.
Devexo interea proprior fit veſper Olympo:
Jamque ſacerdotes, primúſque Potitius, ibant

Pellibus

The beauteous * Queen herſelf a Goblet holds
In her Right Hand, and for Libation pours
The Wine betwixt the Snow-white Heifer's Horns:
Or round the ſmoking Altars ſlowly walks
Before the Statues of the Gods: with Gifts
Renews the Day: and on the open'd Breaſts
Of Victims, eagerly intent, conſults
Their breathing Entrails.—— *Id.*

Now all the People nine whole Days had ſpent
In Feaſts: and Honour to the Altars paid:
Three Calves to *Eryx*, to the *Storms* a Lamb
He then commands to Sacrifice, and looſe
The Cables all in order from the Shore.
Himſelf with Olive-Foliage ſhorn entwines
His Head: and, ſtanding on the diſtant Deck,
A Goblet holds, and on the briny Deep
Scatters the Entrails, pouring pureſt Wine.—— *Id.*

It chanc'd that on That Day, th' *Arcadian* King,
Before the City, in a Grove's Receſs,
To great *Alcides*, and the Gods, perform'd
A ſolemn Sacrifice: At which his Son
Pallas aſſiſted, and the choſen Youth,
And wealthleſs Senate: Clouds of Incenſe roſe,
And at the Altars ſmok'd the tepid Blood.

The choſen Youth, induſtrious, and the Prieſt
Bring roaſted Fleſh of Bulls, diſtribute Bread
In Baſkets pil'd, and miniſter the Wine.
Æneas, and, with him the *Trojan* Youth
Feed on a ſolid Steer's perpetual Chine,
And hallow'd Entrails for Luſtration fry'd.—— *Id.*

He ſaid: the double-colour'd Poplar veils
His Temples with *Herculean* Shade, and hangs
In twining Leaves: A conſecrated Bowl
Fills his left Hand: All, joyous, on the Board
Pour their Libations, and invoke the Gods.
Mean-while the Ev'ning to the Sky convex
Rolls near: The Prieſts, *Potitius* at their Head,

* *Dido.*

Pellibus in morem cinĉti, flammáſque ferebant.
Inſtaurant epulas, & menſæ grata ſecundæ
Dona ferunt, cumulántque oneratis lancibus aras.
Tum Salii ad cantus, incenſa altaria circum,
Populeis adſunt evinĉti tempora ramis.
Hic juvenum chorus: ille ſenum: qui carmine laudes
Herculeas & faĉta ferunt.——————
Salve, vera Jovis proles, decus addite Divis:
Et nos, & tua dexter adi pede ſacra ſecundo.——
Æn. Lib. VIII.

Candida per ſylvam cum fœtu concolor albo
Procubuit, viridíque in litore conſpicitur ſus.
Quam pius Æneas tibi enim, tibi, maxima Juno,
Maĉtat, ſacra ferens, & cum grege ſiſtit ad aram.——
Ibid.

Feſta dies aderat, qua Cygni viĉtor Achilles
Pallida vittatæ placabat ſanguine vaccæ.
Cujus ut impoſuit profeĉta calentibus aris,
Et Dîs acceptus penetravit in æthere nidor:
Sacra tulere ſuam: pars eſt data cætera menſis.
Diſcubuere toris proceres: & corpora toſta
Carne replent: vinóque levant curáſque ſitímque.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XII.

————Poſtquam pietatem publica cauſa,
Réxque patrem vicit: caſtúmque datura cruorem
Flentibus ante aram ſtetit Iphigenia miniſtris:
Viĉta Dea eſt: nubémque oculis objecit, & inter
Officium turbámque ſacri, vocéſque precantum,
Suppoſita fertur mutaſſe Mycenida cerva.

Ergo

Bear lighted Torches: and, begirt with Skins
Accuſtom'd, in Proceſſion walk, reſtore
The Banquets, bring the ſecond grateful Chear,
And with fill'd Chargers pile the ſacred Hearths.
The *Salii* next, with poplar Garlands wreath'd,
To tuneful Meaſures round the Altars dance.
A Youthful This, as That an aged Quire.
Theſe ſing the Praiſes and the God-like Deeds
Of *Hercules*.——Hail! undoubted Son of *Jove!*
New Honour to the Gods! Be preſent here
Propitious, and thy Sacrifice adorn.——— *Id.*

———————In the Wood a Sow
Of Milk-white Colour, with her Milk-white Young,
Were found together on the verdant Shore.
Them good *Æneas* to thy Altar brings,
Great Queen of Gods, a Sacrifice to Thee.—— *Id.*

The Feaſt approach'd, when to the blew-ey'd Maid,
His Vows, for *Cygnus* ſlain, *Achilles* paid,
And a white Heifer on her Altar laid.
The reeking Entrails on the Fire they threw,
And to the Gods the grateful Odour flew:
Heav'n had it's Part in Sacrifice: The reſt
Was broil'd, and roaſted, for the future Feaſt.
The chief invited Gueſts were plac'd around;
And Hunger firſt aſſwag'd, the Bowls were crown'd,
Which in deep Draughts their Cares and Labours drown'd.——— *Dryden.*

Affection giving way to public Good,
No more the Parent now the King withſtood;
The weeping Prieſts fair *Iphigenia* lead,
At the high Altar's Side prepar'd to bleed.
All mourn her Fate: but no Relief appear'd:
The Royal Victim bound, the Knife was rear'd:
When that * offended Pow'r, who caus'd their Woe,
Relenting ceas'd her Wrath, and ſtopp'd the coming Blow:
A Miſt before the Miniſters ſhe caſt,
And, in the Virgin's Room a † Hind ſhe plac'd.

Th'

* *Diana.*

† This Account of *Iphigenia* ſeems a Mixture of two Scripture Stories: *Abraham's Sacrifice of his Son, Gen.* Chap. xxii. and *Jephtha's* Vow, *Judges.*

Ergo ubi, qua decuit, lenita eſt cæde Diana;
Et pariter Phœbes, pariter maris ira receſſit:
Accipiunt ventos à tergo mille carinæ:
Multaque perpeſſæ Phrygia potiuntur arena.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XII.

SACRIFICIUM Diis Infernis.

QUattuor hic primum nigrantes terga juvencos
Conſtituit, frontíque invergit vina Sacerdos:
Et, ſummas carpens media inter cornua ſetas,
Ignibus imponit ſacris libamina prima,
Voce vocans Hecaten, cœlóque Erebóque potentem.

Supponunt alii cultros, tepidúmque cruorem
Suſcipiunt pateris. Ipſe atri velleris agnam
Æneas matri Eumenidum magnæque ſorori
Enſe ferit: ſterilémque tibi, Proſerpina, vaccam.

Tum Stygio regi nocturnas inchoat aras,
Et ſolida imponit taurorum viſcera flammis,
Pingue ſuperque oleum fundens ardentibus extis.——
Æn. Lib. VI.

VELA DATA. Vide Navigatio. Navis Rector. Tempeſtas Maris.

—— JUbet ocyus omnes
Attolli malos, intendi brachia velis.

' Oblation ſlain, and *Phœbe* reconcil'd,
ıe Storm was huſh'd, and roaring Ocean ſmil'd:
proſp'rous Gale the thouſand Veſſels bore, [*Dryd.* alt.
hich, long diſtreſs'd, now gain the *Phrygian* Shore.——

SACRIFICE to the Infernal Powers.

'OUR Bullocks firſt, with Hides of ſable Hue,
The Prieſteſs here before the Altars plac'd:
ıd full upon their Foreheads downwards pour'd
ıe Wine: Then plucking from between their Horns
eir foremoſt Hairs, into the holy Fire
e firſt Oblation flings: invoking loud
at *Hecatè*, potent in Hell, and Heav'n.
ne, ſticking Knives beneath, in Bowls receive
e tepid Blood: *Æneas* with his Sword
mſelf diſpatches to th' infernal Pow'rs,
e Mother of the Furies, and to Earth
r Siſter Deity, a black Ewe Lamb,
d, *Proſerpine*, a barren Cow to Thee.
en, to the Stygian Monarch he begins
e nightly Sacrifice: the ſolid Fleſh
Bulls upon the flaming Altar lays,
d o'er their burning Entrails pours the Oil.— *Trap.*

ıILING. See Navigation. Pilot. Storm at Sea.

HE gives command with ſpeed
To raiſe the Maſts, with Yards to ſtretch the Sails:

ges, Chap. xi.—It is worth obſerving, that many Paſſages among the *k* and *Roman* Poets bear a very near Reſemblance to what we find in *Jewiſh* Books, and probably were taken thence, and faſhioned by the owers according to the Opinions of their own Times, and apply'd to own Gods and Heroes. The Story of *Baucis* and *Philemon*, Vol. I. 499 is another Inſtance of this Sort, and ſeems two other Scripture ies blended and diſguiſed; as moſt People will judge, upon com-ıg it with *Abraham* and *Sarah*'s Entertainment of three Angels, Chap. xviii. and *Lot*'s Reception of two Angels, by whom he preſerved from the Deſtruction of wicked *Sodom*, *Gen.* Chap. xix.

Una omnes fecere pedem: paritérque ſiniſtros,
Nunc dextros ſolvere ſinus: una ardua torquent
Cornua, detorquéntque: ferunt ſua flamina claſſem.
Princeps ante omnes denſum Palinurus agebat
Agmen: ad hunc alii curſum contendere juſſi.——
Æn. Lib. V.

Tum vero Teucri incumbunt, & litore celſas
Deducunt toto naves: natat uncta carina.——
Æn. Lib. IV.

——Vides toto properari litore circum:
Undique convenere: vocat jam carbaſus auras:
Puppibus & læti nautæ impoſuere coronas.—— *Ibid.*

At pius Æneas—poſtquam alta quierunt
Æquora, tendit iter velis, portúmque relinquit.
Aſpirant auræ in noctem: nec candida curſum
Luna negat: ſplendet tremulo ſub lumine pontus.——
Æn. Lib. VII.

Neptunus ventis implevit vela ſecundis,
Atque fugam dedit, & præter vada fervida vexit.— *Ibid.*

——Venti poſuere, omníſque repente reſedit
Flatus, & in lento luctantur marmore tonſæ.—— *Ibid.*

Hæc fatus, ſolvénſque ratem dat carbaſa ventis:
Ad quorum motus non ſolùm lapſa per altum
Aëra diſperſos traxere cadentia ſulcos
Sidera: ſed ſummis etiam quæ fixa tenentur
Aſtra polis, ſunt viſa quati. Niger inficit horror
Terga maris: longo per multa volumina tractu
Æſtuat unda minax: flatûſque incerta futuri
Turbida teſtantur conceptos æquora ventos.
Tum rector trepidæ fatur ratis: Aſpice, ſævum
Quanta paret pelagus: Zephyrùſne intendat, an Eurus,
Incertum eſt: puppim dubius ferit undique pontus;

Nubibus,

At once they tug the Haulſers all: at once
The left Side now unfurl, and now the right:
Now this, now that way, tack at once: The Fleet
With it's own Breezes ſmoothly plows the Waves.
Before them all, firſt *Palinurus* leads
Th' embody'd Line: The reſt commanded ſteer
Their Courſe to him. ——— *Trap.*
———Then all at once
The *Trojans* urge their Toil, and from the Dock
Draw their tall Ships: the new-pitch'd Gallies float.— *Id.*
———From all Parts, thou ſeeſt,
Ruſhing they croud the Shore; Their Sails unfurl'd
Invite the Breezes, and with joyful Haſte
The ſhouting Mariners have crown'd their Ships.——*Id.*
———Good *Æneas* then,
Soon as the Deep lay ſmooth, with Canvas ſpread
Unmoors, and leaves the Port. A Breeze at Night
Springs freſh: Nor does the ſilver Moon deny
Her Beams, which tremble on the glim'ring Waves.—*Id.*
Neptune with Winds propitious ſwell'd their Sails,
And ſped them ſafe beyond the boiling Tides.—— *Id.*
———All at once the Winds
Lay huſh'd, and ev'ry Blaſt: the lab'ring Oars
Cleave the ſmooth Marble of the yielding Deep.—— *Id.*
He ſpoke, and ſpread His Canvas to the Wind,
Unmoor'd his Boat, and left the Shore behind.
Swift flew the nimble Keel: and as they paſt,
Long Trails of Light the ſhooting Meteors caſt:
Ev'n the fixt Stars above in Motion ſeem,
Shake thro' the Blaſt, and dart a quiv'ring Beam.
Black Horrors on the gloomy Ocean brood,
And in long Ridges rolls the threatning Flood:
While loud and louder murm'ring Winds ariſe,
And growl from ev'ry Quarter of the Skies.
When thus the trembling Maſter, pale with Fear,
Behold what Wrath the dreadful Gods prepare!
My Art is at a Loſs: the various Tide
Beats my unſtable Bark on ev'ry Side;

Nubibus, & cœlo Notus eſt. Si murmura ponti
Conſulimus,——————
Deſperare viam, & vetitos convertere curſus
Sola ſalus: liceat vexatâ littora puppe
Prendere, ne longè nimiùm ſit proxima tellus.——
Lucan. Lib. V.

SATYRA.

ENſe velut ſtricto, quoties Lucilius ardens
Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens eſt
Criminibus, tacita ſudant præcordia culpa,——
Juv. Sat. I.

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, & admiſſus circum præcordia, ludit,
Callidus excuſſo populum ſuſpendere naſo.——
Perſ. Sat. I.

SCYLLA & CHARYBDIS.

ET gemitum ingentem pelagi, pulſatáque ſaxa
Audimus longe, fractáſque ad litora voces:
Exſultántque vada, atque æſtu miſcentur arenæ.
Et pater Anchiſes: Nimirum hæc illa Charybdis:
Hos Helenus ſcopulos, hæc ſaxa horrenda canebat.
Eripite, ô ſocii, pariterque inſurgite remis.
Haud minus ac juſſi faciunt: primúſque rudentem
Contorſit lævas proram Palinurus ad undas:
Lævam cuncta cohors remis ventíſque petivit.
Tollimur in cœlum curvato gurgite, & idem
Subductâ ad Manes imos deſcendimus undâ.
Ter ſcopuli clamorem inter cava ſaxa dedere:
Ter ſpumam eliſam & rorantia vidimus aſtra.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. II.

Dextrum

From the Nor-Weſt the ſetting Current ſwells,
While Southern Storms the driving Rack foretells.
Our only means of Safety is to yield,
And meaſure back with Haſte the foamy Field:
To reach, while yet we may, the neighb'ring Shore,
And give our unavailing Labour o'er.—— *Rowe.*

SATYR.

SHARP as a Sword, *Lucilius* drew his Pen,
And ſtruck, with pannic Terror, guilty Men:
At his juſt Strokes the hardned Wretch would ſtart,
Feel the cold Sweat, and tremble at the Heart.—*Anon.*alt
————With conceal'd Deſign
Did crafty *Horace* his low Numbers join:
And, with a ſly inſinuating Grace,
Laugh'd at his Friend, and look'd him in the Face:
Would raiſe a Bluſh, where ſecret Vice he found,
And tickle, whilſt he gently prob'd the Wound.
With ſeeming Innocence the Crowd beguil'd:
But made the deſp'rate Paſſes when he ſmil'd.—— *Dryd.*

SCYLLA and CHARYBDIS.

FAR off we hear the Sea with dreadful Roar
Break on the Rocks, and daſh upon the Shore.
The foamy Waves boil high on ev'ry Side,
And ſcoop the Sands, and blacken all the Tide.
Charybdis' Gulf, my Father cries, behold!
And thoſe the Rocks which *Helenus* foretold:
Ply, ply your Oars, my Friends, and bear away:
Swift as the Word, the Mariners obey.
Firſt ſkillful *Palinure:* then all the Train
Steer to the left, and plow the liquid Main.
Now on a tow'ring Arch of Waves we riſe,
Heav'd on the bounding Billows to the Skies;
Then as the roaring Surge retreating fell,
We ſhoot down headlong to the Depths of Hell.
Thrice the rough Rocks rebellow in our Ears, [*Pitt* alt.
Thrice mount we on the Waves, and ſee the dewy Stars.—

On

Dextrum Scylla latus, lævum implacata Charybdis
Obſidet : atque imo barathri ter gurgite vaſtos
Sorbet in abruptum fluctus, rurſúſque ſub auras
Erigit alternos, & ſidera verberat undâ.
At Scyllam cæcis cohibet ſpelunca latebris,
Ora exſertantem, & naves in ſaxa trahentem.
Prima hominis facies, & pulchro pectore virgo
Pube tenus : poſtrema immani corpore priſtis,
Delphinûm caudas utero commiſſa luporum.—— *Ibid.*

Scylla latus dextram, lævum irrequieta Charybdis
Infeſtant. Vorat hæc raptas removítque carinas :
Illa feris atram canibus ſuccingitur alvum :
Virginis ora gerens : & (ſi non omnia Vates
Ficta reliquerunt) aliquo quoque tempore Virgo.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XIII.

MARE. Vide TEMPESTAS MARIS.

FLuctus ut in medio cœpit cum albeſcere ponto,
Longius ex altóque ſinum trahit : utque volutus
Ad terras, immana ſonat per ſaxa, nec ipſo
Monte minor procumbit : at ima exæſtuat unda
Vorticibus, nigrámque altè ſubjectat arenam.——
Virg. Geor. Lib. III.

PRÆLIUM NAVALE.

UNà omnes ruere, ac totum ſpumare reductis
Convulſum remis roſtríſque tridentibus æquor.
Alta petunt : pelago credas innare revulſas
Cycladas, aut montes concurrere montibus altos :
Tanta mole viri turritis puppibus inſtant.
Stupea flamma manu, telíſque volatile ferrum
Spargitur : arva nova Neptunia cæde rubeſcunt.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. VIII.

On the right Hand roars *Scylla*, on the Left
Implacable *Charybdis*, which, with Gulf
Voracious, thrice ſucks in the broken Tides;
Then ſpouts them high, diſgorg'd, into the Air,
Alternate, and with Billows beats the Stars.
But *Scylla*, with dark Caverns round inclos'd,
Uprears her Head, and draws among her Rocks
The Veſſels: Human is her upper Part,
A Virgin's beauteous Face, and beauteous Breaſt;
Her nether Shape a monſtrous *Priſtis* joyn'd
To Tails of Dolphins, and the Wombs of Wolves.—*Trap.*

Here cruel *Scylla* guards the rocky Shore,
And there the Waves of loud *Charybdis* roar:
This ſucks, and vomits Ships, and Bodies drown'd,
And rav'nous Dogs the Womb of That ſurround:
In Face a Virgin: and (if ought be true
By Bards recorded) once a Virgin too.—— *Catcott.*

SEA. See Storm at SEA.

AS when the Ocean whitens with the Foam,
And from a-far rolls wavy to the Shore,
Roaring with dreadful Noiſe among the Rocks,
And riding, ridgy, of a Mountain's Height;
The loweſt Deep with circling Eddy boils,
And to the Surface hurls the ſable Sand.—— *Trap.*

SEA-FIGHT.

ALL ruſh at once: And all the Ocean foams
Convuls'd with daſhing Oars, and trident Beaks.
They hoiſe to Sea: The *Cyclades* up-torn
You would have thought were floating on the Deep:
Or lofty Hills encount'ring Hills: So huge
The tow'ring Veſſels, rigg'd and mann'd for War.
Fire-Balls of Tow, and miſſile Jav'lins fly:
And recent Gore diſcolours *Neptune*'s Fields.—— *Trap.*

Now,

Ut tantum mĕdii fuerat maris, utraque claſſis
Quod ſemel excuſſis poſſet tranſcurrere tonſis,
Innumeræ vaſto miſcentur in æthere voces:
Remorúmque ſonus premitur clamore: nec ullæ
Audiri potuere tubæ. tunc cærula verrunt,
Atque in tranſtra cadunt, & remis pectora pulſant.
Ut primùm roſtris crepuerunt obvia roſtra:
In puppim rediere rates, emiſſáque tela
Aĕra texerunt, vacuúmque cadentia pontum.
Et jam diductis extendunt cornua proris,
Diverſæque rates laxatâ claſſe receptæ.——

——Manticæque ligant, teretéſque catenæ,
Seque tenent remis: tecto ſtetit æquore bellum.
Jam non excuſſis torquentur tela lacertis,
Nec longinqua cadunt jaculato vulnera ferro:
Miſcentúrque manus. navali plurima bello
Enſis agit: ſtat quiſque ſuæ de robore puppis
Pronus in adverſos ictus: multíque perempti
In ratibus cecidere ſuis. Cruor altus in undis
Spumat, & obducti concreto ſanguine fluctus.——
Lucan. Lib. III.

Anni Tempora. Vide Autumnus. Ver. Hyems. Annus.

VErque novum ſtabat cinctum florente corona:
Stabat nuda Æſtas, & ſpicea ſerta gerebat:
Stabat & Autumnus calcatis ſordidus uvis:
Et glacialis Hyems canos hirſuta capillos.— *Ov. Met.* II.

Poma dat Autumnus, formoſa eſt meſſibus Æſtas,
Ver præbet flores, igne levatur Hiems.——
Ovid. Rem. Am.

It Ver, & Venus, & Veneris prænuntius antè
Pinnatus graditur Zephyrus veſtigia propter:

Flora

Now, Prow to Prow, advance each hoſtile Fleet,
And want but one concurring Stroke to meet:
Now Peals of Shouts, and mingling Clamours roar,
And drown the brazen Trump, and plunging Oar.
The bruſhing Pine the frothy Surface plies,
While on the Banks their luſty Rowers riſe;
Each brings the Stroke back on his ample Cheſt,
Then firm upon his Seat he lights repreſt.
With claſhing Beaks the launching Veſſels meet,
And from the mutual Shock alike retreat.
Thick Clouds of flying Shafts the Welkin hide,
Then fall, and floating ſtrow the Ocean wide.
At length the ſtretching Wings their Order leave,
And in the Line the mingling Foe receive.
Some lie, by Chains and Grapplings ſtrong compell'd,
Whilſt Others by the tangling Oars are held:
The Seas are hid beneath the cloſing War,
Nor need they caſt the Jav'lin now from far:
With hardy Strokes the Combatants engage,
And with keen Faulchions deal their deadly Rage.
Man againſt Man, and Board by Board they lie,
And on thoſe Decks their Arms defended, die.
The rolling Surge is ſtain'd around with Blood,
And foamy Purple ſwells the riſing Flood.—— *Rowe.*

Seaſons. See Autumn. Spring. Winter. Year.

THere ſtood gay *Spring*, fair Flow'rs her Brows ſurround,
There *Summer*, naked, and with Wheat-Ears crown'd.
With trodden Grapes, there *Autumn* ſtood beſmear'd;
And icy *Winter*, with his hoary Beard.——
In every Seaſon Pleaſures may be found;
Autumn with Fruit, with Harveſt *Summer*'s crown'd:
The *Spring*'s adorn'd with Flow'rs to charm the Eye,
And *Winter* Fires the abſent Sun ſupply.—— *Tate.*
Firſt comes the *Spring*, and *Venus* ever gay,
And flutt'ring *Zephyrus* that prepares her Way:

Flora,

Flora quibus mater præſpergens ante viaï
Cuncta coloribus egregiis, & odoribus opplet.

Inde loci ſequitur calor aridus, & comes una
Pulverulenta Ceres, & Eteſia flabra Aquilonum.
Inde Autumnus adit: graditur ſimul Euius Euan:
Inde aliæ tempeſtates, ventíque ſequuntur,
Altitonans Vulturnus, & Auſter fulmine pollens:
Tandem Bruma niveis adfert, pigrúmque rigorem
Reddit, Hyems ſequitur, crepitans ac dentibus algus.—
Lucret. Lib. V.

Frigora miteſcunt Zephyris: Ver proterit Æſtas
Interitura, ſimul
Pomifer Autumnus fruges effuderit: & mox
Bruma recurrit iners.—— *Hor.* Lib. IV. Od. 7.

SECRETA.

O Corydon, Corydon, ſecretum divitis ullum
Eſſe putas? ſervi ut taceant, jumenta loquentur,
Et canis, & poſtes, & marmora: claude feneſtras,
Vela tegant rimas, junge oſtia, tollito lumen
E medio, taceant omnes, propè nemo recumbat:
Quod tamen ad cantum galli facit ille ſecundi,
Proximus ante diem Caupo ſciet, audiet & quæ
Finxerunt pariter Librarius, Archimagiri,
Carptores: quod enim dubitant componere crimen
In dominos, quoties rumoribus ulciſcuntur
Baltea? nec deerit, qui te per compita quærat

Nolentem,

lora, before them, with a lib'ral Hand,
ıdulgent, ſtrows her Bleſſings o'er the Land:
low various Flow'rs enrich'd with Brilliant Dyes,
low fragrant Odours ev'ry where ariſe.
leat, next, and duſty Harveſt come in Place,
nd Summer Breezes fan the Sun-burnt Face.
hen *Autumn* comes, repleat with ſparkling Wine:
ll Hail, Great *Bacchus*, glorious and divine!
nſettled then, and changeable the Skies,
nd all uncertain are the Winds that riſe.
rom Eaſt and South the roaring Tempeſt ſprings,
nd with loud Thunder flaſhing Lightning brings.
old then, benumbing, comes, ſeverely blows
he piercing North, and ſcatters Froſts and Snows.
Vinter ſucceeds, decrepid, wrinkled, old,
hatter his Teeth, his Limbs all ſhake with Cold.——
Spring's genial Warmth the Winter Cold ſucceeds;
hen *Summer* comes, and parches up the Meads;
loſe follows fruitful *Autumn*, crown'd with Grain;
nd ſhiv'ring *Winter* ſoon returns again.——

SECRETS.

O *Corydon*, art Thou ſo dull to think,
A Great Man's Vices e'er can be conceal'd?
uppoſe his Servants huſh; yet ev'n his Beaſts,
lis Dog, his Columns, and his Walls will tell.
ar faſt the Windows, ev'ry Crevice ſtop,
hut the Doors cloſe, and take the Lights away:
e Silence all around, no Mortal near:
'et whate'er Crime at Midnight he commits,
lis Butler knows before the riſing Day:
nd quickly ſhall he hear his Steward and Cook,
Vith ſnarling Scoffs, enlarging on the Tale.
or Servants never ſcruple to revenge
heir Maſter's angry Words, or haſty Blows,
y charging on them ev'ry Crime they can.
or ſhalt Thou fail to find upon the Road,

Some

Nolentem, & miſeram vinoſus inebriet aurem.

Vivendum rectè, cùm propter plurima, tùm his
Præcipuè cauſis, ut linguas Mancipiorum
Contemnas: nam lingua mali pars peſſima ſervi.
Deterior tamen hic, qui liber non erit, illis
Quorum animas & farre ſuo cuſtodit, & ære.——
Juv. Sat. IX.

Nam citius flammas mortales ore tenebunt,
Quam ſecreta tegant: quicquid dimittis in aure
Effluit, & ſubitis rumoribus oppida pulſat.
Nec ſatis eſt vulgaſſe fidem: ſimulatius exit
Proditionis opus, famámque onerare laborat.——
Petron. Arb.

SERPENS. ANGUIS.

——IN lucem coluber, mala gramina paſtus,
Frigida ſub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat:
Nunc poſitis novus exuviis, nitidúſque juventâ,
Lubrica convolvit ſublato pectore terga
Arduus ad Solem, & linguis micat ore triſulcis.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. II.

Ecce——gemini——tranquilla per alta
(Horreſco referens) immenſis orbibus angues
Incumbunt pelago, pariterque ad litora tendunt:
Pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta, jubæque
Sanguineæ exſuperant undas: pars cætera pontum
Pone legit, ſinuátque immenſa volumine terga.
Fit ſonitus ſpumante ſalo: jamque arva tenebant:
Ardentéſque oculos ſuffecti ſanguine & igni,
Sibila lambebant linguis vibrantibus ora.——
Ibid.

——Adytis cum lubricus anguis ab imis
Septem ingens gyros, ſeptena volumina traxit:
Amplexus placide tumulum, lapſúſque per aras:
Cœrulea

ken Rogue to plague thee with his Jokes,
thy Faults, and Follies, in thy Ears.
ous Life on all Accounts is beſt,
gſt Others, that Thou may'ſt deſpiſe
ues of Servants: for the greateſt Harm
cals can commit, is with their Tongues.
a Wretch than they, is that poor Slave,
ls in Awe of thoſe he feeds and pays.——
ıſt me, ev'ry Mouth of human Mold,
much ſooner than a Secret hold:
oe'er in Whiſpers you confide,
abroad, exulting, far and wide.
h Additions the proud Wonder ſwell,
n even Fame herſelf to tell.—— *Addiſon* junr.

SERPENT. SNAKE.

H from his Den, the Winter ſlept away,
s forth the burniſh'd Snake in open Day:
with ev'ry Poiſon of the Plain,
ld Spoils, and ſhines in Youth again;
his golden Scales rolls tow'ring on,
his forky Tongue, and glitters in the Sun.—*P.*
rrid to relate! two Serpents glide,
ncumbent on the glaſſy Tide,
; to the Shore: their Spires they raiſe
e Fold, in many a tow'ring Maze.
eir burniſh'd Breaſts the Waters glow,
ıſon Creſts inflame the Deeps below:
ıſt Flood, extended long and wide,
ing Backs lay floating on the Tide:
a Foam the boiling Billows roar,
the dreadful Monſters reach'd the Shore:
ng Tongues they darted as they came,
red Eye-Balls ſhot a ſanguine Flame.— *Id.*
——From the Bottom of the Shrine
Serpent, vaſt, ſev'n Volumes roll'd,
s: he gently twines around the Tomb

Cœruleæ cui terga notæ, maculoſus & auro
Squamam incendebat fulgor: ceu nubibus arcus
Mille trahit varios adverſo Sole colores.——

Æn. Lib. V.

Eſt etiam ille malus Calabris in ſaltibus Anguis,
Squamea convolvens ſublato pectore terga,
Atque notis longam maculoſus grandibus alvum:
Qui, dum amnes ulli rumpuntur fontibus, & dum
Vere madent udo terræ ac pluvialibus Auſtris,
Stagna colit, ripiſque habitans hic piſcibus atram
Improbus ingluviem, raniſque loquacibus explet.

Poſtquam exhauſta palus, terræque ardore dehiſcunt,
Exſilit in ſuccum, & flammantia lumina torquens
Sævit agris, aſpérque ſiti, atque exterritus æſtu.

Ne mihi tum molles ſub dio carpere ſomnos,
Neu dorſo nemoris libeat jacuiſſe per herbas:
Cum poſitis novus exuviis, nitidúſque juventâ
Volvitur, aut catulos tectis aut ova relinquens
Arduus ad Solem, & linguis micat ore triſulcis.——

Virg. Georg. Lib. III.

——————Hoc conditus antro
Martius Anguis erat: criſtis præſignis & auro.
Igne micant oculi: corpus tumet omne veneno:
Treſque vibrant linguæ: triplici ſtant ordine dentes.

Quem poſtquam Tyria lucum de gente profecti
Infauſto tetigere gradu: demiſſáque in undas
Urna dedit ſonitum, longo caput extulit antro
Cæruleus Serpens, horrendáque ſibila miſit.

Effluxere

And o'er the Altar glides: Cerulean Streaks,
And burniſh'd Spots, diſtinct with Drops of Gold,
Brighten'd his Back, and glitt'ring Scales: As when
From th' adverſe Sun the ſhow'ry Bow reflects
A thouſand various Colours in the Clouds.—— *Trap.*

A Serpent too of more diſtinguiſh'd Note
Lurks in *Calabria*'s Woods: his Breaſt erect:
His ſcaly Back convolv'd: his Belly long,
And ſpeckl'd with large Spots.—While Rivers burſt
From Fountains, while in dewy Spring the Earth
Is moiſten'd by the rainy Southern Winds,
He lives in Water: and, the Nooks of Banks
Inhabiting, on Fiſh, and croaking Frogs,
Voracious, feeds: and crams his filthy Maw.
But when the Ponds are dry'd, and Summer cleaves
The Soil aduſt, He darts into the Fields,
Raging, and rolling round his fiery Eyes,
Scar'd by the Heat, exaſp'rated with Thirſt.
Ah! may I never then in open Air
Sweet Sleep indulge, nor lie upon the Graſs
In a cool Glade; when having caſt his Skin,
And new, and ſleek in glitt'ring Youth, he rolls:
Or, leaving in his Den his Eggs, or young,
Sublime againſt the Sun, his burniſh'd Creſt
Uprears, and darts his quiv'ring forky Tongue.— *Id.*

Deep in this dreary Den, conceal'd from Day,
Sacred to *Mars*, a mighty Serpent lay:
Bloated with Poyſon to a monſtrous Size,
Fire broke in Flaſhes when he glanc'd his Eyes:
His tow'ring Creſt was glorious to behold,
Erect it ſtood, and ſhone like beaten Gold.
Three Tongues he brandiſh'd when he charg'd his Foes,
His Teeth ſtood threat'ning in three dreadful Rows.

Soon as this Den th' unlucky *Tyrians* found,
And in the Spring, their plunging Pitchers ſound,
Rows'd by the Noiſe, the Serpent 'gan to rear
His blew-green Head, and Hiſſings fill'd the Air.
The *Tyrians* drop'd their Veſſels in the Fright,
All pale and ſhudd'ring at the hideous Sight.

Effluxere urnæ manibus: ſanguíſque relinquit
Corpus, & attonitos ſubitus tremor occupat artus.
Ille volubilibus ſquamoſos nexibus orbes
Torquet, & immenſos ſaltu ſinuatur in arcus:
Ac media plus parte leves erectus in auras
Deſpicit omne nemus; tantóque eſt corpore, quanto
Si totum ſpectes, geminas qui ſeparat arctos.

——Phœnicas (ſive illi tela parabant,
Sive fugam, ſive ipſe timor prohibebat utrúmque,)
Occupat: hos morſu, longis complexibus illos:
Hos necat afflatos funeſti tabe veneni.

——Solitas acceſſit ad iras
Plaga recens, plenis tumuerunt guttura venis:
Spumaque peſtiferos circumfluit albida rictus:
Terraque raſa ſonat ſquamis: quique halitus exit,
Ore niger Stygio, vitiatas inficit auras.
Ipſe modo immenſum ſpiris facientibus orbem
Cingitur: interdum longa trabe rectior exit.
Impete nunc vaſto, ceu concitus imbribus amnis,
Fertur, & obſtantes proturbat pectore ſylvas.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. III.

SEVERITAS.

——STimulataque pellicis ira
Vulgat adulterium: diffamatúmque parenti
Indicat. Ille ferox immanſuetúſque precantem,
Trudentémque manus ad lumina Solis, &, Ille
Vim tulit invitæ, dicentem, defodit alta

Crudus

Spire above Spire, uprear'd in Air, he ſtood,
And gazing round him, overlook'd the Wood:
Then floating on the Ground, in Circles roll'd,
He ruſh'd along in many a winding Fold.
Of ſuch a Length, and ſuch a monſtrous Size,
The Serpent in the polar Circle lies,
That ſtretches over half the Northern Skies.
In vain the *Tyrians* on their Arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:
All their Endeavours and their Hopes are vain!
Some die entangl'd in the winding Train:
Some he devours, and ſome his pois'nous Breath,
And mortal Venom doom to ſudden Death.
And now his Rage increaſing with his Pain,
Enlarg'd his Throat with ev'ry ſwelling Vein;
With Scales erect he furrows up the Ground,
Which from each Motion gives a ruſhing Sound.
Churn'd in his Teeth the foamy Venom roſe,
And from his Mouth a Blaſt of Vapours flows,
Such as th' infernal *Stygian* Waters caſt:
The Air around was poiſon'd with the Blaſt.
Now, in a Maze of Rings he lies enroll'd,
Now, all unravell'd, and without a Fold:
Now, like a Torrent, with a mighty Force,
Bears down the Foreſt in his boiſt'rous Courſe.— *Addiſon* alt.

SEVERITY.

WITH jealous Madneſs fir'd, ſhe flies in haſte,
And tells the King, his Daughter was unchaſte.
The * King, incens'd to hear his Honour ſtain'd,
No more the Father, nor the Man retain'd.
In vain ſhe ſtretch'd her Arms, and turn'd her Eyes
To her lov'd God, Enlightner of the Skies:
In vain ſhe own'd it was a Crime, yet ſtill
It was a Crime not acted by her Will.

* *Orchamus*, King of *Perſia*, being informed of his Daughter *Leucothoe*'s Amour with *Phœbus*, cauſed her to be interred alive.

Crudus humo: tumulúmque ſuper gravis addit arenæ.—
Ovid. Met. Lib. IV.

Interea patrius vultu mœrente Satelles
Venit, & indignos edidit ore ſonos:
Æolus hunc enſem mittit tibi, (tradidit enſem)
Et jubet ex merito ſcire, quid ille velit.——
Ovid. Epiſt. XI.

PUDOR. Vide RUBOR.

——TOrúmque [pudori
Ore premens, Diſcede, precor: miſeróque
Parce, ait. Inſtanti, Diſcede, aut deſine, dixit,
Quærere quid doleam.——————
Extulit illa caput, lachrymíſque implevit obortis
Pectora nutricis: conatáque ſæpe fateri,
Sæpe tenet vocem: pudibundáque veſtibus ora
Texit.——————————
Ovid. Met. Lib. X.

OVES.

INcipiens, ſtabulis edico in mollibus herbam
Carpere Oves, dum mox frondoſa reducitur æſtas:
Et multâ duram ſtipulâ filicúmque maniplis
Sternere ſubter humum: glacies ne frigida lædat
Molle pecus, ſcabiémque ferat, turpéſque podagras.

At vero, Zephyris cum læta vocantibus æſtas,
In ſaltus utrúmque gregem atque in paſcua mittes:
Luciferi primo cùm ſidere, frigida rura
Carpamus: dum mane novum, dum gramina canent,
Et ros in tenera pecori gratiſſimus herba eſt.

Si

The brutal Sire ſtood deaf to ev'ry Pray'r,
And, deep in Earth, intomb'd alive the Fair.— *Euſden.*
And now appear'd the * Meſſenger of Death,
Sad were his Looks, and ſcarce he drew his Breath,
To ſay, *Your Father ſends you*——(With that Word
His trembling Hands preſented me a Sword :).
Your Father ſends You this, and let's You know
That Your own Crimes the Uſe of it will ſhow.— *Dryden.*

SHAME. See BLUSHING.

SHE threw her Body proſtrate on the Bed,
And to conceal her Bluſhes hid her Head :
Oh go! or queſtion me no more, ſhe ſaid,
But ſpare the Bluſhes of a wretched Maid.——
Again ſhe rais'd her Head : but ſoon oppreſs'd
With Shame, reclin'd it on her Nurſe's Breaſt :
Bath'd it with Tears, and ſtrove to have confeſs'd.
Twice ſhe began, and ſtopp'd : again ſhe try'd :
The falt'ring Tongue its Office ſtill deny'd :
At laſt her Veil before her Face ſhe ſpread. — *Dryden* alt.

SHEEP.

FIrſt, I direct, that in warm Huts the Sheep
Be fodder'd till the leafy Spring returns :
And that the froſty Ground with Fern, or Straw,
Be litter'd underneath them : Leſt the Ice
Should hurt the tender Cattle, and induce
The foul contagious Scab, or cramp their Limbs.
But when gay Spring returns, and Zephyrs breathe
Inviting : To the Lawns and Paſtures ſend
Both Goats and Sheep : When *Venus* firſt appears,
On the cool Herbage let them feed : while freſh
The Morning riſes, while the Meads are grey,
And moſt the Cattle on the tender Graſs
Enjoy the Dew.——————

* From *Æolus* to his Daughter *Canace* who had committed Inceſt with her own Brother.

Si tibi lanicium curæ, primum aſpera ſylva,
Lappæque tribulíque abſint: fuge pabula læta:
Continuóque greges villis lege mollibus albos.
Illum autem, quamvis aries ſit candidus ipſe,
Nigra ſubeſt udo tantum cui lingua palato,
Rejice, ne maculis infuſcet vellera pullis
Naſcentum; plenóque alium circumſpice campo.——

Turpis Oves tentat ſcabies, ubi frigidus imber
Altius ad vivum perſedit, & horrida cano
Bruma gelu: vel cum tonſis illotus adhæſit
Sudor, & hirſuti ſecuerunt corpora vepres.——

Quam procul, aut molli ſuccedere ſæpius umbræ
Videris, aut ſummas carpentem ignavius herbas,
Extremámque ſequi, aut medio procumbere campo
Paſcentem, & ſeræ ſolam decedere nocti:
Continuo ferro culpam compeſce, priuſquam
Dira per incautum ſerpant contagia vulgus.——
Virg. Georg. Lib. III.

CURSUS NAVALIS.

—PAres incunt gravibus certamina remis
Quatuor ex omni delectæ claſſe carinæ.
Velocem Mneſtheus agit acri remige Priſtin:
Ingentémque Gyas ingenti mole Chimæram,
Urbis opus: triplici pubes quam Dardana verſu
Impellunt, terno conſurgunt ordine remi.
Sergeſtúſque——————
Centauro invehitur magnâ: Scyllâque Cloanthus
Cœruleâ.——————

Eſt procul in pelago Saxum:——
Hic viridem Æneas frondenti ex ilice metam
Conſtituit, ſignum nautis, pater: unde reverti
Scirent, & longos ubi circumflectere curſus.

Tum

If Wool be thy Delight, from prickly Brakes,
And Burs, and Thiſtles, be thy Flocks remov'd:
Rich Paſtures ſhun: ſoft, Snow-white Fleeces chuſe.
The Ram, tho' white himſelf, if underneath
His humid Palate ev'n his Tongue be black,
Diſcard, (leſt He with ſable Spots infect
The new-born Lambs, diſcolouring the Race,)
And ſeek another o'er the well-ſtock'd Field.—— *Id.*

————The foul contagious Scab
Seizes the Sheep, when far into their Fleſh
The Cold of Rain, or Winter's hoary Froſt
Has ſunk: Or to their new-ſhorn Sides the Sweat
Adheres, unwaſh'd away: Or prickly Briers
Their Bodies wound.————

Whatever Sheep thou ſeeſt to Shades retire
More frequent; or more negligently chew
The topmoſt Graſs: or loiter in the Rear:
Or, feeding, on the Field lie down: or late,
And lonely, with the Cloſe of Eve, return:
Delay not, kill th' Infected: e'er thro' all
Th' unwary Flock the dire Contagion ſpread.— *Trap.*

SHIP-RACE.

FOUR Ships ſelected out from all the Fleet,
Equal, begin the Strife with pond'rous Oars.
His ſwiftly ſailing *Priſtis Mneſtheus* plies
With ſturdy Rowers.—In the huge *Chimera*,
A City's Work, rides *Gygas:* Her impel
The youthful *Trojans* with a triple Tire:
Three Banks of Oars above each other riſe.
Sergeſtus in the mighty *Centaur* ſails:
And *Scylla* of cerulean Colour bears
Cloanthus.————

There ſtood a Rock at Diſtance in the Main:
Here Prince *Æneas* from a leafy Oak,
To guide the Sailors plants a verdant Goal:
From whence they ſhould return, and round direct
In long Circumference their winding Courſe.

Then

Tum loca sorte ineunt, ipsique in puppibus auro
Ductores longè effigiem oftróque decori:
Cætera populei velantur fronde juvenes,
Nudatóque humeros oleo pertusa nitescit:
Considunt transtris, intentique brachia remis
Intenti exspectant signum: exultantíque haurit
Corda pavor pulsus, laudumque arrecta cupido.
Iade ubi clara dedit sonitum tuba, finibus omnes,
Haud mora, prosiluere suis: ferit æthera clamor
Nauticus, adductis spumant freta versa lacertis.
Infindunt pariter sulcos: totúmque dehiscit
Convulsum remis rostrísque tridentibus æquor.
Tum plausu fremitúque virûm studiísque faventum
Consonat omne nemus, vocémque inclusa volutant
Litora, pulsati colles clamore resultant.

Effugit ante alios, primúsque elabitur undis
Turbam inter fremitumque Gyas: quem deinde Cloanthus
Consequitur, melior remis: sed pondere pinus
Tarda tenet. Post hos æquo discrimine Pristis
Centaurúsque locum tendunt superare priorem.
Et nunc Pristis abit: nunc victam præterit ingens
Centaurus: nunc una ambæ junctísque feruntur
Frontibus, & longâ sulcant vada salsa carinâ.

Jamque propinquabant scopulo, metámque tenebant:
Cum princeps medióque Gyas in gurgite victor
Rectorem navis compellat voce Menœten:
Quo tantum mihi dexter abis? huc dirige cursum.
Litus ama, & lævas stringat sine palmula cautes:
Altum alii teneant. Dixit: sed cæca Mœnetes
Saxa timens, proram pelagi detorquet ad undas:
Quo diversus abis? iterum, Pete saxa, Menœte,

Then All by Lot their Places take: and firſt,
The Chiefs in Gold and Crimſon ſtand, from far
Effulgent on the Decks: The other Youth
With poplar Wreaths are ſhaded: ſmear'd with Oil
Their naked Shoulders ſhine: upon their Seats
With ſtrong brac'd Arms intent they graſp their Oars,
Intent expect the Signal: Throbbing Fear
Beats in their Breaſts, and anxious Love of Praiſe.
Soon as the Trumpet loudly ſounds, at once
All from their Barriers ſpring: The Shouts confus'd
Of Sailors rend the Vault of Heav'n: The Sea
Turn'd upward froths beneath their daſhing Arms:
At once they plow the Brine: and all the Deep
Yawns wide, convuls'd with Oars, and trident Beaks.
Then with the Party-Favour of the Crowd,
With Shouts and mix'd Applauſes all the Grove
Reſounds: The Shores included roll the Noiſe:
And from the echoing Hills the Voice returns.
Amidſt the Throng and Hurry on the Waves,
Before the reſt, firſt *Gyas* ſcuds away:
Him next *Cloanthus* follows, with his Oars
More happy: but his Veſſel by it's Weight
Detains him tardy: After Theſe, with Sails
Equal, the *Priſtis*, and the *Centaur* ſtrive
To run the foremoſt: Now the *Priſtis* gains,
Now the huge *Centaur* wins on Her: Now Both
Together with united Fronts are born:
And the long Gallies plow the briny Deep.
They now approach'd the Rock, and reach'd the Goal,
When *Gyas* firſt, and Victor, in mid-Sea
Calls to *Menætes* Pilot of his Ship:
Whither ſo far decline You to the Right?
Hither direct your Steerage, love the Shore,
And let our Rowers raze the left-hand Rocks:
Leave Others to the Deep.—He ſaid: but old
Menætes, fearing hidden Shelves, detorts
His Rudder to the Ocean:—Why ſo far
Diverſe, *Menætes?* Nearer to the Shore,

Gyas

Cum clamore Gyas revocabat: & ecce Cloanthum
Reſpicit inſtantem tergo, & propriora tenentem.
Ille inter navémque Gyæ ſcopulóſque ſonantes
Radit iter lævum interior, ſubitúſque priorem
Præterit, & metis tenet æquora tuta relictis.
Tum vero exarſit juveni dolor oſſibus ingens,
Nec lacrymis caruere genæ: ſegnémque Mencœten,
Oblitus decoríſque ſui ſociúmque ſalutis,
In mare præcipitem puppi deturbat ab alta.
Ipſe gubernaculo rector ſubit, ipſe magiſter:
Hortatúrque viros, clavúmque ad litora torquet.——

Hic læta extremis ſpes eſt accenſa duobus,
Sergeſto Mneſtheóque, Gyam ſuperare morantem.
Sergeſtus capit ante locum, ſcopulóque propinquat:
Nec tota tamen ille prior præeunte carinâ:
Parte prior, partem roſtro premit æmula Priſtis.
At media ſocios incedens nave per ipſos
Hortatur Mneſtheus.——Olli certamine ſummo
Procumbunt: vaſtis tremit ictibus ærea puppis,
Subtrahitúrque ſolum: tum creber anhelitus artus
Aridáque ora quatit: ſudor fluit undique rivis.
Attulit ipſe viris optatum caſus honorem.
Namque furens animi dum prora ad ſaxa ſuburget
Interior, ſpatióque ſubit Sergeſtus iniquo,
Infelix ſaxis in procurrentibus hæſit.

Concuſſæ cautes, & acuto in murice remi
Obnixi crepuere, illiſáque prora pependit.
Conſurgunt nautæ, & magno clamore morantur:
Ferratáſque ſudes & acuta cuſpide contos
Expediunt, fractóſque legunt in gurgite remos.

At

gain calls out aloud, and ſees
bus cloſe and preſſing on his Stern.
ætwixt *Gyas*, and the ſounding Rocks,
or, ſkims the left-hand Way, and ſwift
ips his Rival, and beyond the Goal
h ſhoots along, and gains the ſafer Seas.
outh with Rage and Diſappointment fir'd,
s running down his Cheeks) his Dignity
tting, and the Safety of his Friends,
l ſlow *Menætes* from the high-built Deck
itate into the Sea: Himſelf
lot takes his Place, exhorting loud
rew, and turns the Rudder to the Shore.
is unexpected Change with eager Hope
Mneſtheus, and *Sergeſtus*, lagging laſt,
inquiſh *Gyas* thus retarded.——Firſt
tus takes his Place, and to the Rock
oaches: yet not all his Veſſel firſt,
irſt, the Rival *Priſtis* preſſes part
with her Beak. Then *Mneſtheus*, thro' the Crew
ing along the middle of his Deck,
es his Mates.—And now, with utmoſt Force
tug their Oars: With vaſt repeated Strokes
eaky Veſſel trembles, and the Sea
back: The panting Labour ſhakes their Limbs,
clammy Mouths: Sweat flows in Rivers round.
ne to Theſe the wiſh'd-for Honour gave:
hile *Sergeſtus*, furious in the Strife,
heedleſs, urg'd his Foredeck to the Shelves,
or, and within a narrow Space
a confin'd: amidſt the jutting Rocks
uck, unfortunate: The Rocks rebound:
g their craggy Points the ſtubborn Oars
cracking, bent: The Foredeck ſhatter'd hangs:
rew of Sailors riſe, and clamour loud,
n'd, embaraſs'd: Iron Spikes and Poles
arpen'd Oak they ply: and on the Gulf,
rious, gather up the broken Oars.

But

At lætus Mneſtheus ſucceſsúque acrior ipſo,
Agmine remorum celeri, ventíſque vocatis,
Prona petit maria, & pelago decurrit aperto.
Et primum in ſcopulo luctantem deſerit alto
Sergeſtum, brevibúſque vadis: fruſtraque vocantem
Auxilia, & fractis diſcentem currere remis.
Inde Gyan, ipsámque ingenti mole Chimæram
Conſequitur: cedit, quoniam ſpoliata magiſtro eſt.
Solus jamque ipſo ſupereſt in fine Cloanthus:
Quem petit, & ſummis adnixus viribus urget.
Tum vero ingeminat clamor, cunctíque ſequentem
Inſtigant ſtudiis: reſonátque fragoribus æther.

Hi proprium decus & partum indignantur honorem,
Ni teneant, vitámque volunt pro laude paciſci.
Hoc ſucceſſus alit: poſſunt, quia poſſe videntur.
Et fors æquatis cepiſſent præmia roſtris,
Ni palmas ponto tendens utráſque Cloanthus
Fudiſſétque preces, Divóſque in vota vocaſſet.
Di, quibus imperium eſt pelagi, quorum æquora curro:
Vobis lætus ego hoc candentem in litore taurum
Conſtituam ante aras voti reus, extaque ſalſos
Porriciam in fluctus, & vina liquentia fundam.

Dixit: eumque imis ſub fluctibus audiit omnis
Nereidum Phorcíque chorus, Panopeáque virgo:
Et pater ipſe manu magna Portunus euntem
Impulit: illa Noto citius volucríque ſagitta
Ad terram fugit, & portu ſe condidit alto.——

Virg. Æn. Lib. V.

: *Mneſtheus* joyful, and with that Succeſs
more vig'rous, with his rowing Crowd;
ll the Winds invited to his Sails,
the prone Deep, and ſwiftly ſhoots away
the open Ocean.——Firſt He leaves
tus ſtruggling with the lofty Rock,
ıp among the narrow Shelves, in vain
ıg for Help, and learning how to run
broken Oars. Then *Gyas*, and the huge
era's Bulk he follows: She, becauſe
ıſt her Pilot, yields. *Cloanthus* now
: remains, juſt entring in the Port:
he purſues, and with his utmoſt Strength
urges. Now the Noiſe redoubles: All
Shouts encourage him: The Sky reſounds
deaf'ning Clamour. Theſe diſdain to loſe
Advantage they have gain'd, and burn to ſtake
: Lives for Glory: Thoſe Succeſs inſpires:
can, becauſe 'tis thought they can: And Both
ıps had born the Prize with equal Keels,
not *Cloanthus*, ſtretching to the Sea
Hands, Thus vow'd, and Thus invok'd the Gods.
ods! who rule the Ocean which I ſail!
ır before your Altars, on This Shore,
'ou a Snow-white Bull I will preſent,
;'d by Vow; and on the briny Deep
:r the Entrails, pouring pureſt Wine.
ıid: And him beneath the loweſt Waves
whole Aſſembly of the *Nereids* heard,
Phorcus, and the Virgin *Panopea*;
old *Portunus* with his ample Palm
ſelf puſh'd on the Veſſel: She more ſwift
Wind, or feather'd Arrow, flies to Land,
in the Harbour's deep Receſs ſecure.—— *Trap.*

SHOUT.

CLAMOR. Vide PRÆLIUM.

—HIS cunctæ ſimul aſſenſere cohortes,
Elatiſque altè, quæcunque ad bella vocaret,
Promiſera manus: it tantus ad æthera clamor,
Quantus piniferæ Boreas cùm Thracius Oſſæ
Rupibus incubuit, curvato robore preſſæ
Fit ſonus, aut rurſus redeuntis in æthera ſylvæ.——
Lucan. Lib. I.

Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuſcum
Tanto cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, & artes,
Divitiæque peregrinæ, quibus oblitus actor
Cum ſtetit in Scenâ, concurrit dextera lævæ.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil ſanè. Quid placet ergo?
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.—*Hor.* L. II. Ep. 1.
——Immenſus ſurgens ferit aurea clamor
Sidera—— *Æn.* Lib. II.

SIBYLLA. Vide ORACULUM.

INſanam Vatem aſpicies, quæ rupe ſub ima
Fata canit, foliiſque notas & nomina mandat.
Quæcunque in foliis deſcripſit carmina Virgo,
Digerit in numerum, atque antro ſeclusa relinquit:
Illa manent immota locis, neque ab ordine cedunt.

Verum eadem verſo tenuis cum cardine ventus
Impulit, & teneras turbavit janua frondes:
Numquam deinde cavo volitantia prendere ſaxo,
Nec revocare ſitus, aut jungere carmina curat.
Inconſulti abeunt, ſedémque odere Sybillæ.

Hic

SHOUT. See BATTLE.

NOW all the ready Legions vow to join
Their Chief belov'd, in ev'ry bold Deſign:
All lift their well-approving Hands on high,
And rend with Peals of loud Applauſe the Sky.
Such is the Sound, when *Thracian Boreas* ſpreads
His weighty Wings o'er *Oſſa*'s piny Heads:
At once the noiſy Groves are all inclin'd,
And, bending, roar beneath the ſweeping Wind:
At once their rattling Branches All they rear,
And drive the leafy Clamour thro' the Air.—— *Rowe.*

As when the Winds, againſt the rocky Shore
The Billows drive, or make the Foreſts roar:
So loud the Shout, when rich and ſtrangely dreſt
The Player comes, they clap his gawdy Veſt.
Well, hath the Actor ſpoken? Not a Line: [alt.
Why then d'ye clap? Oh, Sir, his Cloths are fine.—*Creech*

A Shout aſcending beats the golden Stars,
Immenſe.———— *Trap.*

SIBYL. See ORACLE.

YOu'll ſee the *Sibyl* in her rocky Cave,
And hear the furious Maid divinely rave.
The dark Decrees of Fate the Virgin ſings,
And writes on Leaves, Names, Characters, and Things.
The myſtic Numbers in the Cavern laid,
Are rang'd in order by the ſacred Maid:
There they repoſe in Ranks along the Floor:
At length a caſual Wind unfolds the Door:
The caſual Wind diſorders the Decrees,
And the looſe Fates are ſcatter'd by the Breeze.
She ſcorns to range them, and again unite
The fleeting Scrolls, or ſtop their airy Flight.
Then back retreat the diſappointed Train,
And curſe the *Sibyl* they conſult in vain.

Hîc tibi ne qua moræ fuerint diſpendia tanti:
Quamvis increpitent ſocii, & vi curſus in altum
Vela vocet, poſſiſque ſinus implere ſecundos:
Quin adeas vatem, precibuſque oracula poſcas
Ipſa canat, vocémque volens atque ora reſolvat.——
Æn. Lib. III.

At pius Æneas arces quibus altus Apollo
Præſidet, horrendæque procul ſecreta Sibyllæ,
Antrum immane, petit: magnam cui mentem animúmq;
Delius inſpirat vates, aperítque futura.

Exciſum Euboïcæ latus ingens rupis in antrum:
Quo lati ducunt aditus centum, oſtia centum:
Unde ruunt totidem voces, reſponſa Sibyllæ.
Ventum erat ad limen, cum Virgo: Poſcere fata
Tempus, ait: Deus, ecce, Deus. Cui talia fanti
Ante fores, ſubito non vultus, non color unus,
Non comptæ mansêre comæ: ſed pectus anhelum,
Et rabie fera corde tument: majórque videri
Nec mortale ſonans: afflata eſt numine quando
Jam propriore Dei. Ceſſas in vota precéſque,
Tros, ait, Ænea? ceſſas? neque enim ante dehiſcent
Attonitæ magna ora domus. Et talia fata
Conticuit. Gelidus Teucris per dura cucurrit
Oſſa tremor.——————

——Phœbi nondum patiens immanis in antro
Bacchatur vates, magnum ſi pectore poſſit
Excuſſiſſe Deum: tanto magis ille fatigat
Os rabidum, fera corda domans, fingítque premendo.
Oſtia jamque domus patuêre ingentia centum
Sponte ſuâ, vatíſque ferunt reſponſa per auras.——
Æn. Lib. VI.

Reſpicit

But Thou, more wiſe, thy purpos'd Courſe delay,
no' thy raſh Friends ſhould ſummon Thee away:
nd wait with Patience, tho' the flatt'ring Gales
ng in thy Shrowds, and fill thy op'ning Sails.
ith ſuppliant Pray'rs intreat her to relate,
vocal Accents all thy various Fate.—— *Pitt.*
But good *Æneas* to the tow'ring Fane
pairs, o'er which *Apollo* high preſides:
nd to the ſpacious Cavern, where retir'd
ne venerable *Sibyl* dwells: to whom
ophetick *Delius* an extenſive Soul
nd Mind inſpires, and future Things reveals.—— *Trap.*
——Cut deep in the *Eubœan* Rock
Roomy Cave deſcended: whither lead
n hundred Entrances of wide Extent,
n hundred Mouths: whence ruſh as many Sounds,
ne *Sibyl*'s Oracles. And now they reach'd
ne Portal: When the Virgin, 'Tis the Time
ow to enquire the Doom of Fate: Behold,
he God, the God, ſhe cry'd.—While thus ſhe ſpoke,
fore the Doors, her Looks, her Colour chang'd,
dden: Her Hair in wild Confuſion roſe:
nthuſiaſtic Fury heav'd her Breaſt,
nd throbbing Heart: More large her Form appear'd:
or ſpoke ſhe mortal Accents: when inſpir'd
the more preſent God. Doſt thou delay,
ojan Æneas, thy Requeſts, and Vows?
oſt thou delay? She cry'd: For not till then
ne trembling Fane will open wide it's Mouths.
nis ſaid, ſhe ſilent ſtood: A chilling Fear
n thro' the hardy *Trojan*'s Bones.——
——Impatient in her Grot
ollo's ſwelling Prieſteſs wildly raves:
luctant, lab'ring from her Breaſt to heave
n' incumbent God: So much the more he curbs
er foamy Mouth, ſubdues her madding Heart,
nd preſſing forms her. Now ſpontaneous fly
ide ope the Cavern's hundred ſpacious Mouths,
nd waft her Oracles into the Air.—— *Trap.*

Reſpicit hunc Vates, & ſuſpiratibus hauſtis,
Nec Dea ſum, dixit: nec ſacri thuris honore
Humanum dignare caput. Neu neſcius erres:
Lux æterna mihi, carituraque fine dabatur,
Si mea virginitas Phœbo patuiſſet amanti.
Dum tamen hanc ſperat, dum præcorrumpere donis
Me cupit: Elige, ait, Virgo Cumæa, quid optes:
Optaris pariet tuis. Ego pulveris hauſti
Offendiens cumulum, quot haberet corpora pulvis
Tot mihi natales contingere vana rogavi.
Excidit optanti juvenes quoque protinus annos.
Hos tamen ille mihi dabat, æternamque juventam
Si Venerem pateret. Contempto munere Phœbi
Inultæ permanco. ——————

——————Sed jam fugiere retro
Tergaque deſuetis tremulisque gradibus venit ægra ſenectus:
Quæ patienda fero! Nam jam mihi ſæcula ſeptem
Acta vides: reſtant, numeros ut pulveris æquem,
Tercentum meſſes, totidemque reverſa vindemia videre.
Tempus erit, cum me de tanto corpore parvam
Langueus ſuperes: mutataque membra ſenecta
Ad minimum redigar cineres. Nec amata videbor,
Nec placuiſſe Deo. Phœbus quoque forſitan ipſe
Vultum agnoſcet, vel dilexiſſe negabit
Ulque adeo mutata ferar: nullique videnda,
Voce tamen noſcar. Vocem mihi fata relinquent.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XIV.

OBSIDIUM. OPPUGNATIO. Vide URBS Capta.

Ille ſed turbidus atque huc
Illuc equo muros, aditumque per avia quærit.

The *Sibyl* backward turns her aweful Eyes:
And, I no Goddeſs am, with Sighs replies:
Your Incenſe ſpare, and Attributes of Praiſe,
Nor to the Rank of Gods a mortal raiſe.
Yet know, that I like Gods had never dy'd,
Would I with *Phœbus'* Paſſion have comply'd:
Who, while he woo'd me to his ſcorn'd Embrace,
And offer'd high to tempt me to Diſgrace,
Aſk what Thou wilt, *Cumæan* Fair, ſaid He:
Thou ſhalt enjoy thy Wiſh, whate'er it be.
I ſnatch'd a Heap of Sand, and wiſh'd to bear,
For ev'ry numb'red Grain I graſp'd, a Year.
Forgetful that I was, to wiſh not too,
That I my Youth might ev'ry Year renew!
Perpetual Youth, and ſtill unfading Charms,
The God had giv'n, would I have fill'd his Arms.
His Gifts deſpis'd, a ſingle Life I led,
Nor deign'd the God the Honour of my Bed.
But now thoſe happy blooming Days are gone,
And crazy Age with trembling Steps comes on:
Sev'n Ages have I liv'd: and live I muſt,
Till I in Years can ſcore thoſe Grains of Duſt.
Three hundred circling Springs, and Autumns ſtill
Remain behind, the vaſt Amount to fill.
The Time ſhall come, when Age and long Decay
Will ſhrink the Subſtance of this mould'ring Clay:
Then none ſhall think I e'er had Charms to fire
A God, or be an Object of Deſire.
Such Change ſhall I endure, he will not know,
Or will deny that once he lov'd me ſo.
No Eye ſhall ſee me: yet a Voice alone,
The Fates will grant, by which I ſhall be known.— *Pope.*

SIEGE. ASSAULT. See CITY Taken.

* HE, turbulent in Ire, ſurveys the Walls
This Way, and That, and on his lofty Steed
The Paſſes inacceſſible explores.

* *Turnus.*

Qua tentet ratione aditus, & qua via clauſos
Excutiat Teucros vallo, atque effundat in æquor.
Hæc ſuper è vallo proſpectant Troës, & armis
Alta tenent: necnon trepidi formidine portas
Explorant, pontéſque & propugnacula jungunt.

Turnus in arma viros, armis circumdatus ipſe,
Suſcitat, æratáſque acies in prælia cogit
Quiſque ſuas, variiſque acuunt rumoribus iras.
Æneadæ duri murorum in parte ſiniſtra
Oppoſuere aciem, nam dextera cingitur amni:
Ingentéſque tenent foſſas, & turribus altis
Stant mœſti.———————

At tuba terribilem ſonitum procul ære canoro
Increpuit: ſequitur clamor, cœlúmque remugit.
Accelerant actâ pariter teſtudine Volſci,
Et foſſas implere parant, ac vellere vallum:
Quærunt pars aditum, & ſcalis aſcendere muros:
Qua rara eſt acies, interlucétque corona
Non tam ſpiſſa viris. Telorum effundere contra
Omne genus Teucri, ac duris detrudere contis,
Aſſueti longo muros defendere bello.

Saxa quoque infeſto volvebant pondere, ſi quà
Poſſent tectam aciem perrumpere: cum tamen omnes
Ferre libet ſubter denſa teſtudine caſus.
Nec jam ſufficiunt: nam qua globus imminet ingens,
Immanem Teucri molem volvúntque ruúntque
Quæ ſtravit Rutulos late, armorúmque reſolvit
Tegmina,———————

Turris erat vaſto ſuſpectu & pontibus altis,
Opportuna loco: ſummis quam viribus omnes

Expugna

Doubtful which Poſt to try, and how to draw
The *Trojans* from their Trenches to the Field.
All this the *Trojans*, from their lofty Mounds
Trembling beheld, and man their Works in Arms:
With anxious Fear the guarded Gates explore,
And join the Battlements with Bridges laid.
Turnus excites the Soldiery to Arms,
Himſelf in Arms: All marſhall for the Fight
Their brazen Squadrons: and with various Talk
Exaſperated, whet each other's Rage.
The hardy *Trojans* on the left Hand Walls
(A River guards the Right,) oppoſe their War:
Within their roomy Trenches range their Line,
And, anxious, on the high-built Turrets ſtand.
Strait the loud Trumpet's Braſs with dire Alarm
Sounds ſhrill from far; a thund'ring Shout ſucceeds:
And Heav'n's high Vault rebellows to the Noiſe.
The *Volſcians*, by a Canopy of Shields
Protected, forwards ruſh, prepare to fill
The Trenches, and to level with the Plain
The Bulwarks rais'd. Some, viewing round, explore
The Paſſes: and attempt to ſcale the Walls,
Where by thin Ranks leſs guarded they appear.
The *Trojans* oppoſite, by laſting Siege
Long ſince experienc'd in defenſive War,
Pour ev'ry kind of Weapons: puſh them back
With ſpiky Poles, and tumble from above
Vaſt rocky Fragments of pernicious Weight:
If poſſible to break the Roof of Shields
Which hides the Troop: Yet They all Dangers chuſe
Beneath their iron Tortoiſe to ſuſtain.
Not long: for where the thickeſt Globe of Foes
Crouds to the Walls, the *Trojans* from their Works
Roll down a Millſtone of prodigious Size:
Which cruſh'd the *Rutuli*, and far and wide
Burſt thro' the Cov'ring which their Armour form'd.
A Tow'r there ſtood, commodious and aloft
With Bridges rais'd, which all th' *Italians* ſtrove

Expugnare locli summaque evertere opum vi
Certabant : Troës contra defendere muros,
Pernoctant ferro clausi, intentare sagittas
Principes arcessunt contra, hortatur Iarbas
Et summum ultro Ilionei locum : quæ plurima vero
Corripuit turmas, & prædibus arsit agrestis.
Tyrrhidæ jaculis, & prædivitis ensibus Indi
Vellere signa : cum se glomerant, retroque referunt
In partem, quæ pessa cavet : tum pondere turris
Procumbit fulvo, & cœlum tonat omne fragore.——

It clamor cœlo per propugnacula mœris.
Intendunt acres arcus, armisque torquent.
Sternitur omne solum telis : tum scuta cavæque
Dant sonitum flictu galeæ, pugna aspera surgit.
Quantus ab occasu veniens pluvialibus hœdis
Verberat imber humum.—— *Virg. Æn.* Lib. IX.

——Animis pariter certantibus omnes
Dant cuneum, densæque ad muros mole feruntur.
Scalæ improviso, subitusque apparuit ignis.
Discurrunt alii ad portas primosque trucidant :
Ferrum alii torquent, & obumbrant æthera telis.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. XII.

Exoritur trepidos inter discordia cives :
Urbem alii reserare jubent, & pandere portas
Dardanidis, ipsumque trahunt in mœnia regem :
Arma ferunt alii, & pergunt defendere muros.—— *Ibid.*

————Stellatis axibus agger.
Surgitur.————————
Illinc tela cadunt excelsas urbis in arces.
Sed major Graio Romana in corpora ferro
Vis inerat. Neque enim solis excussa lacertis
Lancea, sed tenso balistæ turbine rapta

Haud

With utmoſt Force and Efforts to o'erturn:
To them oppos'd the *Trojans* pour a Storm
Of Stones, and thro' the Loop-holes ſhoot their Darts.
Firſt *Turnus*, in the Van, a Firebrand threw,
And fix'd the flaming Miſchief to it's Side:
Which, riſing with the Wind, the Timber ſeiz'd,
And, ſticking to the Lintels, eat it's Way.
Confus'd within They tremble, and in vain
Attempt to fly the Ruin.—While they throng
Huddled in Heaps, and to that Part retire,
Which from the Peſt is free: Down ſudden falls
The Tow'r: and Heav'n all thunders with the Noiſe.
A Shout thro' all the Works and Ramparts ran:
Eager they bend their Bows, and whirl their Slings:
The Ground all ſtuck with Darts, the hollow Caſks
And Targets in the Shock of Conflict ring:
The Combat thickens, like a Storm that flies
From Weſtward, when the ſhow'ry Kids ariſe.——*Trap.*
————They all in Emulation ſtrive,
And form a Wedge, and ruſhing ſtorm the Walls.
Ladders at once, and ſudden Fire appears.
Some to the Gates advance, and kill the firſt
Who obvious ſtand: ſome hurl the miſſive Steel
In Storms of Shafts, and darken all the Sky.—— *Id.*
Among the trembling Citizens within
Wild Diſcord reigns: ſome preſs to ope the Gates
Wide to the *Trojans*, and the King himſelf
Drag to the Walls: ſome reſolute in Arms
Suſtain the Combat, and defend the Town.—— *Id.*

* On rolling Wheels they raiſe a lofty Tow'r,
Whence on the Walls a Storm of Darts they pour.
Nor with leſs active Rage the *Grecians* burn:
But larger Ruin on their Foes return.
Nor Hands alone the miſſile Deaths ſupply,
From ſtrong-ſpring'd Croſs-Bows whiſtling Arrows fly:

* Siege of *Maſſilia* by *C. Trebonius* Lieutenant to *Cæſar*.

The

Haud unum contenta latus tranſire, quieſcit:
Sed pandens pérque arma viam, pérque oſſa, relictâ
Morte fugit: ſupereſt telo poſt vulnera curſus.

At ſaxum quoties ingenti verberis ictu
Excutitur, qualis rupes, quam vertice montis
Abſcidit impulſu ventorum adjuta vetuſtas,
Frangit cuncta ruens: nec tantùm corpora preſſa
Exanimat: totos cum ſanguine diſſipat artus.

Ut tamen hoſtiles densâ teſtudine muros
Tecta ſubit virtus, armíſque innexa priores
Arma ferunt, galeámque extenſus protegit umbo,
Quæ priùs ex longo nocuerunt tela receſſu,
Jam poſt terga cadunt: nec Graiis flectere jactum,
Aut facilis labor eſt longinqua ad tela parati
Tormenti mutare modum: ſed pondere ſolo
Contenti, nudis evolvunt ſaxa lacertis.

Dum fuit armorum ſeries, ut grandine tecta
Innocuâ percuſſa ſonant, ſic omnia tela
Reſpuit: at poſtquam virtus incenſa virorum
Perpetuam rupit defeſſo milite cratem,
Singula continuis ceſſerunt ictibus arma.

Tunc adoperta levi procedit vinea terrâ,
Sub cujus pluteis, & tectâ fronte latentes
Moliri nunc ima parant, & vertere ferro
Mœnia: nunc aries ſuſpenſo fortior ictu
Incuſſus denſi compagem ſolvere muri

Tentat,

The ſteely Corſlet and the Bones they break,
Thro' Multitudes their fatal Journeys take,
Nor wait the ling'ring *Parcæ*'s ſlow Delay,
But wound, and to new Slaughter wing their Way.
Now, by ſome vaſt Machine, a pond'rous Stone,
Pernicious, from the hoſtile Wall is thrown:
At once, on many, ſwift the Shock deſcends,
And the cruſh'd Carcaſſes confounding blends.
So rolls ſome falling Rock by Age long worn,
Looſe from it's Root by raging Whirlwinds torn,
And, thund'ring down the Precipice is born:
O'er craſhing Woods the Maſs is ſeen to ride,
It's Way it grinds, and plains the Mountain's Side.
Gall'd with the Shot from far, the Legions join;
Their Bucklers in the warlike Shell combine:
Compact and cloſe the brazen Roof they bear,
And in juſt Order to the Walls draw near.
Safe they advance, while with unweary'd Pain,
The wrathful Engines waſte their Stores in vain:
High o'er their Heads the deſtin'd Deaths are toſs'd,
And far behind in vacant Earth are loſt.
Nor ſudden could they change their erring Aim,
Slow, and unweildy moves the cumbrous Frame.
This ſeen, the *Greeks* their brawny Arms employ,
And hurl a ſtony Tempeſt from on high:
The clatt'ring Show'r the ſounding Fence aſſails,
In vain, as when the ſtormy Winter hails,
Nor on the ſolid Roof at all prevails.
But, tir'd at length, the Warriors fall their Shields,
And, ſpent with Toil, the broken *Phalanx* yields.
Now other Stratagems the War ſupplies,
Beneath the *Vinea* cloſe th' Aſſailant lies:
The ſtrong Machine, with Planks and Turf beſpread,
Moves to the Walls it's well-defended Head:
Within the Covert ſafe the Miners lurk,
And to the deep Foundation urge their Work.
Now juſtly pois'd the thund'ring Ram they ſling,
And drive him forceful with a launching Spring:

Hoping

Tentat, & impoſitis unum ſubducere ſaxis.
Sed ſupèr & flammis, & magnæ fragmine molis
Et ſudibus crebris, & aduſti roboris ictu
Percuſſæ cedunt crates, fruſtráque labore
Exhauſto feſſus repetit tentoria miles.

Summa fuit Graiis, ſtarent ut mœnia, voti.
Ultro acies inferre parant: armíſque coruſcas
Nocturni texere faces: audáxque juventus
Erupit: non haſta viris, non letifer arcus,
Telum flamma fuit, rapiénſque incendia ventus
Per Romana tulit celeri munimina curſu.

Nec quamvìs viridi luctetur robore, lentas
Ignis agit vires: tedâ ſed raptus ab omni
Conſequitur nigri ſpatioſa volumina fumi:
Nec ſolùm ſylvas, ſed ſaxa ingentia ſolvit
Et crudæ putri fluxerunt pulvere cautes.
Procubuit, majórque jacens apparuit agger.——
Lucan. Lib. III.

Duodecim SIGNA ZODIACI. Vide EQUATOR.

AUrato princeps Aries in vellere fulgens
Reſpicit admirans adverſum ſurgere Taurum,
Summiſſo

Hoping to looſe ſome yielding Part at length,
And ſhake the firm cemented Bulwark's Strength.
But, from the Town, the ſturdy Youth prepare
With hardy Vigour to repel the War:
Crouding they gather on the Rampart's Height,
And with tough Staves, and Spears, maintain the Fight:
Darts, Fragments of the Rock, and Flames they throw,
And tear the planky Shelter fix'd below:
Around by all the warring Tempeſt beat,
The baffled *Romans* ſullenly retreat.
Now by Succeſs the brave *Maſſilians* fir'd,
To Fame of higher Enterprize aſpir'd:
Nor longer with their Walls Defence content,
In daring Sallies they the Foe prevent.
Nor arm'd with Swords, nor pointed Spears they go,
Nor aim the Shaft, nor bend the deadly Bow:
Fierce *Mulciber* ſupplies the bold Deſign,
And for their Weapons kindling Torches ſhine.
Silent they iſſue thro' the gloomy Night,
And with broad Shields reſtrain the beamy Light.
Sudden the Blaze on ev'ry Side began,
And o'er the *Latian* Works reſiſtleſs ran:
Catching, and driving with the Wind it grows,
Fierce thro' the Shade the burning Deluge glows:
Nor Earth, nor greener Planks it's Force delay,
Swift o'er the hiſſing Beams it rolls away.
Embrown'd with Smoke the wavy Flames aſcend,
Shiver'd with Heat the crackling Quarries rend;
Till with a Roar, at laſt, the mighty Mound,
Tow'rs, Engines, all, come thund'ring to the Ground.
Wide-ſpread the diſcontinuous Ruins lie,
And vaſt Confuſion fills the Gazer's Eye.—— *Rowe.*

The Twelve SIGNS of the ZODIAC. See EQUINOCTIAL LINE.

THE Leader *Ram*, all bright with golden Wool,
Looks back, and wonders at the mighty *Bull*,

Whoſe

Summiſſo vultu Geminos, & fronte vocantem :
Quos ſequitur Cancer, Cancrum Leo, Virgo Leonem :
Æquato tum Libra die cum tempore noctis
Attrahit ardenti fulgentem Scorpion aſtro :
In cujus caudam contentum dirigit arcum
Miſtus equo, volucrem miſſurus jamque Sagittam.
Tum venit anguſto Capricornus ſidere flexus :
Poſt hunc inflexam diffundit Aquarius urnam :
Piſcibus aſſuetas avidè ſubeuntibus undas :
Quos Aries tangit claudentes ultima ſigna.——

Lanigerum Pallas : Taurum Cytherea tuetur :
Formoſos Phœbus Geminos : Cyllenius Cancrum.
Juppiter & cum matre Deûm regit ipſe Leonem.
Spiciferæ eſt Virgo Cereris : fabricataque Libra
Vulcano : pugnax Mavorti Scorpius hæret :
Venantem Diana virum : ſed parteis equinæ
Atque anguſta fovet Capricorni Sydera Veſta.
Et Jovis adverſum, Junonis Aquarius aſtrum eſt,
Agnoſcítque ſuos Neptunus in æquore Piſces.——

Aries capiti, Taurus cervicibus hæret,
Brachia ſub Geminis, cenſentur pectora Cancro.
Te ſcapulæ Nemeæe vocant, teque ilia Virgo,
Libra colit clunes, & Scorpius inguine regnat,
Et femur Arcitenus, genua & Capricornus amavit,
Cruráque defendit Juvenis, veſtigia Piſces.——

Manil. Lib. IV.

SILENTIUM.

Whoſe back Parts firſt appear: He bending lies,
With threatning Head, and calls the *Twins* to riſe:
They claſp for fear, and mutually embrace,
Then comes the *Crab* with an unſteady Pace:
Next him the angry *Lion* ſhakes his Mane:
The following *Maid* abates his Rage again.
Then Day and Night are ballanc'd in the *Scales*:
Equal a while, at length the Night prevails:
And longer grown the heavier *Scale* inclines,
And draws the *Scorpion* from the Winter *Signs*.
The *Centaur* follows, with an aiming Eye,
His Bow full drawn, and ready to let fly:
The twiſted *Goat* his Horns contracted ſhows,
The *Water-Bearer*'s Urn a Flood o'erflows:
Next their lov'd Waves the *Fiſhes* take their Seat,
Join with the *Ram*, and make the *Round* compleat.——
Creech alter'd.

Pallas the *Ram*, and *Venus* guides the *Bull*,
The *Twins* ſhare *Phœbus*, and enjoy his Rule:
The *Crab* is *Mercury*'s; great *Jove* divides
His Mother's Servant, and the Lion guides.
Ceres the *Maid*, for this her *Sheaf* declares;
And the fierce *Scorpion* owns the *God* of Wars.
The *Centaur Dian* rules, and *Vulcan* claims
The *Scales*, as the juſt Product of his Flames.
The frozen *Goat* kind *Veſta*'s Aid requires,
She cheers his Cold, and warms him with her Fires.
Juſt oppoſite to where her Huſband ſways,
The *Water-Bearer Juno*'s Rule obeys.
The ſhining *Fiſhes* are to *Neptune* known,
Sprung from the Sea, he claims them for his own.— *Id.*

The *Head* comes under the *Ram*'s Influence:
The *Bull* commands the *Neck*: both *Arms* the *Twins*:
The *Breaſt* is the *Crab*'s Share: the *Lion* rules
The *Shoulders*: and the *Bowels* claims the *Maid*:
The *Buttocks* are the *Scales*' allotted Part:
And o'er the *Private Parts* the *Scorpion* reigns:
The *Thighs* the *Archer* loves: the *Knees* the *Goat*:
The *Water-Bearer* o'er the *Legs* preſides:
The *Fiſhes* to the *Feet* Protection give.——

SILENTIUM.

——VOX nulla dolori [ferret,
Credita; ſed quantum, volucres cùm bruma co-
Rura ſilent, mediúſque jacet ſinè murmure pontus:
Tanta quies.—————— *Lucan.* Lib. I.

SERVITIUM. Vide LIBERTAS.

FElices Arabes, Medíque, Eoáque tellus,
Quam ſub perpetuis tenuerunt fata tyrannis:
Ex populis, qui regna ferunt, ſors ultima noſtra eſt,
Quos ſervire pudet.—————— *Lucan.* Lib. VII.

——————In totum mundi proſternimur ævum.
Vincitur his gladiis omnis, quæ ſerviet, ætas.
Proxima quid ſoboles, aut quid meruere nepotes
In regnum naſci? pavidi num geſſimus arma?
Teximus aut jugulos? alieni pœna timoris
In noſtrâ cervice ſedet.—————— *Ibid.*

Namque omneis voces, per quas jam tempore tanto
Mentitur dominis, hæc primùm reperit ætas,
Quâ ſibi ne ferri jus ullum, Cæſar, abeſſet,
Auſonias voluit gladiis miſcere ſecures.
Addidit & faſces aquilis, & nomen inane
Imperii rapiens, fingit ſolennia campus

Et

SILENCE.

Ó Sorrow, no complaining Voice was heard:
O'er all, one deep, one horrid Silence reigns:
hen the Rigour of the Winter's Chains,
Nature, Heav'n, and Earth, at once conſtrains.
tuneful feather'd Kind forget their Lays,
ſhiv'ring tremble on the naked Sprays:
the rude Seas, compos'd, forget to roar,
freezing Billows ſtiffen on the Shore.—— *Rowe.*

SLAVERY. See LIBERTY.

EDES, and *Arabians*, of the ſlaviſh Eaſt,
Beneath eternal Bondage may be bleſt:
le, of a diff'ring Mold and Nature, We,
n Sire to Son accuſtom'd to be free,
Indignation riſing in our Blood, [*Rowe.*
bluſh to wear the Chains that make them proud.——
hen was our Offspring for all Ages loſt!
ace of future Slaves receiv'd their Doom,
Children yet unborn were overcome.
ſhall our miſerable Sons complain,
they are born beneath a Tyrant's Reign?
our baſe Hands (with Juſtice ſhall they ſay,)
ſacred Cauſe of Liberty betray?
have our Fathers giv'n us up a Prey?
r Age to Our's the Curſe of Bondage leaves;
nſelves were Cowards, and begot us Slaves.—— *Id.*
hen was the Time, when Sycophants began
eap all Titles on one lordly Man:
learn'd our Sires that fawning, lying Strain;
h we, their ſlaviſh Sons, ſo well retain:
, firſt, were ſeen to join, (an ill-match'd Pair!)
Ax of Juſtice with the Sword of War:
s, and Eagles, mingling march along,
in proud *Cæſar*'s Train promiſcuous throng.

Et non admiſſæ dirimit ſuffragia plebis.——
Lucan. Lib. V.

Cervus equum pugnâ melior, communibus herbis
Pellebat, donec minor in certamine longo
Imploravit opes hominis, frænúmque recepit:
Sed poſtquam victor violens diſceſſit ab hoſte,
Non equitem dorſo, non frænum depulit ore.
Sic, qui pauperiem veritus, potiore metallis
Libertate caret, dominum vehet improbus, atque
Serviet æternùm: quia parvo neſciet uti.——
Hor. Lib. I. Epiſt. X.

CÆDES. Vide Prælium. Effugium. Prælium Navale. Obſidium.

JAM gravis æquabat luctus & mutua Mavors
Funera: cædebant pariter, paritérque ruebant
Victores victíque: neque his fuga nota, neque illis.——
Æn. Lib. X.

——Et ſævis campis magis ac magis horror
Crebreſcit.——————
————It triſtis ad æthera clamor
Bellantum juvenum, & duro ſub Marte cadentum.——
Æn. Lib. XII.

At vagus Afer equos ut primùm emiſit in agmen,
Tunc campi tremuere ſono: terrâque ſolutâ,
Quantus Biſtonio torquetur turbine, pulvis
Aëra nube ſuâ texit, traxítque tenebras.
Ut verò in pedites fatum miſerabile belli
Incubuit, nullo dubii diſcrimine Martis
Ancipites ſteterunt caſus, ſed tempora pugnæ
Mors tenuit. Neque enim licuit procurrere contrà,
Et miſcere manus: ſic undique ſepta juventus
Cominus obliquis, & rectis eminus haſtis
Obruitur, non vulneribus, nec ſanguine ſolùm,
Telorum nimbo peritura, & pondere ferri.
Ergo acies tantæ parvum ſpiſſantur in orbem,
Denſatúrque globus, quantum pede prima relato

Conſtrinxit

But while all Pow'rs in him alone unite;
He mocks the People with the Shews of Right.—— *Id.*
The Stag, ſuperior both in Arms and Force,
From out their common Paſture drove the Horſe.
The Vanquiſh'd flies to Man, to right his Cauſe;
Begs Help, and takes the Bridle in his Jaws:
But having beat the Victor, could not get
Man from his Back, nor from his Mouth the Bit.
Thus the mean Wretch, that fearing to be poor,
Exchanges Liberty for ſhining Ore,
Muſt bear a Lord, muſt ever be a Slave; [alt.
Cauſe he knows not to uſe the Little Nature gave.—*Creech*

SLAUGHTER. See Battle. Rout. Sea-Fight. Siege.

NOW unrelenting *Mars*, on either Side,
Equall'd the Slaughter, and the mutual Deaths:
The Victors and the Vanquiſh'd kill, and ruſh
With equal Force: nor Theſe, nor Thoſe retreat.—*Trap.*
——————And now ſtill more
And more the Horror riſes in the Field:
——————To Heav'n aſcends
A diſmal Noiſe confus'd of warrior Youth,
Groaning in Death, and gaſping on the Ground.— *Id.*
Soon as the *Lybian* Horſe their Onſet make,
With thund'ring Hoofs the ſandy Soil they ſhake:
Thick o'er the Plain the wavy Clouds ariſe,
As when thro' *Thrace*, *Biſtonian Boreas* flies,
Involves the Day in Duſt, and darkens all the Skies.
And now the Foot encompaſs'd all around,
Are maſſacred, and trodden to the Ground:
None in Reſiſtance vainly prove their Might,
But Death is all the Buſineſs of the Fight.
So thick the Darts and Javelins deſcend,
That had they wounded not,——————
Their very Weight would make the *Romans* bend.
On ev'ry Side the *ſhrinking* Front grows leſs,
And to the Center madly all they preſs:

Conſtrinxit gyros acies. Non arma movendi
Jam locus eſt preſſis: ſtipatáque membra teruntur.
Frangitur armatum collíſo pectore pectus.——
Lucan. Lib. IV.

Sanguineum veluti quatiens Bellona flagellum,
Biſtonas aut Mavors agitans, ſi verbere ſævo
Palladiâ ſtimulet turbatos ægide currus.
Nox ingens ſcelerum, & cædes oriuntur, & inſtar
Immenſæ vocis gemitus, & pondere lapſi
Pectoris arma ſonant, confractíque enſibus enſes.——
Lucan. Lib. VII.

SOMNUS.

EST prope Cimmerios longo ſpelunca receſſu,
Mons cavus, ignavi domus & penetralia Somni:
Quo nunquam radiis oriens, mediùſve, cadènſve
Phœbus adire poteſt. Nebulæ caligine miſtæ
Exhalantur humo: dubiæque crepuſcula lucis.
Non vigil ales ibi criſtati cantibus oris
Evocat Auroram: nec voce ſilentia rumpunt
Solicitìve canes, canibùſve ſagacior anſer.
Non fera, non pecudes, non moti flamine rami,
Humanæve ſonum reddunt convicia linguæ.

Muta quies habitat. Saxo tamen exit ab imo
Rivus aquæ Lethes: per quem cum murmure labens
Invitat ſomnos crepitantibus unda lapillis.
Ante fores antri fœcunda papavera florent,
Innumeræque herbæ: quarum de lacte ſoporem
Nox legit, & ſpargit per opacas humida terras.

Janua, ne verſo ſtridorem cardine reddat,
Nulla domo tota eſt: cuſtos in limine nullus:
At medio torus eſt, ebeno ſublimis in antro

Plumea,

ar, Uproar, and Diſmay, increaſe the Cry,
uſhing, and cruſh'd, an armed Crowd they die:
'n thronging on their Fellows Swords they run,
nd the Foes Buſineſs by themſelves is done.— *Rowe.*
As when *Bellona* drives the World to War,
: *Mars* comes thundring in his *Thracian* Car:
ge horrible darts from his *Gorgon* Shield,
nd gloomy Terror broods upon the Field,
ate, fell and fierce, the dreadful Gods impart,
nd urge to Slaughter ev'ry Soldier's Heart:
e Many ſhout, Arms claſh, the Wounded cry,
nd one promiſcuous Peal groans upwards to the Sky.—*Id.*

SLEEP.

JEAR the *Cimmerians*, lies a Cavern deep
Within a Rock, the Court of lazy Sleep.
nis the Sun ſees not at his Noon-tide Height,
or cheers, with riſing, or deſcending Light;
t hazy Vapours from the Earth ariſe,
nd ſpread perpetual Twilight o'er the Skies.
o wakeful Cocks, with early Crowings, dare
oclaim the Riſe of roſy Morning there:
o watchful Dogs, or more ſagacious Geeſe,
turb with Noiſe the everlaſting Peace.
o Voice of Beaſts, no Winds among the Boughs,
o human Sounds this Region ever knows.
re Silence reigns: yet from the Rock below,
Arm of *Lethe*, with a gentle Flow,
ſing upwards, o'er the Pebbles creeps,
d with ſoft Murmurs calls the coming Sleeps.
ound the Entrance nodding Poppies grow,
d num'rous Herbs that balmy Sleep beſtow:
nich Night extracting from their juicy Veins,
ds as ſhe paſſes o'er the duſky Plains.
nſt Doors ſhould creak, and creaking hinder Sleep,
Door there was: no Guard the Houſe to keep.
nidſt the Cave was rais'd a lofty Bed,
F'd *with black Down*, and on an Ebon Sted:

Black.

Plumeus, atricolor, pullo velamine tectus,
Quo cubat ipſe Deus, membris languore ſolutis.
Hunc circa paſſim varias imitantia formas
Somnia vana jacent totidem, quot meſſis ariſtas,
Sylva gerit frondes, ejectas Littus arenas.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. II.

——— Tardáque Deus gravitate jacentes
Vix oculos tollens, iterúmque iterúmque relabens,
Summáque percutiens nutanti pectora mento,
Excuſſit tandem ſibi ſe: cubitóque levatus.—— *Ibid.*

———Rurſus molli languore ſolutum
Depoſuítque caput, ſtratóque recondidit alto.—— *Ibid.*

Somne, quies rerum, placidiſſime Somne Deorum,
Pax animi, quem cura fugit, qui corda diurnis
Feſſa miniſteriis mulces, reparáſque labori.—— *Ibid.*

———Somnus agreſtium
Lenis virorum non humiles domos
Faſtidit, umbroſamque ripam,
Non Zephyris agitata Tempe.—*Hor.* Lib. III. Od. 1.

Stulte, quid eſt Somnus, gelidæ niſi mortis Imago?
Longa quieſcendi tempora fata dabunt.— *Ov. Am.* IX.

FUNDA.

STridentem fundam poſitis Mezentius armis
Ipſe ter adductâ circum caput egit habenâ:
Et media adverſi liquefacto tempora plumbo
Diffidit, ac multâ porrectum extendit arenâ.— *Æn.* IX.

Stantem

lack was the Cov'ring too, where lay the God;
ınd ſlept ſupine, his Limbs diſplay'd abroad.
ıbout his Head fantaſtic Viſions fly,
Vhich various Images of Things ſupply,
ınd mock their Forms: the Leaves on Trees not more,
Jor bearded Ears in Fields, nor Sands upon the Shore.—
Dryden alter'd.

The God his Eye-lids ſtruggles to unlooſe,
eal'd, by his deep unbroken Slumbers, cloſe:
Ialf-way his Head he rears, with ſluggiſh Pain,
Vhich, heavy, ſinks upon his Breaſt again:
'requent Attempts without Succeſs he makes,
ıut, at the laſt, with long Endeavours, wakes:
Ialf-rais'd, and half-reclining on his Bed,
Jpon his Hand he leans his nodding Head.— *Hopkins.*

————Again he ſeeks his Bed,
n whoſe ſoft Down he ſinks his drooping Head:
ıgain his Eye-lids are with Sleep oppreſt,
ınd the whole God diſſolves again to reſt.—— *Id.*

————O ſacred Reſt!
ſweet pleaſing Sleep! of all the Pow'rs the beſt!
) Peace of Mind! Repairer of Decay,
ıt whoſe Approach, Care, ſullen, flies away:
Vhoſe Balm renews the weary'd Limbs to Labours of the Day.—— *Dryden.*

Sweet Sleep deſpiſes not the Poor,
Nor paſſes by the Cottage Door:
He loves the Shades, he loves the Plains,
And favours moſt the lowly Swains.——

Fool, what is Sleep, but th' Image of cold Death?
The Fates will grant a long long Time of Reſt.——

SLING.

M*Ezentius* quits his Arms, and round his Head
Thrice whirls his ſounding Sling: Shot from the Thong
The Lead, half-melted as it flies, divides
His Temples, and extends him on the Sand.—— Trap.

Stantem ſublimi Tyrrhenum culmine proræ
Lygdamus excuſsâ balearis tortor habenæ
Glande petens, ſolido fregit cava tempora plumbo.
Sedibus expulſi, poſtquam cruor omnia rupit
Vincula, procurrunt oculi. Stat lumine rapto
Attonitus.———————————

Lucan. Lib. III.

DESIDIA. Vide MOLLITIES.

JAM liber, & bicolor poſitis membrana capillis,
Inque manus chartæ, nodoſáque venit arundo.
Tunc queritur craſſus calamo quòd pendeat humor:
Nigra quòd infusâ vaneſcat ſepia lymphâ:
Dilutas queritur geminet quòd fiſtula guttas.

O miſer! inque dies ultrà miſer! huccine rerum
Venimus! at cur non potiùs, teneróque columbo
Et ſimilis regum pueris, pappare minutùm
Poſcis, & iratus mammæ lallare recuſas?
An tali ſtudeam calamo? cui verba? quid iſtas
Succinis ambages? tibi luditur.———

Perſ. Sat. III.

Non cœptæ aſſurgunt turres, non arma juventus
Exercet: portùſve aut propugnacula bello
Tuta parant: pendent opera interrupta, minæque
Murorum ingentes, æquatáque machina cœlo.——

Æn. Lib. I.

Ut jugulent homines, ſurgunt de nocte latrones:
Ut teipſum ſerves, non expergiſceris? atqui
Si noles ſanus, curres hydropicus.———

Hor. Lib. I. Epiſt. 2.

Adde

s *Tyrrhen* ſtood high on the Galley's Prow,
aiming, from his *Balearic* Thong,
Lygdamus a pond'rous Bullet ſlung:
›' liquid Air the Ball ſhrill whiſtling flies,
cuts its Way thro' hapleſs *Tyrrhen*'s Eyes.
aſtoniſh'd Youth ſtands ſtruck with ſudden Night,
le burſting ſtart the bleeding Orbs of Sight.—*Rowe.*

SLOTH. See EFFEMINACY.

ITH much adoe, his Book before him laid,
And Parchment with the ſmoother Side diſplay'd,
takes the Papers: lays 'em down again:
with unwilling Fingers tries the Pen.
e peeviſh Quarrel ſtrait he ſtrives to pick:
Quill writes double: or his Ink's too thick.
ſe more Water;—now 'tis grown ſo thin,
ıks, nor can the Characters be ſeen.
Wretch! and ſtill more wretched ev'ry Day!
Mortals born to dream their Lives away!
›ack to what thy Infancy began,
u who wert never meant to be a Man:
Pap and Spoon-meat: for thy Gewgaws cry:
ıllen, and refuſe the Lullaby.
more accuſe thy Pen, but charge the Crime
ıative Sloth, and Negligence of Time.
ık'ſt Thou thy Maſter, or thy Friends, to cheat?
, 'tis Thyſelf, and that's a worſe Deceit.— *Dryden.*
h' unfiniſh'd Tow'rs no longer riſe: the Youth
iſciplin'd in Arms, no longer form
s, and ſtrong Fortreſſes of War: the Works
lected ſtand: the Threat'nings of the Walls,
tall Machines no more invade the Sky:
ſticking in mid way, come ſhort of Heav'n.—*Trap.*
ogues riſe before 'tis Day to kill, and thieve:
You not wake to ſave Yourſelf alive?
ow, when well, you will not leave your Eaſe,
ain you'l try when preſt with a Diſeaſe.—— *Creech.*

Man's

Adde quod ingenium longa rubigine læſum
Torpet, & eſt multò, quam fuit antè, minus.
Fertilis, aſſiduo ſi non renovetur aratro,
Nil niſi cum ſpinis gramen habebit ager.
Tempore qui longo ſteterit malè curret, & inter
Carceribus miſſos ultimus ibit equus.— *Ov.* I. Triſt. 12.

Parvissima Corpora.

——Animalia ſunt jam partim tantula, eorum
Tertia pars nulla ut poſſit ratione videri.
Horum inteſtinum quodvis quale eſſe putandum 'ſt?
Quid cordis globus aut oculi? quid membra? quid artus?
Quantula ſunt? quid præterea primordia quæque,
Unde anima, atque animi conſtet natura, neceſſum 'ſt?—
Lucret. Lib. IV.

Consortium. Vide Homo. Homines Primævi.

———Separat hoc nos
A grege brutorum:———————
———————Indulſit communis conditor illis
Tantùm animas, nobis animum quoque: mutuus ut nos
Affectus petere auxilium, & præſtare juberet:
Diſperſos trahere in populum, & migrare vetuſto
De nemore, & proavis habitatas linquere ſilvas:
Ædificare domos, laribus conjungere noſtris
Tectum aliud, tutos vicino limine ſomnos
Ut collata daret fiducia: protegere armis
Lapſum, aut ingenti nutantem vulnere civem,
Communi dare ſigna tubâ, defendier iſdem
Turribus, atque unâ portarum clave teneri.—*Juv.* Sat. XV.

Solstitium.

HAC vice diſcedunt noctes ad ſydera Brumæ;
Tolluntúrque dies, anníque invertitur orbis,
Solſtitium tardi cùm fit ſub ſydere Cancri,

Tuncque

Man's Underſtanding dull'd by Idleneſs,
Contracts a Ruſt, that makes it daily leſs.
Unleſs you often plow the fruitful Field,
No Grain, but mixt with Thiſtles, will it yield.
Ill runs the Horſe, and hind-moſt in the Race,
Who long has been unpractic'd in the Chace.——

SMALLNESS.

CReatures ſo ſmall there are, their midmoſt Part,
The ſharpeſt Sight, by all the Helps of Art
Aſſiſted, cannot poſſibly deſcry:
How fine are then the Guts, the Heart, the Eye?
How fine each Limb, each Fibre of the whole?
How infinitely fine the Texture of the Soul?——

SOCIETY. See MAN. PEOPLE (Firſt.)

BEtween the Brutes and Us this Diff'rence lies:
Jove did to them but Earth-born Life diſpence,
To Us, for mutual Aid, celeſtial Senſe:
From ſtraggling Mountaineers, for publick Good,
To rank in Tribes, and quit the ſavage Wood,
Houſes to build, and them contiguous make,
For cheerful Neighbourhood and Safety's Sake:
In War a common Standard to erect:
A wounded Friend in Battle to protect:
To march together at the Trumpet's Call,
Sally from one Port, or man one public Wall.——*Tate.*

SOLSTICE.

FROM *Capricorn*, decreaſing Nights appear,
And Heav'n turns up the right Side of the Year:
The Day proceeds to lengthen all the Way,
Till high in *Cancer* rais'd, it makes a Stay:

The

Tuncque diem Brumæ nox æquat, tempora noctis
Longa dies; ſimilíſque redit, quàm creverat actu,
Illa etiam poterit naſcens via ducere ad Auſtrum,
Quod quandóque vadis emiſſum redditur orbi.—*Manil.* III.

ANIMA. Vide Druidæ. Elyſium. Inferi. Manes. Animarum Purgatio.

MORTE carent Animæ: ſempérque, priore relicta
Sede, novis domibus habitant, vivuntque receptæ.
Omnia mutantur: nihil interit. Errat, & illinc
Huc venit, hinc illuc, & quoſlibet occupat artus
Spiritus: eque feris humana in corpora tranſit,
Inque feras noſter: nec tempore deperit ullo.
Utque novis facilis ſignatur cera figuris,
Nec manet ut fuerat, nec formas ſervat eaſdem,
Sed tamen ipſa eadem eſt: animam ſic ſemper eandem
Eſſe, ſed in varias doceo migrare figuras.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XV.

Ignoratur enim quæ ſit natura Animaï:
Nata ſit, an, contra, naſcentibus inſinuetur:
Et ſimul intereat nobiſcum morte diremta:
An tenebras Orci viſat, vaſtáſque lacunas,
An pecudes alias divinitus inſinuet ſe.——
Lucret. Lib. I.

——Fortes animæ, dignatáque nomina cœlo
Corporibus reſoluta ſuis, terræque remiſſa
Huc migrant ex orbe, ſuúmque habitantia cœlum
Æthereos vivunt annos, mundóque fruuntur.— *Manil.* I.

Quis cœlum poſſit niſi cœli munera noſſet?
Et reperire Deum, niſi quis pars ipſa Deorum eſt?
Atque hanc connexi molem ſine fine parentis,
Signorúmque choros, ac mundi flammea tecta,
Æternum & ſtellis adverſus ſidera bellum
Cernere, & anguſto ſub pectore claudere poſſit,
Ni tantos animis oculos natura dediſſet?——
Manil. Lib. II.

An

The *Solſtice* then :—when Day and Night are found
Equal to Day and Night that drove the Winter round.
Then, by the ſaid Degrees, again the Light,
Decreaſing, what it took returns to Night.—— *Creech.*

SOUL. See Druids. Elyſium. Hell. Manes. Purgatory.

——SOULS for ever live:
But often their old Habitations leave,
To dwell in new; which them, as Gueſts, receive.
All alter, Nothing finally decays;
Hither, and thither, ſtill the Spirit ſtrays:
Free to all Bodies; out of Beaſts it flies
To Men, from Men to Beaſts: and never dies.
As pliant Wax each new Impreſſion takes,
Fixt to no Form, but ſtill the Old forſakes,
Yet is the ſame: ſo Souls the ſame abide,
Tho' various Figures their Reception hide.—*Sandys* alter'd.

We know not yet the Soul: how 'tis produc'd:
Whether with Body born, or elſe infus'd:
Whether, in Death, breath'd out into the Air,
She mix confus'dly with't, and periſh there:
Or thro' vaſt Shades, and horrid Silence go,
To viſit Brimſtone Caves, and Pools below:
Or into Beaſts retires.—————— *Creech.*

Brave Souls when loos'd from this ignoble Chain
Of Clay, and ſent to their own Heav'n again,
From Earth's groſs Orb on Virtue's Pinions riſe,
In *Æther* wanton, and enjoy the Skies.— *Creech* alter'd.

Who could know Heav'n, unleſs that Heav'n beſtow'd
The Knowledge? or find God, but Part of God?
How could the Space immenſe be e'er confin'd
Within the Compaſs of a narrow Mind?
How could the Skies, the Dances of the Stars,
Their Motions adverſe, and eternal Wars,
Unleſs kind Nature in our Breaſts had wrought,
Proportion'd Souls, be ſubject to our Thought.— *Id.* alt.

Can

An dubium eſt habitare Deum ſub pectore noſtro?
In cœlúmque redire animas, cœlóque venire?
Utque ſit ex omni conſtructus corpore mundus,
Ætheris, atque ignis ſummi, terræque, marísque,
Spiritum & in toto rapidum, qui juſſa gubernat:

Sic eſſe in nobis terrenæ corpora ſortis,
Sanguineáſque animas, animi qui cuncta gubernat,
Diſpensátque hominem? quid mirum noſcere mundum,
Si poſſunt homines, quibus eſt & mundus in ipſis?
Exemplúmque Dei quiſque eſt in imagine parva.
Manil. Lib. IV.

——————Certis ambagibus ævi
Rurſus corporeos Animæ mutantur in artus.——
Claud. Rapt. Proſ.

——Quodcunque fuit populabile flammæ,
Mulciber abſtulerat: nec cognoſcenda remanſit
Herculis effigies: nec quidquam ab imagine ductum
Matris habet: tantúmque Jovis veſtigia ſervat.
Utque novus ſerpens, poſita cum pelle ſenecta,
Luxuriare ſolet, ſquammàque nitere recenti:
Sic, ubi mortales Tirynthius exuit artus,
Parte ſui meliore viget: majòrque videri
Cœpit, & auguſta fieri gravitate verendus
Quem pater omnipotens, inter cava nubila raptum,
Quadrijugo curru radiantibus intulit aſtris.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. IX.

ADRIANI morientis ad ANIMAM.

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hoſpes coméſque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut ſoles) dabis joca.——

Can any doubt that God reſides in Man,
That Souls from Heav'n deſcend, and when the Chain
Of Life is broke, return to Heav'n again?
As in the greater World, aſpiring Flame,
Earth, Water, Air, make the material Frame:
And thro' the Members a commanding Soul
Infus'd, directs the Motion of the Whole:
So 'tis in Man, the leſſer World: the Caſe
Is Clay, unactive, and an earthly Maſs:
But the Blood's Streams the ruling Soul convey
Thro ev'ry Part, to actuate the Clay.
Then who can wonder that the World is known
So well by Man, ſince he himſelf is One?
The ſame Compoſure in his Form is ſhew'd,
And Man's the little Image of the God.— *Creech* alter'd.

When once th' appointed Years are roll'd away,
The paſſing Minds their former Load ſuſtain,
Are born a-new, and ſheath'd in Fleſh again.— *Hughes.*

Mean while whate'er was in the Pow'r of Flame
Was all conſum'd: his Body's nervous Frame
No more was known, of human Form bereft:
Th' eternal Part of *Jove* was only left.
As an old Serpent, caſt his ſcaly Veſt,
Writhes in the Sun, in youthful Glory dreſt:
So when *Alcides'* mortal Mold reſign'd,
His better Part enlarg'd, and grew refin'd:
Auguſt his Viſage ſhone: Almighty *Jove*
In his ſwift Car his honour'd Offſpring drove:
High o'er the hollow Clouds the Courſers fly,
And lodge the Hero in the ſtarry Sky.—— *Gay.*

Dying Reflections of the Emperor ADRIAN.

Poor little, pretty, flutt'ring Thing!
Muſt we no longer live together?
And doſt Thou prune thy trembling Wing,
To take thy Flight Thou know'ſt not whither?
Thy humorous Vein, thy pleaſing Folly
Lies all neglected, all forgot:
And penſive, wav'ring, melancholy,
Thou dread'ſt, and hop'ſt, Thou know'ſt not what.—— *Prior.*

Ah fleeting Spirit! wandring Fire
That long has warm'd my tender Breaſt!
Muſt Thou no more this Frame inſpire?
No more a pleaſing chearful Gueſt?
Whither, ah whither art Thou flying!
To what dark undiſcover'd Shore?
Thou ſeem'ſt all trembling, ſhiv'ring, dying,
And Wit and Humour are no more.—— *Pope.*

ARS LOQUENDI.

AT varios linguæ ſonitus Natura ſubegit
Mittere, & utilitas expreſſit nomina rerum:
Non alia longè ratione, atque ipſa videtur
Protrahere ad geſtum pueros infantia linguæ, [Lib. V.
Cùm facit, ut digito, quæ ſint præſentia, monſtrent.—*Lucret.*

Proinde putare aliquem tum nomina diſtribuiſſe
Rebus, & inde homines didiciſſe vocabula prima,
Deſipere 'ſt, nam cur hic poſſet cuncta notare
Vocibus, & varios ſonitus emittere linguæ,
Tempore eodem alii facere id non quiſſe putentur?

Præterea, ſi non alii quoque vocibus uſi
Inter ſe fuerant: unde inſita notities eſt
Utilitatis, & unde data 'ſt huic prima poteſtas,
Quid vellet facere, ut ſcirent, animóque viderent?
Cogere enim plureis unus, victóſque domare
Non poterat, rerum ut perdiſcere nomina vellent:
Nec ratione docere ulla, ſuaderéque ſurdis
Quid facto eſſet opus: faciles neque enim paterentur
Nec ratione ulla ſibi ferrent ampliùs aureis
Vocis inauditos ſonitus obtundere fruſtra.

Poſtremò, quid in hac mirabile tantopere eſt re,
Si genus humanum, cui vox, & lingua vigeret,
Pro vario ſenſu varias res voce notaret,
Cùm pecudes mutæ, cùm denique fæcla ferarum
Diſſimileis ſoleant voces variaſque ciere,
Cùm metus, aut dolor eſt, & cùm jam gaudia gliſcunt?—*Ibid.*

VER. Vide ANNI TEMPORA. VENUS. ANNUS.

EXtremæ ſub caſum hiemis, jam vere ſereno,
Tum pingues agni, & tum molliſſima vina:
Tum ſomni dulces, denſæque in montibus umbræ.——
Virg. Georg. Lib. I.

Ver adeo frondi nemorum, ver utile ſylvis:

SPEECH.

NAture the Power of framing Sounds affords
To Man, but 'twas Convenience taught us Words.
As Infants now for Want of Words deviſe
Expreſſive Signs, and ſpeak with Hands and Eyes:
Their ſpeaking Hand the Want of Words ſupplies.
But, that one Man the Names of Things contriv'd,
And that from him their Knowledge all deriv'd,
'Tis fond to think: for how could that Man tell
The Names of Things, or ſpeak a Syllable,
And not another Man do ſo as well?
Beſides, if Others us'd not Words as ſoon,
How was their Profit and Convenience known?
Or how could he inſtruct the Other's Mind?
Or make them underſtand what he deſign'd?
Since being ſingle, neither Force nor Wit
Could conquer many, or make them ſubmit
To learn his Words, or e'en with Patience bear
A meanleſs Jargon rattling in their Ear?——

Therefore ſince proper Parts, ſince Voice, and Tongue,
By Nature's Gift beſtow'd, to Man belong,
Where lies the Wonder, that Mankind ſhould frame
For ev'ry diff'rent Thing a diff'rent Name?
Since even brute Creatures make a diff'rent Noiſe,
Oppreſs'd by Pains, or Fears, or fill'd with Joys.—*Creech*

SPRING. See SEASONS. VENUS. YEAR.

WHEN *Winter* ends, and *Spring* ſerenely ſhines;
Then fat the Lambs, and mellow are the Wines:
Then ſoft the Slumbers on the verdant Ground;
Then with thick Shades the lofty Mountain's crown'd.—*An.*
The *Spring* to Foreſts yields a kindly Aid:
To Woods the *Spring* reſtores the uſeful Shade:

Vere tument terræ, & genitalia ſemina poſcunt.
Tum pater omnipotens fœcundis imbribus Æther
Conjugis in gremium lætæ deſcendit, & omnes
Magnus alit, magno commixtus corpore, fœtus.
Avia tum reſonant avibus virgulta canoris,
Et Venerem certis repetunt armenta diebus.
Parturit almus ager: Zephyrique tepentibus auris
Laxant arva ſinus: ſuperat tener omnibus humor:
Inque novos ſoles audent ſe gramina tuto
Credere: nec metuit ſurgentes pampinus Auſtros,
Aut actum cœlo magnis Aquilonibus imbrem:
Sed trudit gemmas, & frondes explicat omnes.
Non alios primâ creſcentis origine mundi
Illuxiſſe dies, aliùmve habuiſſe tenorem
Crediderim: ver illud erat, ver magnus agebat
Orbis, & hibernis parcebant flatibus Euri.——

Virg. Geor. Lib. II.

Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos:
Nunc frondent Sylvæ, nunc formoſiſſimus annus.——

Virg. Ecl. III.

Tum——muta pelagus conſternitur unda,
Et varios audet flores emittere tellus.
Tunc pecudum volucrúmque genus per pabula læta
In Venerem partúmque ruit, totúmque canora
Voce nemus loquitur, frondémque vireſcit in omnem:
Viribus in tantum ſignis natura movetur.——

Manil. Lib. III.

Solvitur acris hyems gratâ vice Veris, & Favonî,
Trahúntque ſiccas machinæ carinas:
Ac neque jam ſtabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator igni:
Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.

Jam

In the kind Spring the Lands abound with Juice,
And aſk for Seeds that give a large Produce.
Then the All-potent Air, prolific Showers
On the ſoft Lap of his glad Conſort pours:
From her vaſt Womb the mighty Store proceeds,
And all, the mighty He commix'd, with Plenty ſeeds.
The Birds their Songs repeat to ev'ry Grove;
And Herds perceive the Seaſon of their Love:
Then teem the Fields, and make their Boſoms bare
To the warm Breezes of the weſtern Air.
Then kindly Moiſture over all Things ſheds:
Plants truſt new Suns, and boldly rear their Heads:
Nor fears the Vine leſt ſouthern Storms ſhould riſe,
Or the rough North pour Rivers from the Skies:
But boldly ſhoots her Buds from ev'ry Bough,
And all her Leaves diſplays with pompous Show.
So dawn'd the Days, ſuch was, methinks, their Courſe
In the weak Childhood of the Univerſe:
Then Spring was all, for then the mighty Ring, [*Id.*alt.
Roll'd, free from Winter's Storms, in conſtant Spring.—
And now the Fields all teem, and every Tree:
Now bloom the Groves, now ſmiles the beauteous Year.—
Tra.

Seas then lie huſht: then Earth grows bold to bear,
And truſts young Flow'rs to the ſerener Air:
Then Beaſts in Fields, and Birds in every Grove,
Preſs on with Fury, to conſummate Love.
With joyous Song the vocal Foreſts ring,
And various Leaves adorn the gaudy Spring:
With ſuch briſk Powers are Nature's Parts poſſeſt,
When, wak'd, ſhe rouſes from her Winter's Reſt.——
Creech.

Sharp Winter melts, *Favonius* ſpreads his Wing,
And brings a pleaſing Change, the ſmiling Spring.
Ships from the Docks are now drawn out again,
And ſpread their Canvas on the curling Main.
Nor Stalls the Ox, nor Fires the Clown delight,
Nor Froſts no longer cloth the Fields in White.

Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus, imminente Lunâ :
Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes
Alterno terram quatiunt pede, dum grave Cyclopum
Vulcanus ardens urit officinas.
Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto,
Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt ſolutæ.
Nunc & in umbroſis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
Seu poſcat agnam, ſive malit hœdum.—*Hor.* I. Ode. 4.
Diffugêre nives, redeunt jam gramina campis,
Arboribúſque comæ :
Mutat terra vices, & decreſcentia ripas
Flumina prætereunt :
Gratia cum Nymphis, geminíſque ſororibus audet
Ducere nuda choros.—— *Hor.* L. IV. Ode 7.

Ver novum, ver jam canorum : vere natus orbis eſt :
Vere concordant amores : vere nubent alites :
Et nemus comam reſolvit de maritis imbribus.

Ecce, jam ſuper geneſtas explicat aonii latus :
Quiſque tuus quo tenetur conjugali fœdere.
Subter umbras cum maritis ecce balantum gregem.
Et canoras non tacere Diva juſſit alites.
Jam loquaces ore rauco ſtagna cygni perſtrepunt,
Adſonant Terei puellæ ſubter umbram populi.
Cat. Pervig. Veneris.

THEATRUM.

IGnotum Tragicæ genus inveniſſe Camœnæ
Dicitur, & plauſtris vexiſſe poëmata Theſpis :
Quæ canerent, agerèntque peruncti fæcibus ora.

Poſt

The Nymphs and Graces joyn'd, thro' flowry Meads,
By Moon-light dance, and lovely *Venus* leads.
Nimbly they ſhift their Feet, and ſhake the Ground,
While *Vulcan* lab'ring at his Forge is found.
Then crown'd with Myrtle be, or fragant Flow'rs,
Rais'd from the loos'ned Earth by balmy Show'rs:
To *Faunus* offer, in the ſacred Groves,
A Lamb, or Kid, which e'er he beſt approves.—*Creech*alt.

The Snows are gone, behold a World's new Face!
How Graſs the Ground, how Leaves their Branches grace!
The Streams that lately over-flow'd the Grounds,
Now gently glide within their proper Bounds.
The Nymphs and Graces naked dance around,
And nimbly o'er the flow'ry Meadows bound.——

The Spring, the new, the warbling Spring appears,
The youthful Seaſon of reviving Years:
In Spring the Loves enkindle mutual Heats,
The feather'd Nations chuſe their tuneful Mates:
The Trees grow fruitful with deſcending Rain,
And dreſt in diff'ring Greens adorn the Plain.— *Parnel.*

Now Bulls o'er Stalks of Broom extend their Sides,
Secure of Favours from their lowing Brides.
Now ſtately Rams their fleecy Conſorts lead,
Who bleating follow thro' the winding Shade.
And now the Goddeſs bids the Birds appear,
Raiſe all their Muſick, and ſalute the Year:
Then deep the Swan begins, and deep the Song
Runs o'er the Water where he ſails along:
While *Philomela* tunes a treble Strain,
And from the Poplar charms the liſt'ning Plain.—— *Id.*

The STAGE.

THESPIS, 'tis ſaid, did Tragedy deviſe.
Unknown before, and rude at it's firſt Riſe,
In Carts the Gypſy-Actors ſtrol'd about,
Their Faces ſmear'd with Lees of Wine and Soot,
And thro' the Towns amus'd the wond'ring Rout.

Poſt hanc perſonæ, pallæque repertor honeſtæ
Æſchylus, & modicis inſtravit pulpita tignis:
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitíque cothurno.——
Hor. Art. Poet.

Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,
Mox etiam agreſtes Satyros nudavit, & aſper
Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit: eò quòd
Dulcibus inſtet, & grati novitate morandus
Spectator, ſanctique ſacris, & potus, & exlex.

Vibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vincta, tubæque
Enea, ſed tenuis, ſimplexque, foramine pauco
Adſpirare:——————
Quò ſine populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
Et frugi, caſtique, verecundíque coibat.
Poſtquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
Lætior impleſſe murus.——————
Accidit numeríque modíque licentia major.
Sic rithmo motuique, & luxuriæ addidit arti
Tibicen, traxitque vagus per pulpita veſtem.
Sic etiam verbis vocem exercere ſonoris,
[illegible] præceps,
[illegible]
[illegible] Delphis.—— *Ibid.*

[illegible] Navis Rector.

[illegible]
[illegible] formas.
[illegible] ambigua mundi
[illegible] tenetur
[illegible] facentes.
[illegible]
[illegible] reſurgit.——
Manil. Lib. I.

Nec

hen *Æſchylus* brought Maſks and Habits in,
nd built a Play-Houſe, and contriv'd a Scene,
he buſkin'd Heroes taught, with Grace and Art
o tread the Stage, and boldly ſpeak their Part.——
Oldham alter'd.

He, who at firſt in Tragick Numbers wrote,
Vhen the poor Poet labour'd for a Goat,)
ought in his Satyrs naked to divert
nd mix'd the comick with the ſerious Part:
his was the Bait to bribe the Crowd to ſtay,
'hen drunk and wanton, and ſit out the Play.
No Flute, or Trumpet, grac'd the antient Scene,
it Pipes whoſe Stops were few, and Model mean.
ch gain'd Applauſe, and pleas'd in former Days,
'hen to be chaſt and modeſt was a Praiſe,
'hen Folks lov'd Thrift, and few frequented Plays.
it after *Rome* had ſtretch'd her Conqueſts round,
nd wider Walls enlarg'd the City's Bound:
hen Bards in bolder Strains began to ſing,
nd form'd their Numbers to the tuneful String.
ien graceful Motion, and a pompous Dreſs,
ive to the growing Stage deſerv'd Succeſs:
ie Lyre in more melodious Style was heard,
id Art in all it's Elegance appear'd:
ith manly Senſe ſweet Elocution flow'd,
id ſpoke prophetick as the *Delphick* God.— *Ames* alt.

STARS. See Chance. Orion. Pilot.

THE glittering Stars at equal Diſtance lie,
Make various Shapes, and chequer all the Sky.
ove them Nought: to the World's Top they roſe,
inting the Roof of Nature's common Houſe:
hich in a wide Embrace does all contain,
ie ſpacious Air, the Earth, and raging Main.
ey ſet in order, and in order riſe, [*Creech.*
Weſt drives down, or Eaſt brings up the Skies.——

Nec ſpatium ſtellis mundo, nec cedere ſummæ
Floribus, aut ſiccæ currunt per littus arenæ:
Sed quot sunt ſemper naſcentes æquore fluctus,
Quot delapſa cadant foliorum millia ſylvis,
Amplius hoc ignes numero volitare per orbem.
Utque per ingentem populus deſcribitur urbem,
Præcipuúmque patres retinent, & proximum equeſter
Ordo locum, populúmque equiti, populóque ſubire
Vulgus iners, videas etiam ſine nomine turbam:
Sunt Stellæ procerum ſimiles, ſunt proxima primis
Sydera, ſúntque gradus, atque omnia juncta priori:
Maximus eſt populus, ſummo qui culmine fertur:
Cujus pro numero vires Natura dediſſet,
Ipſe ſuas æther flammas ſufferre nequiret,
Totus & accenſo mundus flagraret Olympo.——
Manil. Lib. V.

STYLUS. Vide Authores. Poëſis. Poëtæ.

SUmite materiam veſtris, qui ſcribitis, æquam
Viribus: & verſate diu, quid ferre recuſent,
Quid valeant humeri. Cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deſeret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.——
Hor. Art. Poet.

——Licuit, ſempérque licebit
Signatum præſente notâ producere nomen.
Ut ſylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modò nata, vigéntque.
Debemur morti nos, noſtráque.——
——Mortalia facta peribunt:
Nedum ſermonum ſtet honos, & gratia vivax.
Multa renaſcentur, quæ jam cecidêre, cadéntque
Quæ nunc ſunt in honore, vocabula, ſi volet Uſus:
Quem penes Arbitrium eſt, & jus, & norma loquendi.—*Ib.*

Scribendi rectè, ſapere eſt & principium & fons:
Verbáque

So thick with Stars the Skies are ſpangled o'er,
That not the Sands upon the winding Shore,
That not the Billows in tempeſtuous Floods,
That not the Leaves when Autumn ſhakes the Woods,
Can ſhew their Number.—Numbers they ſurmount;
Arithmetick is loſt in the Account.———
And as in Cities, where, in Ranks decreed,
Firſt Nobles go, and then the Knights ſucceed;
A Right to come the next the People claim;
The Rabble laſt, a Croud without a Name.
So are the Heav'ns by different Stars poſſeſt:
Some, like the Nobles, with more Rays are dreſt,
Some ſhine with leſs, the num'rous Croud with leaſt.
Were theſe endow'd with a proportion'd Heat,
Were they in Pow'r, as they 're in Number great,
They, long agoe, muſt have diſſolv'd the Frame,
Nor could the World have born ſo fierce a Flame.— *Id.*

STYLE. See Authors. Poetry. Poets.

LET Writers match their Subject to their Strength,
And often try what Weight they can ſupport,
And what their Shoulders are too weak to bear:
After a ſerious and judicious Choice,
Method and Eloquence will never fail.—— *Roſcommon.*

Men ever had, and ever will have leave
To coin new Words, well ſuited to the Age.
Words are like Leaves; ſome wither ev'ry Year,
And ev'ry Year a younger Race ſucceeds.
Death is a Tribute all Things owe to Fate.
Why then ſhould Words challenge Eternity,
When greateſt Men, and greateſt Actions die?

Uſe may revive the obſoleteſt Words,
And baniſh thoſe that now are moſt in Vogue:
Uſe is the Judge, and Law, and Rule of Speech.— *Id.*

Good Senſe muſt be the certain Standard ſtill,
To All, that e'er pretend to Writing well:

Chuſe

Veraque præterea res non invita sequentur.— *Ibid.*

Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis:
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, & hospes:
Quod sit conscripti, quod judicis officium; quæ
Partes in bellum missus ducis: ille profectò
Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.— *Ibid.*

Horatius———
Carus ac vicinum jam inde a pueris inter inaneis,
Quam de gravibus inter Grajos, qui vera requirunt.
Omnia enim stolidi magis admirantur, amantque
Inversis quæ sub verbis latitantia cernunt;
Veraque conclamant, quæ belle tangere possint
Auris, & lepide quæ sint fucata fronte.— *Lucret.* L. I.

Obticuram diu populus, bonus erret, atque
Prætor in lucem speciem decorata rerum:
Quæ cavisse rectorem Cassiticus, atque Cethegis,
Nunc ita demersa proavis, & lecta venustis
Adposuisse novis, quæ gignat prodeuntia vitis:
Vehemens & liquidus, puroque simillimus amni,
Fundere fusa loco, pulchreque beatæ divitis linguâ.
Luxuriantia compescit, nimis aspera sano
Lævidat ore, nitorem adjecit:
Luderis per verba, Catoni dicitur.——
Hor. Lib. II. Epist. 2.

Indignor quicquam reprehendi: non quia crasse
Compositum, illepideve putetur: sed quia nuper:
Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem, & præmia posci.

Jam Satyræ Nostræ dicunt quid laudas, & illud,
Quod mecum ignoras, solus vult scire videri:
Ingeniis non ille favet, plausorque sepultis:
Nostra sed impugnat: nos, nostrique lividus odit.
Quòd si tam Græcis novitas invisa fuisset,
Quàm nobis, quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid haberet
Quod legeret, tereretque viritim publicus usus.——
Hor. Lib. II. Epist. 1.

TEMPESTAS

Chuſe but a Subject which You throughly know,
And Words, unſought, therefrom with Eaſe will flow.—
Who knows the Duty of all Ranks of Men,
And what we owe to Country, Parents, Friends,
How Judges, and how Senators ſhould act,
And what becomes a General to do,
And give to all their proper Characters.—— *Roſcom.*

——*Heraclitus* whom vain *Greeks* admire
For dark Expreſſion: but the ſober few,
Who ſeek for, and delight in what is true,
Scorn and contemn:—for Fools alone regard
What ſeems obſcure, and intricate, and hard:
Take that for Truth whoſe Phraſes ſmooth appear,
And dancing Periods charm the wanton Ear.— *Creech.*

Mark where a bold expreſſive Phraſe appears,
Bright thro' the Rubbiſh of ſome hundred Years:
Command old Words that long have ſlept, to wake;
Such as wiſe *Bacon*, or brave *Raleigh* ſpake:
Or bid the New be *Engliſh* Ages hence,
(For Uſe will father what's begot by Senſe.)
Pour the full Tide of Eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely ſtrong,
Rich with the Treaſures of each foreign Tongue.
Prune the Luxuriant, the Uncouth refine,
But ſhew no Mercy on an empty Line:
Then poliſh all with ſo much Life and Eaſe,
You think 'tis Nature, and a Knack to pleaſe.— *Pope.*

I loſe my Patience, and I own it too,
When Works are cenſur'd, not as bad, but new:
While if our Elders break all Reaſon's Laws,
Theſe Fools demand not Pardon, but Applauſe.
He who to ſeem more deep than You or I,
Extols old Bards, or *Merlin*'s Prophecy,
Miſtake him not: he envies, not admires,
And to debaſe the Sons exalts the Sires.
Had antient Times conſpir'd to diſallow
What then was new, what had been antient now?
Or what remain'd, ſo worthy to be read
By learned *Criticks*, of the mighty Dead?—— It

TEMPESTAS COELI. *Vide* Coelum Turbidum.

SÆpe ego, cum flavis meſſorem induceret arvis
Agricola, & fragili jam ſtringeret hordea culmo,
Omnia ventorum concurrere prælia vidi,
Quæ gravidam late ſegetem ab radicibus imis
Sublime expulſam eruerent: ita turbine nigro
Ferret hyems culmúmque levem, ſtipulâſque volantes.
Sæpe etiam immenſum cœlo venit agmen aquarum,
Et fœdam glomerant tempeſtatem imbribus atris
Collectæ ex alto nubes: ruit arduus æther
Et pluviâ ingenti ſata læta, boúmque labores
Diluit: implentur foſſæ, & cava flumina creſcunt
Cum ſonitu, fervétque fretis ſpirantibus æquor.
Ipſe pater, media nimborum in nocte, coruſcâ
Fulmina molitur dextrâ: quo maxima motu
Terra tremit: fugere feræ, & mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis ſtravit pavor.———

———Ingeminant Auſtri, & denſiſſimus imber:
Nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc litora plangunt.——
Virg. Georg. Lib. I.

Qualis Hyperboreis Aquilo cum denſus ab oris
Incubuit: Scythiæque hyemes atque arida differt
Nubila: tum ſegetes altæ campíque nutantes
Lenibus horreſcunt flabris, ſummæque ſonorem
Dant ſylvæ, longíque urgent ad littora fluctus:
Ille volat, ſimul arva fugâ, ſimul æquora verrens.——
Virg. Georg. Lib. III.

Adverſi rupto ceu quondam turbine Venti
Confligunt, Zephyrúſque, Notúſque, & lætus Eois
Eurus; equis: ſtridunt ſylvæ: ſævítque tridenti

Spumeus,

STORM at LAND. See Tempeſt.

OFT have I ſeen, when now the Farmer brought
The Reaper to his yellow Fields, and bound
His Sheaves with brittle Straw, the warring Winds
All riſe at once, and from the Roots uprend
His full-ear'd Corn, and whirl it high in Air.
With ſuch a Guſt an Hurricane would drive
Light flying Stubble.——Oft too Floods immenſe
Of Waters guſh from Heav'n: and gather'd Clouds
Brew the black Storm aloft, with duſky Show'rs:
The ruſhing Sky deſcends, and with vaſt Rain
Drowns the rich Crop, and Labours of the Plough.
The hollow Dykes are fill'd: with roaring Noiſe
The foaming Rivers ſwell: and in the Friths
Toſs'd by the Winds the wintry Ocean boils.
Great *Jove* himſelf, amidſt the Night of Clouds,
Hurls with his red Right-hand the forky Fire:
Earth trembles: Savage Beaſts to Covert fly:
And Mortals Hearts, o'er all the World, with Dread
Sink ſhudd'ring, and appall'd.————
————————With redoubled Force
The Winds condenſe the Tempeſt: Woods roar loud
With ſtruggling Blaſts: and Rivers laſh their Shores.—*Trap.*

Like *Boreas* in his Race, when ruſhing forth,
He ſweeps the Skies, and clears the cloudy North:
The waving Harveſt bends beneath his Blaſt,
The Foreſt ſhakes, the Groves their Honours caſt:
He flies aloft, and with impetuous Roar,
Purſues the foaming Surges to the Shore.—— *Dryden.*

So, when the Winds in airy Conflict riſe,
Here South and Weſt charge dreadful in the Skies,
There louder *Eurus*, to the Battle born,
Mounts the ſwift Courſers of the purple Morn:
Beneath the Whirlwind roar the bending Woods:
With his huge Trident *Neptune* ſtrikes the Floods,

Foams.

Spumeus; atque imo Nereus ciet æquora fundo.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. II.

——————Effuſis imbribus atra
Tempeſtas ſine more furit: tonitrúque tremiſcunt
Ardua terrarum, & campi: ruit æthere toto
Turbidus imber aquâ, denſíſque nigerrimus Auſtris.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. V.

TEMPESTAS MARIS. NAUFRAGIUM.

POrtubus exierant: & moverat aura rudentes:
Obvertit lateri pendentes navita remos:
Cornuaque in ſumma locat arbore: totaque malo
Carbaſa deducit, venientéſq; accipit auras.
Aut minus, aut certè medium non amplius æquor
Puppe ſecabatur: longéque erat utraque tellus:
Cum mare ſub noctem tumidis albeſcere cœpit
Fluctibus, & præceps ſpirare valentius Eurus.
Ardua, jamdudum, demittite cornua, Rector
Clamat: & antennis totum ſubnectite velum.
Hic jubet: impediunt adverſæ juſſa procellæ;
Nec ſinit audiri vocem fragor æquoris ullam.
Sponte tamen properant alii ſubducere remos:
Pars munire latus: pars ventis vela negare.
Egerit hic fluctus: æquórque refundit in æquor:
Hic rapit antennas.————

————Quæ dum ſine lege geruntur
Aſpera creſcit hyems: omníque è parte feroces
Bella gerunt venti: fretáque indignantia miſcent.
Ipſe pavet: nec ſe, qui ſit ſtatus, ipſe fatetur
Scire ratis Rector: ne quid jubeàtve, vetètve:
Tanta mali moles, totáque potentior arte eſt.

Quippe

Foams, Storms, and tempeſting the Deeps around,
Bares the broad Boſom of the dark Profound.—— *Pitt.*

————————Black with ruſhing Rain
A Tempeſt rag'd enormous, and the Hills
And Fields with Thunder ſhook: o'er all the Sky
A Shower with Water dark, and thickned Winds,
Turbid deſcends.———————— *Trap.*

STORM at SEA. SHIPWRECK.

NOW got from Shore, a Breeze began to blow,
The Sailors ſhip their Oars, and ceaſe to Row:
Then hoiſt their Yards a-trip, and all their Sails
Let fall, to court the Winds, and catch the Gales.
The Veſſel ſcarce half Way, at moſt no more,
By this had run, far off from either Shore,
When, in the Night, the foaming Billows riſe, [alt.
And the fierce Eaſt-Wind bluſters thro' the Skies.—*Dryd.*

At this, the Maſter ſoon began to cry,
Strike, ſtrike the Topſail: let the Main-ſheet fly,
And furl your Sails:—the Winds repel the Sound,
And in the Speaker's Mouth the Speech is drown'd.
Yet of their own accord, as Danger taught,
Each in his Way, officiouſly they wrought:
Some ſtow their Oars, or ſtop the leaky Sides:
Another bolder yet, the Yard beſtrides,
And folds the Sails: A fourth with Labour laves
Th' intruding Seas, and Waves ejects on Waves.

In this Confuſion while their Work they ply,
The Winds augment the Winter of the Sky,
And wage inteſtine War: the ſuff'ring Seas
Are toſs'd and mingl'd, as their Tyrants pleaſe.
The Maſter would command, but in deſpair
Of Safety, ſtands amaz'd with ſtupid Care:
Nor what to bid, or what forbid he knows,
Th' ungovern'd Tempeſt to ſuch Fury grows:
Vain is his Force, and vainer is his Skill,
With ſuch a Concourſe comes the Flood of Ill.

The

Quippe ſonant clamore viri, ſtridore rudentes,
Undarum incurſu gravis unda, tonitribus æther.

Fluctibus erigitur, cœlúmque æquare videtur
Pontus: & inductas aſpergine tangere nubes.
Et modo, cum fulvas ex imo vertit arenas,
Concolor eſt illis: Stygia modo nigrior unda:
Sternitur interdum, ſpumíſque ſonantibus albet.
Ipſa quoque his agitur vicibus Trachinia puppis:
Et modo ſublimis veluti de vertice montis
Deſpicere in valles, imúmque Acheronta videtur:
Nunc ubi demiſſam curvum circumſtetit æquor,
Suſpicere inferno ſummum de gurgite cœlum.
Sæpe dat ingentem fluctu latus icta fragorem:
Nec levius pulſata ſonat, quam ferreus olim
Cum laceras aries baliſtâve concutit arces.
Utque ſolent, ſumtis in curſu viribus, ire
Pectore in arma feri, prætentáque tela leones:
Sic ubi ſe ventis admiſerat unda coortis,
Ibat in arma ratis: multóque erat altior illis.

Jamque labant cunei, ſpoliataque tegmine ceræ
Rima patet: præbétque viam lethalibus undis.
Ecce cadunt largi reſolutis nubibus imbres:
Inque fretum credas totum deſcendere cœlum:
Inque plagas cœli tumefactum adſcendere pontum.
Vela madent nimbis: & cum cœleſtibus undis
Æquorea miſcentur aquæ. Caret ignibus Æther:
Cœcaque nox premitur tenebris hyemíſque ſuíſque.
Diſcutiunt tamen has, præbéntque micantia lumen
Fulmina: fulmineis ardeſcunt ignibus undæ.

Dat quoque jam ſaltus intra cava texta carinæ
Fluctus: &, ut miles numero præſtantior omni,

Cum

The Cries of Men are mixt with rattling Shrowds:
Seas daſh on Seas, and Clouds encounter Clouds:
At once from Eaſt to Weſt, from Pole to Pole, [*Dryd.*
The forky Lightnings flaſh, the roaring Thunders roll.—
Now Waves on Waves aſcending from on high,
Seas mix with Clouds, and daſh againſt the Sky:
Now from the Bottom yellow Sands they lave:
Now black: alike in Colour ſhews the Wave:
Now white with Froth appear the flatted Seas:
The Veſſel ſhifts, and changes, as they pleaſe.
As on a Mountain-Top, ſhe rides on high,
And from the Clouds beholds the nether Sky:
Then ſinking with the Wave on which ſhe roſe,
Down to the Bottom of the Deep ſhe goes:
Whence, as from Hell's Abyſs, they lift their Sight,
And, diſtant far, ſee Heav'n's ſuperior Light.—*Dryd.* alt.
The laſhing Billows make a loud Report,
And beat her Sides, as batt'ring Rams a Fort:
Or as chaff'd Lions, with redoubled Rage,
Ruſh with a Roar, and pointed Spears engage:
So Seas by Winds impell'd, with added Pow'r,
Aſſault the Sides, and o'er the Hatches tow'r.— *Id.* alt.
The Planks (their pitchy Cov'ring waſh'd away)
Now yield: and now a yawning Breach diſplay:
The roaring Waters, with a hoſtile Tide,
Ruſh thro' the Ruins of her gaping Side.——
Mean time the Sky deſcends in Sheets of Rain:
You'd think all Heav'n were pouring on the Main:
One riſing, falling one, the Heav'ns and Sea
Meet at their Confines in the middle Way.
The Sails are drunk with Show'rs, and drop with Rain;
Sweet Waters mingle with the briny Main.
No Star appears to lend it's friendly Light;
Darkneſs and Tempeſt make a double Night.
But flaſhing Fires diſcloſe the Deep by turns,
And while the Lightnings blaze, the Water burns. —*Dryd.*
The bounding Billows now her Deck poſſeſs'd:
And as ſome Soldier, braver than the reſt,

Cum ſæpe aſſiluit defenſæ mœnibus urbis,
Spe potitur tandem: laudíſque accenſus amore,
Inter mille viros, murum tamen occupat unus.
Sic ubi pulſarunt acres latera ardua fluctus,
Vaſtius inſurgens decimæ ruit impetus undæ:
Nec priùs abſiſtit feſſam oppugnare carinam,
Quam velut in captæ deſcendat mœnia navis.
Pars igitur tentabat adhuc invadere pinum:
Pars maris intus erat. Trepidant haud ſegnius omnes,
Quam ſolet urbs, aliis murum fodientibus extra,
Atque aliis murum, trepidare, tenentibus intus.
Deficit ars: animíque cadunt: totidémque videntur,
Quot veniunt fluctus, ruere atque irrumpere mortes.

Non tenet hic lachrymas: ſtupet hic: vocat ille beatos
Funera quos maneant: hic votis numen adorat:
Brachiaque ad cœlum, quod non vidit, irrita tollens
Poſcit opem: ſubeunt illi fratréſque, parénſque:
Huic cum pignoribus domus, & quod cuique relictum eſt.

Frangitur incurſu nimboſi turbinis arbos:
Frangitur & regimen: ſpoliiſque animoſa ſuperſtans
Unda, velut victrix, ſinuatas deſpicit undas.
Nec levius, quam ſi quis Athon Pindùmve revulſos
Sede ſua totos in apertum everterit æquor,
Præcipitata ruit: paritérque & pondere & ictu
Mergit in ima ratem. Cum qua pars magna virorum
Gurgite preſſa gravi, neque in aëra reddita, fato
Functa ſuo eſt. Alii partes & membra carinæ
Trunca tenent.———— *Ovid. Met.* Lib. XI.

——Venti,

ho bſt to ſcale a City's Wall eſſays,
: laſt ſucceeds, and fir'd with Hopes of Praiſe,
nongſt a thouſand gains the Wall alone:
, while the rolling Waves come raging on,
ıe Hero Tenth, high tow'ring o'er her Sides,
aims all the Veſſel, and in triumph rides.
aves urg'd by Waves the Bark without aſſail,
aves too are got within.——————
ıe frighted Crew all tremble and look pale:
in a City, whoſe ſurrounding Wall,
rt of the Foe is batt'ring to it's fall,
hile part, a Paſſage forc'd, with Sword in Hand,
:ſtruction threaten, and within command.——
't fails, and Courage falls: no Succour near:
; many Waves, as many Deaths appear.
ıe weeps and wails, deſpairing of Relief:
ıe ſtupid ſtands, his Fears congeal his Grief:
ıe loud laments his miſerable State,
ıd calls thoſe happy whom their Fun'rals wait.
ıis Wretch with Pray'rs and Vows the Gods adores,
)lifts his uſeleſs Hands,——————
ıd Aid from Heav'n, from Heav'n unſeen, implores:
ıat on his Friends at home his Thoughts beſtows,
is Parents, Brethren, and his dearer Spouſe:
is Houſe, his Children, fill Another's Mind;
ıd each deplores what He ſhall leave behind.—*Dryd.* alt.

The giddy Ship ran round: The Tempeſt tore
:r Maſt, and over-board the Rudder bore.
ıe Billow mounts, and with a ſcornful Brow,
oud of her Conqueſt gain'd, inſults the Waves below;
)r lighter falls, than if ſome Gyant tore
ndus and *Athos* with the Freight they bore,
ıd toſs'd on Seas: preſs'd with the pond'rous Blow,
)wn ſinks the Ship within th' Abyſs below:
)wn with the Veſſel ſink into the Main
ıe Many, never more to riſe again.
me few on ſcatter'd Planks, with fruitleſs Care,
ıy hold, and ſwim, but while they ſwim, deſpair.—*Dryd.*

——————Venti, velut agmine facto,
Quà data porta, ruunt, & terras turbine perflant.
Incubuere mari, totúmque à ſedibus imis
Una Eurúſque Notúſque ruunt, crebérque procellis
Africus: & vaſtos volvunt ad litora fluctus.
Inſequitur clamórque virûm, ſtridórque rudentum.
Eripiunt ſubito nubes cœlúmque diémque
Teucrorum ex oculis: ponto nox incubat atra.
Intonuere poli, & crebris micat ignibus æther:
Præſentémque viris intentant omnia mortem.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. I.

——————Stridens Aquilone procella
Velum adverſa ferit, fluctúſque ad ſidera tollit.
Franguntur remi: tum prora avertit, & undis
Dat latus: inſequitur cumulo præruptus aquæ mons.—
Ibid.

——————Ingens à vertice pontus
In puppim ferit: excutitur pronúſque Magiſter
Volvitur in caput: aſt illam ter fluctus ibidem
Torquet agens circum, & rapidus vorat æquore vortex.—*Ib.*

Poſtquam altum tenuere rates, nec jam amplius ullæ
Apparent terræ: cœlum undique & undique pontus:
Tum mihi cæruleus ſupra caput aſtitit imber,
Noctem hyemémque ferens: & inhorruit unda tenebris.
Continuo venti volvunt mare, magnáque ſurgunt
Æquora: diſperſi jactamur gurgite vaſto:
Involvere diem nimbi, & nox humida cœlum
Abſtulit: ingeminant abruptis nubibus ignes.
Excutimur curſu, & cæcis erramus in undis.
Ipſe diem noctémque negat diſcernere cœlo,
Nec meminiſſe viæ media Palinurus in unda.
Tres adeo incertos cæca caligine ſoles
Erramus pelago, totidem ſine ſidere noctes.
Quarto terra die primum ſe attollere tandem
Viſa, aperire procul montes, ac volvere fumum.

Vela

——————Out ruſh the Winds,
Thronging, where way they find: with giddy Whirls
Scour o'er the Lands, and then with Fury fall
Upon the Sea: Eaſt, South, and ſtormy Weſt,
Together, from it's loweſt Caverns rouſe
The Deep: and roll vaſt Billows to the Shore.
Cracking of Cordage, and the Cries of Men
Succeed: by ſudden Clouds the Heavens and Day
Are raviſh'd from the *Trojans* Eyes: Dun Night
Lies hovering o'er the Sea: loud Thunder rocks
The Poles: the Sky with nimble Lightning glares:
And ev'ry Object threatens preſent Death.—— *Trap.*

————The Tempeſt from the North,
Loud roaring, ſtruck acroſs the Sails, and toſs'd
The Billows to the Stars: the Oars are ſtav'd:
The Prow inclines, and on the Surges lays
It's Side: a Mountain-heap of Waves ſucceeds.
From Prow to Stern a mighty Billow ſtrikes
Full o'er the Ship: the Maſter, ſwept from Deck,
Rolls headlong: her the circling Eddy thrice
Works round, and ſwallows in the rapid Gulf.—— *Id.*

Now from the Sight of Land our Gallies move,
With only Seas around, and Skies above:
When o'er our Heads deſcends a Burſt of Rain,
And Night with ſable Clouds involves the Main:
The ruffling Winds the foamy Billows raiſe:
The ſcatter'd Fleet is driven ſeveral Ways:
The Face of Heav'n is raviſh'd from our Eyes,
And in redoubled Peals the roaring Thunder flies.
Caſt from our Coaſt, we wander in the dark:
No Stars to guide, no point of Land to mark.
No Difference to the Pilot did appear
'Twixt Night and Day: nor knew he how to ſteer.
Three ſtar-leſs Nights the doubtful Navy ſtrays,
We know not whither, and three ſunleſs Days.
The fourth renews the Light, and from our Shrowds
We view a riſing Land, like diſtant Clouds:
The Mountain *Tops* confirm the pleaſing Sight,
And curling Smoke aſcending from their Height.

Vela cadunt, remis inſurgimus: haud mora, nautæ
Adnixi torquent ſpumas, & cærula verrunt.—*Virg. Æn.* III.

SUICIDIUM. Vide Deſperatio. Amator perditus.

AT trepida & cœptis immanibus effera Dido,
Sanguineam volvens aciem, maculíſque trementes
Interfuſa genas, & pallidâ morte futurâ,
Interiora domûs irrumpit limina, & altos
Conſcendit furibunda rogos, enſémque recludit
Dardanium, non hos quæſitum munus in uſus.

Hic, poſtquam Iliacas veſtes notúmque cubile
Conſpexit, paullum lachrymis & mente moratâ,
Incubuítque toro, dixítque noviſſima verba.

Dulces exuviæ, dum fata Deúſque ſinebant:
Accipite hanc animam, meque his exſolvite curis.
Vixi, &, quem dederat curſum fortuna, peregi:
Et nunc magna mei ſub terras ibit imago.
Felix! heu nimium felix! ſi litora tantum
Numquam Dardaniæ tetigiſſent noſtra carinæ.
Dixit, &, os impreſſa toro, moriemur inultæ?
Sed moriamur, ait: ſic, ſic juvat ire ſub umbras.

Dixerat: atque illam media inter telia ferro
Collapſam aſpiciunt comites, enſémque cruore
Spumantem, ſparſáſque manus. It clamor ad alta
Atria, concuſſam bacchatur fama per urbem,
Lamentis gemitúque & fœmineo ululatu
Tecta fremunt, reſonat magnis plangoribus æther——
Æn. Lib. IV.

Imminet æquoribus ſcopulus: pars ima cavatur
——ictibus, & tectas defendit ab imbribus undas:

The Canvas falls: their Oars the Sailors ply:
From their ſtrong Strokes the whirling Waters fly.—*Dryd.*

SUICIDE. See Deſpair. Lover deſponding.

NOW to the inmoſt Court fierce *Dido* flies,
And rolls with ghaſtly Looks her glaring Eyes:
Tho' pale, and ſhiv'ring, at her purpos'd Doom,
And ev'ry dreadful Thought of Death to come,
Yet many a crimſon Fluſh, with various Grace,
Glows on her Cheek, and kindles in her Face.
Furious ſhe mounts the Pyre, and draws the Sword,
The fatal Preſent of the *Dardan* Lord:
For no ſuch End beſtow'd. The conſcious Bed,
And Robes ſhe view'd, and Tears in Silence ſhed;
Stood ſtill, and paus'd a Moment:—Then ſhe caſt
Her Body on the Couch, and ſpoke her laſt.
Ye dear, dear Relicks of the Man I lov'd,
While Fate conſented, and the Gods approv'd,
Relieve my Woes, this Rage of Love controul,
Take my laſt Breath, and catch my parting Soul.
My fatal Courſe is finiſh'd, and I go
A Ghoſt majeſtic to the Realms below:
Happy! thrice happy! if the *Dardan* Band
Had never touch'd upon the *Lybian* Land.
Then preſſing with her Lips the *Trojan* Bed,
Shall I then die, and unreveng'd? (ſhe ſaid,)
Yet die I will:—and thus, and thus, I go—
Thus—fly with Pleaſure, to the Shades below.
Mean time, the ſad Attendants as ſhe ſpoke,
Beheld her ſtrike, and ſink beneath the Stroke.
At once her ſnowy Hands were purpled o'er, [*Pitt.*
And the bright Faulchion ſmoak'd with ſtreaming Gore.—
With ſudden Shrieks the Palace rings around:
The long, long Cries, from Street to Street reſound:
Nothing is heard but Groans and Women's Cries,
And loud Laments re-echo thro' the Skies.—— *Id. alt.*
A Rock there ſtood, whoſe Side the beating Waves
Had long conſum'd, and hollow'd into Caves;

Summa riget, frontémque in apertum porrigit æquor,
Occupat hunc (vires inſania fecerat) Ino:
Seque ſuper pontum, nullo tardata timore,
Mittit, onúſque ſuum. Percuſſa recanduit unda.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. IV.

Hectora qui ſolus, qui ferrum, ignémque, Jovémque
Suſtinuit toties, unam non ſuſtinet iram:
Invictúmque virum vincit dolor. Arripit enſem:
Et meus hic certè eſt: An & hunc ſibi poſcet Ulyſſes?
Hoc, ait, utendum eſt in me mihi: quique cruore
Sæpe Phrygum maduit, domini nunc cæde madebit:
Ne quiſquam Ajacem, poſſit ſuperare, niſi Ajax.

Dixit: & in pectus tum denique vulnera paſſum
Qua patuit ferro, letalem condidit enſem:
Nec valuere manus infixum educere telum,
Expulit ipſe cruor.——————
Ovid. Met. Lib. XIII.

Libera non ultrà parvâ quàm nocte juventus,
Conſulite extremis anguſto tempore rebus.

Vita brevis nulli ſupereſt, qui tempus in illâ

Quærendæ ſibi mortis habet: nec gloria lethi

Inferior, juvenes, admoto occurrere fato.

Omnibus

: Head ſhot forwards in a bending Steep,
l caſt a dreadful Covert o'er the Deep.
: wretched *Ino*, on Deſtruction bent,
nb'd up the Cliff: ſuch Strength her Fury lent:
:nce with her guiltleſs Boy, who wept in vain,
one bold Spring ſhe plung'd into the Main.—*Euſden.*
He who could often, and alone, withſtand
: Foe, the Fire, and *Jove*'s own partial Hand,
w cannot his un-maſter'd Grief ſuſtain,
yields to Rage, to Madneſs, and Diſdain.
en ſnatching out his Faulchion, Thou, ſaid He,
: mine:—or lays *Ulyſſes* claim to Thee?
often try'd, and ever truſty Sword,
w do thy laſt kind Office to thy Lord:
s *Ajax* who requeſts thy Aid, to ſhow,
ne but himſelf, himſelf could overthrow.
ſaid, and with ſo good a Will to die,
l to his Breaſt the fatal Point apply,
found his Heart: a Way till then unknown,
ıere never Weapon enter'd, but his own.
Hands could force it thence, ſo fixt it ſtood, [*Dryd.*
l out it ruſh'd, expell'd by Streams of ſpouting Blood.—
'My gallant Friends! whom our hard Fates decree,
is Night, this ſhort Night only, to be free:
ink what remains to do, but think with Haſte,
r the brief Hour of Liberty be paſt.
haps, reduc'd to this ſo hard Extream,
o ſhort, to ſome, the Date of Life may ſeem:
t know, brave Youths! that none untimely fall,
ıom Death obeys, and comes but when they call.
s true, the neighb'ring Danger waits us nigh:
: meet but that from which we cannot fly:
: think not with inferior Praiſe we die.

Vultius, one of *Cæſar*'s Officers, with a thouſand Men under his ımand, being intercepted by *Pompey*'s Party, and unable either to ɔe, or defend himſelf, againſt the Attack which he expected the next *ning, thus encouraged his* Soldiers to deſtroy themſelves; which they *ccordingly.*

Dark

Omnibus incerto venturæ tempore vitæ
Par animi laus eſt, & quos ſperaveris annos
Perdere, & extremæ momentum abrumpere lucis,
Accerſas dum fata manu. Non cogitur ullus
Velle mori: fuga nulla patet: ſtant undique noſtris
Intenti cives jugulis. decernite lethum,
Et metus omnis abeſt. cupias quodcúnque neceſſe eſt.

Vulteius——poſcens jam fata,——
Ecquis, ait, juvenum eſt, cujus ſit dextra cruore
Digna meo?————nec plura locuto
Viſcera non unus jamdudum transfigit enſis.
Collaudat cunctos; ſed eum, cui vulnera prima
Debebat, grato moriens interficit ictu.

Concurrunt alii, totúmque in partibus unis
Bellorum fecere neſas.————————

Lucan. Lib. IV.

ÆSTAS. Vide ANNI TEMPORA. ANNUS.

CAncer ad æſtivæ fulget faſtigia Zonæ,
Extendítque diem ſummum, parvóque receſſu
Deſtruit: & quanto fraudavit tempore noctes,
In tantum luces auget: ſtat ſumma per omnes,
Cùm Cererem fragili properat diſtinguere culmo
Campus, & in varias diſtingunt membra palæſtras,
Et tepidum pelagus jactatis languet in undis.
Tunc & bella fero tractantur Marte cruenta,
Nec Scythiam defendit hyems.————

Hic iterum ſitus eſt Cancri, cum ſidere Phœbus
Solſtitium facit, & ſummo verſatur Olympo.——

Manil. Lib. III.

——Jam

Dark and uncertain is Man's fatal Doom:
If Years, or only Moments, are to come,
All is but Dying: he who gives an Hour,
Or he that gives an Age, gives all that's in his Pow'r.
Sooner or late, all Mortals know the Grave,
But to chuſe Death diſtinguiſhes the Brave.
Behold where, waiting round, yon hoſtile Band,
Our Fellow-Citizens, our Lives demand.
Prevent we then their cruel Hands, and bleed:—
'Tis but to do what is too ſure decreed,
And where our Fate would drag us on, to lead.
Is there a gen'rous Youth, *Vulteius* cry'd,
Whoſe worthy Sword may pierce your Leader's Side?
He ſaid: and at the Word, from ev'ry Part,
An hundred pointed Weapons reach'd his Heart.
Dying he prais'd 'em all, but him the chief,
Whoſe eager Duty brought the firſt Relief:
Deep in his Breaſt he plung'd the deadly Blade,
And with a grateful Stroke the friendly Gift repaid.
At once all ruſh, at once to Death they fly,
And on each others Swords alternate dye.—— *Rowe.*

SUMMER. See SEASONS. YEAR.

IN Heav'n's high Arch, and on the utmoſt Line
Of Summer's Progreſs, *Cancer* ſeats his Sign:
There ſtretches out the greateſt Length of Day,
And then declines, and makes it ſoon decay:
But all the Time, which, as he bears the Light,
He takes from Day, he ſtill returns to Night.
Then Corn grows yellow on the fruitful Soil,
And luſty Reapers bear their Arms for Toil:
Then Seas grow warm, the Flood forbears to roar,
And Billows languiſh on the quiet Shore.
Then *Mars* goes forth, nor is the *Scythian* Coaſt
From *Roman* Arms defended by her Froſt.
Thus lies the World, when with exalted Ray,
I' th' Summer Solſtice, *Phœbus* bears the Day
Thro' Cancer's Sign, and drives the higheſt Way.—Creech.

——Jam Procyon furit,
Et ſtella veſani Leonis,
Sole dies referente ſiccos.

Jam paſtor umbras cum grege languido,
Rivúmque feſſus quærit, & horridi
Dumeta Sylvani: carétque
Ripa vagis taciturna ventis.——
Hor. Lib. III. Od. 29.

Rura ferunt meſſes calidi cum ſideris æſtu
Deponit flavas annua terra comas.—*Tibul.* Lib. II. El. 1.

SOL. Vide SOR S.

SOLIS REGIA.

REgia Solis erat ſublimibus alta columnis,
Clara micante auro, flammáſque imitante pyropo:
Cujus ebur nitidum faſtigia ſumma tegebat:
Argenti biſores radiabant lumine valvæ.
Materiam ſuperabat opus: nam Mulciber illic
Æquora cœlarat medias cingentia terras,
Terrarúmque orbem, cœlúmque quod imminet orbi.

Cæruleos habet unda Deos: Tritona canorum,
Proteáque ambiguum, balænarúmque prementem
Ægæona ſuis immania terga lacertis,
Doridáque, & natas: quarum pars nare videntur,
Pars in mole ſedens virides ſiccare capillos:
Piſce vehi quædam. Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diverſa tamen: qualem decet eſſe ſororum.

Terra viros, urbéſque gerit, ſylváſque, feráſque,
Fluminúque, & nymphas, & cætera numina ruris.

Virg.

The Sun is in the *Lion* mounted high:
The *Syrian* Star
Barks from afar,
And with his ſulty Breath infects the Sky.
The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock,
Beneath the Covert of a Rock,
And ſeeks refreſhing Riv'lets nigh:
The *Sylvans* to their Shades retire,
Thoſe very Shades and Streams new Shades and Streams require:
And want a cooling Breeze of Wind to fan the raging Fire.—— *Dryden.*

Fields Corn produce, when *Syrius'* Star appears,
And annual Harveſts wave their yellow Ears.——

SUN. See CHANCE.

PALACE of the SUN.

THE Sun's bright Palace, on high Columns rais'd,
With burniſh'd Gold, and flaming Rubies blaz'd:
The Roof with poliſh'd Iv'ry was inlaid,
The folding Doors a ſilver Light diſplay'd.
Rich was the Ground on which the Work was wrought,
But far inferior to the Workman's Thought:
For in the Portal was diſplay'd on high,
(The Work of *Vulcan*) a fictitious Sky:
A waving Sea th' inferior Earth embrac'd,
And Gods and Goddeſſes the Waters grac'd.
Ægeon here a mighty Whale beſtrode:
Triton, and *Proteus*, (the deceiving God)
With *Doris* here were carv'd, and all her Train:
Some looſely ſwimming in the figur'd Main,
While ſome on Rocks their dropping Hair divide,
And ſome on Fiſhes thro' the Waters glide.
Tho' various Features did the Siſters grace,
A Siſter's Likeneſs was in ev'ry Face.
On Earth a different Proſpect courts the Eyes,
Men, Towns, and Beaſts in diſtant Proſpect riſe,
And Nymphs, *and Streams*, and Woods, and rural Deities.
High

Hæc ſuper impoſita eſt cœli fulgentis imago: [Lib. II.
Signáque ſex foribus dextris, totidémque ſiniſtris.—*Ov. Met.*

PHOEBUS.

——Purpurea velatus veſte ſedebat
In ſolio Phœbus claris lucente ſmaragdis:
A dextra lævâque, Dies, & Menſis, & Annus,
Sæculáque, & poſitæ ſpatiis æqualibus Horæ:
Vérque novum ſtabat cinctum florente corona:
Stabat nuda Æſtas, & Spicea ſerta gerebat:
Stabat & Autumnus calcatis ſordidus uvis:
Et glacialis Hyems canos hirſuta capillos.—— *Ibid.*
Ille ego ſum, dixit, qui longum metior annum,
Omnia qui video: per quem videt omnia tellus:
Mundi oculus.—— *Ov. Met.* Lib. IV.

CURRUS PHOEBI.

Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea ſummæ
Curvatura rotæ: radiorum argenteus ordo.
Per juga chryſolithi, poſitæque ex ordine gemmæ,
Clara repercuſſo reddebant lumina Phœbo.
——Ut terras, mundúmque rubeſcere vidit,
Cornuáque extremæ velut evaneſcere Lunæ:
Jungere equos Titan velocibus imperat Horis.
Juſſa Deæ celeres peragunt: ignémque vomentes
Ambroſiæ ſucco ſaturos præſepibus altis
Quadrupedes ducunt: addúntque ſonantia fræna.

Interea volucres Pyroeis, & Eous, & Æthon,
Solis equi, quartúſque Phlegon, hinnitibus auras
Flammiferis implent.——

Corripuere viam, pedibúſque per aëra motis
Obſtantes findunt nebulas, penníſque levati
Prætereunt ortos iiſdem de partibus Euros.—— *Ibid.*

Ipſe

High above all Heav'n's bright Effigies ſhines;
And on each Gate are ſix refulgent Signs.—— *Addiſon.*

PHOEBUS, or the SUN.

In purple Robes ſat *Phœbus* on his Throne,
That with the Blaze of lucid Em'ralds ſhone.
The Hours, in equal Rows, on either Hand,
And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages ſtand.
There ſtood the Spring, her Head with Flowers bound;
There Summer, naked, and with Wheat Ears crown'd:
There Autumn, ſtain'd with purple Juice, appear'd,
And icy Winter, with his hoary Beard.—— *Addiſon* alt.

I am the God who meaſure out the Year,
The World's vaſt Eye, of Light the Source ſerene,
Which all Things ſees, by which all Things are ſeen.—

CHARIOT of the SUN.

Gold was the Axle, and the Beam was Gold:
The Wheels, with ſilver Spokes, on golden Circles roll'd.
Gems ſet in Rows adverſe, and ſparkling bright,
Reflected on the God the dazling Light.

When *Phœbus* ſaw the Moon's pale Horns withdrawn,
And the World round him red'ning at the Dawn,
He bid the nimble Hours his Steeds array
With Harneſs: ſtrait the Goddeſſes obey:
From their high Mangers with *Ambroſia* fed,
And breathing Flame, the gen'rous Beaſts they led:
And fit the ratling Bridles.————————

Mean while hot *Pyroeis*, with *Eous* join'd,
With *Æthon* Fleet, and *Phlegon* wild as Wind,
The *Sun*'s ſwift Steeds, each other's Rage provoke,
Neighing aloud, and ſnorting Fire and Smoke.— *Trap.*

They ſpring together forth, and ſwiftly bear
Their rapid Courſe thro' Clouds and yielding Air:
With winged Speed outſtrip the Eaſtern Wind,
And leave the Breezes of the Morn behind.—— *Dryden.*

The

Ipſe Dei clypeus, terra cum tollitur ima,
Mane rubet: terráque rubet, cum conditur ima.
Candidus in ſummo eſt: melior natura quod illic
Ætheris eſt, terræque procul contagia vitat.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XV.

Axe ſub Heſperio ſunt paſcua Solis equorum:
Ambroſia pro gramine habent: ea feſſa diurnis
Membra miniſteriis nutrit, reparátque labori.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. IV.

SUPERSTITIO.

QUIS neſcit——————qualia demens
Egyptus portenta colat? Crocodilon adorat
Pars hæc: illa pavet ſaturam ſerpentibus Ibin.
Effigies ſacri nitet aurea Cercopitheci,
Dimidio magicæ reſonant ubi Memnone chordæ,
Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.
Illic cœruleos, hic piſcem fluminis, illic
Oppida tota canem venerantur, nemo Dianam.
Porrum & cæpe nefas violare, aut frangere morſu.

O ſanctas gentes, quibus hæc naſcuntur in hortis
Numina! lanatis animalibus abſtinet omnis
Menſa. Nefas illic fœtum jugulare capellæ:
Carnibus humanis veſci licet.——————
Juv. Sat. XV.

Pallida Cecropidæ, Minoia Creta Dianam,
Vulcanum tellus Hypſipylæa colit.
Junonem Spartæ, Pelopeiadéſque Mycenæ,
Pinnigerum Fauni Mœnalis ora caput.
Mars Latio venerandus.—————— *Ovid. Faſt.* Lib. III.

Quidam

The Diſk of *Phœbus*, when he climbs on high,
Appears at firſt but as a bloodſhot Eye:
And when his Chariot downward drives to Bed,
His Ball is with the ſame Suffuſion red:
But mounted high in his meridian Race,
All bright he ſhines, and with a fairer Face:
For there, pure Particles of *Ether* flow,
Far from th' Infection of the World below.——*Dryden.*
In pleaſant Vales, beneath th' *Heſperian* Sky,
For the Sun's fiery Steeds green Paſtures lie:
Ambroſia there they eat, and thence they gain
New Vigour, and their daily Toils ſuſtain.—— *Euſden.*

SUPERSTITION.

HOW EGYPT, mad with Superſtition grown,
Makes Gods of Monſters, but too well is known:
One Sect Devotion to *Nile*'s *Serpent* pays,
Others to *Ibis*, that on Serpents preys.
Where, *Thebes*, thy hundred Gates lie unrepair'd,
And where maim'd *Memnon*'s magic Harp is heard,
Amidſt their Ruins, wondrous to behold,
A *Monkey*'s ſacred Statue glows with Gold.
Fiſh-Gods you'll meet, with Fins and Scales o'ergrown:
Diana's Dog's ador'd in ev'ry Town:
The *Dog* has Temples, but the Goddeſs none!
'Tis mortal Sin an *Onion* to devour,
Each Clove of *Garlick* is a ſacred Power.
Religious Nations ſure, and bleſt Abodes,
Where ev'ry Orchard is o'er-run with Gods!
To kill, is Murder, Sacriledge to eat
A Kid, or Lamb:—Man's Fleſh is lawful Meat.—*Tate* alt.
Athens does PALLAS, CYNTHIA *Crete* adore,
VULCAN is pray'd to on the *Lemnian* Shore,
Altars to JUNO are at *Sparta* rais'd,
FAUNUS th' *Arcadians* worſhip,———
And MARS, at *Latium*, is the God that's prais'd.—

Quidam ſortiti metuentem Sabbata patrem,
Nil præter nubes, & cœli numen adorant:
Nec diſtare putant humanâ carne ſuillam.

Romanas autem ſoliti contemnere leges,
Judaïcum ediſcunt, & ſervant, ac metuunt jus,
Tradidit arcano quodcunque volumine Moſes:

Non monſtrare vias, eadem niſi ſacra colenti:
Quæſitum ad fontem ſolos deducere verpos.

Sed pater in causâ, cui ſeptima quæque fuit lux
Ignava, & partem vitæ non attigit ullam.——

Juv. Sat. XIV.

——Simulacráque mœſta Deorum
Arte carent, cæſíſque extant informia truncis.
Ipſe ſitus, putríque facit jam robore pallor
Attonitos: non vulgatis ſacrata figuris
Numina ſic metuunt: tantum terroribus addit,
Quos timeant non noſſe Deos.——

Lucan. Lib. III.

——Cum ſtabulis & meſſibus ingens
Ira Deûm, & Calabri populator Sirius arvi
Incubuit: coit agreſtum manus inſcia priſcum
In nemus, & miſeris dictat pia vota Sacerdos.——

Val. Flac. Arg. Lib. I.

Inter finitimos vetus atque antiqua ſimultas,
Immortale odium, & nunquam ſanabile vulnus
Ardet adhuc Ombos & Tentyra: ſummus utrinque
Inde furor vulgo, quòd Numina vicinorum

Odit

The *Jews*, like their bigotted Sires before,
Do nothing but the * Clouds and Heav'n adore:
So ſuperſtitious, that they'll ſooner dine
Upon the Fleſh of Men, than that of Swine.
Our *Roman* Cuſtoms they deſpiſe and jeer,
But learn and keep their Country *Rites* with Fear.
That Worſhip only they in Rev'rence have,
Which in dark Volumes their great *Moſes* gave.
Aſk 'em the Road, and they ſhall point you wrong,
Becauſe you do not to their Tribe belong.
They'll not betray a Spring to quench your Thirſt,
Unleſs you ſhew 'em Circumciſion firſt.
So they are taught, and do it to obey
Their Fathers, who devote the Seventh Day
To Idleneſs, nor will thereon perform
The leaſt Concern of Life.———— *Dryden* junr.

Old Images, of Form miſhapen, ſtand,
Rude and unknowing of the Artiſt's Hand:
With hoary Filth begrim'd each ghaſtly Head
Strikes the aſtoniſh'd Gazer's Soul with Dread.
No Gods, who long in common Shapes appear'd,
Were e'er with ſuch religious Awe rever'd:
But zealous Crowds in Ignorance adore,
And ſtill the leſs they know, they fear the more.—*Rowe.*

When the bright Dog-Star o'er *Calabria* reigns,
And parches with exceſſive Heat her Plains,
The ſtupid Peaſants, ſtruck with annual Fear,
Aſſembled in ſome ancient Grove appear:
In ſuperſtitious Rites they paſs the Day,
And, as the Prieſt directs, the Wretches pray.——

Ombus and *Tentyr*, neighb'ring Towns, of late
Broke into Outrage of deep-feſter'd Hate:
A Grudge in both, Time out of Mind begun,
Was mutually bequeath'd from Sire to Son.
Religious Spight and pious Spleen bred firſt
This Quarrel, which the headſtrong Bigots nurs'd.

* *Juvenal* probably alludes to God's Preſence in the Cloud upon Mount *Sinai.*

Odit uterque locus: cum ſolos credat habendos
Eſſe Deos, quos ipſe colit.——— *Juv.* Sat. XV.

Primus in orbe Deos fecit timor: ardua cœlo
Fulmina cum caderent, diſcuſſaque mœnia flammis,
Atque ictus flagraret Athos, mox Phœbus ad ortus
Luſtrata dejectus humo, Lunæque ſenectus,
Et reparatus honos: hinc ſigna effuſa per orbem,
Et permutatis disjunctus menſibus annus
Projecit vitium hoc: atque error juſſit inanis
Agricolas primos Cereri dare meſſis honores:
Palmitibus plenis Bacchum vincere: Palémque
Paſtorum gaudere manus. Natat obrutus omni
Neptunus demerſus aqua: Palláſque cavernas
Vindicat. Et voti reus, & qui vendidit orbem,
Jam ſibi quiſque Deos avido certamine fingit.——
Petron. Arb.

Ecce avia, aut metuens Divûm matertera, cunis
Exemit puerum, frontémque atque uda labella
Infami digito, & luſtralibus antè ſalivis
Expiat, urentes oculos inhibere perita.——
Perſ. Sat. II.

Jupiter, ingentes qui das adimíſque dolores,
Mater, ait, pueri menſes jam quinque cubantis,
Frigida ſi puerum quartana reliquerit: illo
Manè die, quo tu indicis jejunia, nudus
In Tiberi ſtabit.———————

———————Caſus, medicúſve levarit
Ægrum ex præcipiti: Mater delira necabit
In gelidâ fixum ripâ, febrúmque reducet.

Quine

Each calls the Other's God a ſenſeleſs Stock,
His own divine.———————— *Tate.*

From ſervile Fear the fancy'd Gods firſt came;
For when the Lightnings, with impetuous Flame,
Proud Walls beat down, and lofty *Athos* fir'd,
Religious Horror ev'ry Breaſt inſpir'd:
Luſtrations ſtrait were paid the radiant Sun,
And changing *Cynthia* heav'nly Honours won.
Hence Idol-Crowds the tim'rous World o'erflow'd,
And not one Month but had its Patron God.
By ſuch an Impotence of Mind betray'd,
The Swain to *Ceres* Autumn-Honours paid:
Bacchus was crown'd with Cluſters of the Vine,
And from the Sheep-Cote *Pales* grew divine:
Neptune was ſet to rule the Ocean's Tide,
And *Pallas* o'er deep Caverns to preſide.
Each, as his Guilt or Av'rice prompts Deceit,
Invents new Gods, and aids the pious Cheat.—*Addiſon* jun.

Our *Superſtitions* with our Life begin:
The good old Grandame, or the next of Kin,
The new-born Infant from the Cradle takes,
And of her Spittle a Luſtration makes:
Then in the Spawl her middle Finger dips,
And dawbs the Temples, Forehead, and the Lips,
Of *Evil Eyes* the Miſchiefs to prevent,
By Virtue of her naſty Excrement.—— *Dryden.*

The Mother, whoſe dear Son has lain oppreſs'd
By a cold *Quartan*, half a Year at leaſt,
Gets up betimes, and prays;—O mighty *Jove!*
Who doſt Diſeaſes bring, and doſt remove,
If Thou wilt ſtop the Fits, reſtore my Joy,
And ſpare the Body of my lovely Boy,
At thy next ſolemn Faſt, Thou gracious God!
I'll ſet him naked in cold *Tiber*'s Flood.
And, now, let Chance, or Nature's Strength releaſe,
Or Phyſick's Force ſuppreſs the long Diſeaſe,
The frantic Mother will perform her Vow,
And her weak Son into the *Tiber* throw:

Quóne malo mentem concuſſa? timore Deorum.——
Hor. Lib. II. Sat. 3.

NATATIO.

HUC it: & hinc illuc: & in alludentibus undis
Summa pedum, talóque tenus veſtigia tingit.
Nec mora: temperie blandarum captus aquarum,
Mollia de tenero velamina corpore ponit.
Ille, cavis velox applauſo corpore palmis,
Deſilit in latices: alternáque brachia ducens
In liquidis tranſlucet aquis: ut eburnea ſi quis
Signa tegat claro, vel candida lilia, vitro.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. IV.

Mox, ut erat, pharetráque gravis, ſpolióque leonis,
(Nam clavam, & curvos trans ripam miſerat arcus)
Quandoquidem cœpi, ſuperentur flumina, dixit.
Nec dubitat: nec, qua ſit clementiſſimus amnis,
Quærit: & obſequio deferri ſpernit aquarum.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. IX.

DELIQUIUM ANIMI.

——NOtavit
Deformem pallore ducem, vultûſq; prementem
Canitiem, atque atro ſqualentes pulvere veſtes.
Obvia nox miſeræ cœlum, lucémque tenebris
Abſtulit, atque animam clauſit dolor: omnia nervis
Membra relicta labant: riguerunt corda: diúque
Spe mortis depreſſa jacet.——————
Lucan. Lib. VII.

——Suſcipiunt famulæ, collapsáque membra
Marmoreo referent thalamo, ſtratíſque reponunt.——
Æn. Lib. IV.

——Ubi

The Cold brings a Relapſe, and kills the Lad:
And hath not *Superſtition* made her mad?—*Creech* alter'd.

SWIMMING.

PLayful, and wanton, to the Stream he trips,
And dips his Foot, and ſhivers as he dips:
The Coolneſs pleas'd him, and with eager Haſte,
His airy Garment on the Bank he caſt.
Now, all undreſt, upon the Shore he ſtood,
And clap'd his Sides, and leapt into the Flood:
His ſkilful Limbs the limpid Waves divide,
And ſhine more lovely thro' the ſilver Tide;
As iv'ry Figures which the Life ſurpaſs,
Or Lillies cover'd with a Chryſtal Glaſs.—*Addiſon* alter'd.
Cloath'd, as * he ſtood, in the fierce Lion's Hide,
The laden Quiver o'er his Shoulders ty'd,
(For croſs the Stream his Bow and Club were caſt)
Swift he plung'd in: Theſe Billows ſhall be paſt,
He ſaid: nor ſought where ſmoother Waters glide,
But ſtem'd the Dangers of the rapid Tide.—— *Gay.*

SWOONING.

——THE Chief ſhe knew,
Tho' mournful all, and ghaſtly was his Hue;
Rude, o'er his Face, his hoary Locks were grown,
And Duſt obſcene was caſt upon his Gown.
She ſaw; and fainting, ſunk in ſudden Night:
Grief ſtop'd her Breath, and ſhut out loathſom Light:
The loos'ning Nerves no more their Force exert,
And Motion ceas'd within the freezing Heart:
Death kindly ſeem'd her Wiſhes to obey,
And, ſtretch'd upon the Ground, a Coarſe ſhe lay.—*Rowe* [alt.
——Her Maids ſupport
Her Body, as ſhe ſinks into their Arms
And lay her fainting on the Royal Bed.—— *Trap.*

* *Hercules.*

——Ubi vehementi magis eſt commota metu mens,
Conſentire animam totum per membra videmus:
Sudores itaque & pallorem exiſtere toto
Corpore, & infringi linguam, vocémque oboriri,
Caligare oculos, ſonere aureis, ſuccidere artus.——
Lucret. Lib. III.

TEMPERANTIA. Vide Prodigalitas. Gul. Luxuria.

QUÆ virtus, & quanta, boni, ſit vivere parvo!

———Hic ſermo præcepit Oſellus
Ruſticus, abnormis ſapiens, craſſâque Minervâ.
———Leporem ſectatus, equóve laſſus———
Cùm labor exuderit faſtidia; ſiccus, inanis,
Sperne cibum vilem.—Foris eſt Promus, & atrum
Defendens piſces hyemat mare: cum ſale panis
Latrantem ſtomachum bene leniet. Unde, putas, aut
Quo partum? Non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, ſed in te ipſo eſt.—— *Hor.* Lib. II. Sat. 2.

Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ, quantáque ſecum
Afferat. In primis valeas bene: nam variæ res
Ut noceant homini credas, memor illius eſcæ,
Quæ ſimplex olim tibi ſederat. At ſimul aſſis
Miſceueris elixa, ſimul conchylia turdis,
Dulcia ſe in bilem vertent, ſtomachóque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita.———— *Ibid.*

COELUM TURBIDUM. Vide TEMPESTAS COELI.

——JAM clauſtra regentis
Æoliæ percuſſa ſonant, venturaque rauco
Ore minatur hyems, venti tranſverſa frementes
Confligunt, axémque emoto cardine vellunt,
Dum cœlum ſibi quiſque rapit. Sed plurimus Auſter
Inglomerat noctem, & tenebroſa volumina torquet;
Diffundítque imbres: ſicco quos aſper hiatu

Perſolidat

When Fear's ſtrong Agonies the Mind oppreſs,
Each ſuff'ring Member ſhews the Soul's Diſtreſs:
Cold Sweats and Paleneſs o'er the Body riſe,
And Speech and Voice the failing Tongue denies;
With Noiſe the Ears are fill'd; the Eyes grow dim;
And Tremblings ſeize on ev'ry languid Limb.——

TEMPERANCE. See Extravagance. Gluttony. Luxury.

WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
To live on little with a cheerful Heart!
Hear *Bethel*'s Sermon, one not vers'd in Schools,
But ſtrong in Senſe, and wiſe without the Rules.
Go work, hunt, exerciſe; (he thus began,)
Then ſcorn a homely Dinner if You can.
Your Wine lock'd up, your Butler ſtroll'd abroad,
Or kept from Fiſh, (the River yet unthaw'd,)
If then plain Bread and Milk will do the Feat,
The Pleaſure lies in You, and not the Meat.—— *Pope.*

Now hear what Bleſſings Temperance can bring.
Firſt Health: The Stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry Diſh,
A Tomb of boil'd, and roaſt, and Fleſh, and Fiſh,
Where Bile, and Wind, and Phlegm, and Acid jar,
And all the Man is one inteſtine War,)
Remembers oft the School-Boy's ſimple Fare,
The temp'rate Sleeps, and Spirits light as Air.—— *Id.*

TEMPEST. See STORM at LAND.

AT once the ruſhing Winds with roaring Sound
Burſt from th' *Æolian* Caves, and rend the Ground,
With equal Rage their airy Quarrel try,
And win by turns the Kingdom of the Sky:
But with a thicker Night black *Auſter* ſhrouds
The Heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling Clouds:
From whoſe dark Womb a rattling Tempeſt pours,
Which *the cold North* congeals to haily Show'rs.

Perfidiæ Boreas. Nec non abrupta tremiscunt
Fulgura, & amissis ibica face rumpitur æther.
Jam Nemea, jam Tænareis contermina lucis
Arcadiæ capita alta madent: ruit agmine facto
Inachus, & gelidis fingens Erasinus ad Arctos.
Pulverulenta prius, cladisque fluminia nullæ
Aggeribus ripæ motæ: ——————
Frangitur omne nemus: rapiunt antiqua procellæ
Pectora silvarum. ——————

Ille amnem medio jam rupis fugientia ruptis
Obruit, & medio nubigenas è montibus amnes
Aure gravens, pallimque imo turbine raptas
Pulverum gemitumque domos. —— *Stat. Theb.* Lib. I.

Qualis ubi ad terras abrupto fulsere nimbus
Ignes per medium: miseris, heu, præscia longe
Horrescunt corda agricolis, dant ille ruinas
Arboribus, stragemque satis, ruit omnia late.
Antevolant, tantumque ferunt ad litora venti. ——
Æn. Lib. XII.

GRATES.

O Nati, quibus Deique miseram labores!
Quæ nos reliquias Danaum, terræque marisque
Omnibus exhaustos tam civibus, omnium egenos,
Urbs, domo locas. Vates nequivere dignas
Nec opes ut soleæ, Dido nec quicquid usquam est
Gentis Dardaniæ, magnum quæ parta per orbem:
Dic age si qua pios respectant numina, si quid
Usquam justitiæ est, & mens sibi conscia recti,
Præmia digna ferant. —————— *Æn.* Lib. I.

——Ego

From Pole to Pole the Thunder roars aloud,
And broken Lightnings flaſh from ev'ry Cloud.
Now ſmoaks with Show'rs the miſty Mountain-Ground,
And floated Fields lie undiſtinguiſh'd round:
Th' *Inachian* Streams with headlong Fury run,
And *Eraſinus* rolls a Deluge on.
Where late was Duſt, now rapid Torrents play,
Ruſh thro' the Mounds, and bear the Dams away:
Old Limbs of Trees from crackling Foreſts torn,
Are whirl'd in Air, and on the Winds are born.
Frighted, he hears the burſting of the Sky,
Sees yawning Rocks in maſſy Fragments fly,
And views aſtoniſh'd from the Hill afar,
The Floods deſcending and the watry War,
That driv'n by Storms, and pouring o'er the Plain,
Swept Herds, and Hinds, and Houſes to the Main.—*Pope.*

——As when a Storm to Land,
By ſome tempeſtuous Conſtellation rais'd,
Thro' the mid Ocean rolls: With ſad Preſage
The Peaſants ſhudder at the diſtant Noiſe,
Foreboding Corn laid flat, and Trees o'erturn'd,
And univerſal Ruin ſpread around:
The Winds before it fly, and to the Shore
Waft the hoarſe Murmur.—— *Trap.*

THANKS.

O You, who only with Compaſſion ſee
Troy's endleſs Toils, receive Us for Allies,
And in this City yield a ſafe Retreat
To Us, the Reliques of the *Greeks*, fatigu'd
With all the Hazards of the Land, and Sea,
Of all Things indigent: Due Thanks to pay
Is not in Us, nor whatſoe'er remains
Of *Trojan* Race diſpers'd thro' all the World.
The Gods to You (if Virtue be their Care,
And any Juſtice yet remain) the Gods,
And your own Mind ſelf conſcious of the Right,
Equal Rewards ſhall give.—— *Trap.*

——————Ego te, quæ plurima fando
Enumerare vales, nunquam, Regina, negabo
Promeritam: nec me meminiſſe pigebit Æliſæ,
Dum memor ipſe mei, dum ſpiritus hos reget artus.——
Æn. Lib. IV.

Romulus, & Liber pater, & cum Caſtore Pollux,
Poſt ingentia facta, Deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras hominúmque colunt genus, aſpera bella
Componunt, agros aſſignant, oppida condunt:
Ploravêre ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Speratum meritis.—————— *Hor.* Lib. II. Epiſt. 1.

SITIS.

JAmque inopes undæ primùm tellure refoſsâ
Occultos latices, abſtrusáque flumina quærunt:
Nec ſolùm raſtris, duríſque ligonibus arva,
Sed gladiis fodere ſuis: puteúſque cavati
Montis ad irrigui premitur faſtigia campi.
Non ſe tam penitus, tam longè luce relictâ
Merſerit Aſyrii ſcrutator pallidus auri.

Non tamen aut tectis ſonuerunt curſibus amnes,
Aut micuere novi, percuſſo pumice, fontes:
Antra nec exiguo ſtillant ſudantia rore,
Aut impulſa levi turbatur glarea venâ.

Tunc exhauſta ſuper multo ſudore juventus
Extrahitur, duris ſilicum laſſata metallis:
Quoque minùs poſſent ſiccos tolerare vapores,
Quæſitæ, feciſtis, aquæ. Nec languida feſſi
Corpora ſuſtentant epulis, menſáſque peroſi
Auxilium fecere famem.——Si mollius arvum
Prodidit humorem, pingues manus utraque glebas

Exprimit

Your Favours great, and numerous, conferr'd
On me, fair Queen, you juſtly may recount,
Nor ſhall I once deny: nor e'er forget
Eliza, while I'm mindful of my ſelf:
While Life inſpires this Frame.——— *Id.*

Bacchus, *Quirinus*, and the Sons of *Jove*,
Whoſe Virtues rais'd them to the Gods above,
Whilſt here they liv'd, check'd War's deſtructive Rage,
Built Towns, made Laws, and civiliz'd the Age;
Complain'd that from the very Times they ſerv'd,
They met far leſs Reſpect than they deſerv'd.— *Anon.* alt.

THIRST.

NOW, wanting Water, every Place they try,
And both the delving Spade and Sword employ:
Earth's Boſom dark, laborious they explore,
And ſearch the Sources of her liquid Store.
Deep in the hollow Hill the Well deſcends,
Till level with the moiſter Plain it ends:
Not lower down from chearful Day decline
The pale *Aſſyrians*, in the golden Mine.
In vain they toil, no ſecret Streams are found
To roll their murm'ring Tides beneath the Ground:
No burſting Springs repay the Workman's Stroke,
Nor glitt'ring guſh from out the wounded Rock:
No ſweating Caves in dewy Droppings ſtand,
No ſlender Rills run gurgling o'er the Sand.
Spent and exhauſted with the fruitleſs Pain,
The fainting Youth aſcend to Earth again:
And now, leſs patient of the Drought they grow,
Than in thoſe cooler Depths of Earth below.
No ſav'ry Viands crown the chearful Board,
Ev'n Food for want of Water ſtands abhorr'd:
To Hunger's meager Refuge they retreat,
And ſince they cannot drink, refuſe to eat.
Where yielding Clods a moiſter Clay confeſs,
With griping Hands the clammy Glebe they preſs:

Where-e'er

Exprimit ora ſuper. Nigro ſi turbida limo
Colluvies immota jacet, cadit omnis in hauſtus
Certatim obſcœnos miles: moriénſque recepit,
Quas nollet victurus, aquas: ritùque ferarum
Diſtentas ſiccant pecudes, & lacte negato,
Sordidus exhauſto ſorbetur ab ubere ſanguis.
Tunc herbas, frondéſque terunt, & rore madentes
Diſtringunt ramos: & ſiquos palmite crudo,
Arboris aut tenerâ ſuccos preſſere medullâ.——

——————Torrentur viſcera flammâ
Oráque ſicca rigent ſquamoſis aſpera linguis.
Jam marcent venæ, nullóque humore rigatus
Aëris alternos anguſtat pulmo meatus,
Reſciſsóque nocent ſuſpiria dura palato.
Pandunt ora ſiti, nocturnúmque aëra captant.
Expectant imbres, quorum modo cuncta natabant
Impulſu, & ſiccis vultus in nubibus hærent.——
Lucan. Lib. IV.

Ut primùm juſtæ placuerunt fœdera pacis,
Incuſtoditos decurrit Miles ad amnes.
Incumbit ripis, permiſſaque flumina turbat:
Continuus multis ſubitarum tractus aquarum
Aëra non paſſus vacuis diſcurrere venis,
Arctavit, clauſitque animam: nec fervida peſtis
Cedit adhuc, ſed morbus egens jam gurgite plenis
Viſceribus ſibi poſcit aquas. Mox robora nervis,
Et vires rediere viris.—————— *Ibid.*

Where-e'er the ſtanding Puddle loathſome lies,
Thither in Crowds the thirſty Soldier flies:
Horrid to Sight, the miry Filth they quaff'd,
And drain'd, with dying Jaws, the deadly Draught.
Some ſeek the beaſtial Mothers for Supply,
And draw the Herds extended Udders dry:
Till Thirſt, unſated with the milky Store,
With lab'ring Lips ſucks in the putrid Gore.
Some ſtrip the Leaves, and ſuck the Morning Dews:
Some grind the Bark, the woody Branches bruiſe,
And ſqueeze the Sapling's unconcocted Juice.——
With ſecret Flames their with'ring Entrails burn,
And fiery Breathings from their Lungs return:
The ſhrinking Veins contract their purple Flood,
And urge, laborious, on the beating Blood:
The heaving Sighs thro' ſtraiter Paſſes blow,
And ſcorch the painful Palate as they go:
The parch'd rough Tongue Night's humid Vapour draws,
And reſtleſs rolls within the clammy Jaws:
With gaping Mouths they wait the falling Rain,
And want thoſe Floods that lately ſpread the Plain:
Vainly to Heav'n they turn their longing Eyes,
And fix 'em on the dry relentleſs Skies.—— *Rowe.*
The Truce on equal Terms at length agreed,
The Waters from the watchful Guard are freed.
Eager to drink, down ruſh the thirſty Crowd,
Hang o'er the Banks, and trouble all the Flood.
Some, while too quick the fatal Draughts they drain,
Forget the gaſping Lungs that heave in vain:
No breathing Air the choaking Channels fill,
But ev'ry Spring of Life at once ſtands ſtill.
Some drink, nor yet the fervent Peſt aſſwage,
With wonted Fires their bloated Entrails rage:
With burſting Sides each Bulk enormous heaves,
While ſtill for Drink th' infatiate Fever craves.
At length returning Health diſpers'd the Pain,
And luſty Vigour ſtrung the Nerves again.—— *Id.*

TONITRU & FULGUR. Vide CYCLOPS.

— —CUI non animus formidine Divûm
Contrahitur? cui non conrepunt membra pavore,
Fulminis horribili cum plaga torrida tellus
Contremit, & magnum percurrunt murmura cœlum?
Non populi, gentesque tremunt? regésque superbi
Corripiunt Divûm perculsi membra timore,
Ne quod ob admissum fœdè, dictùmve superbè
Poenarum grave sit solvendi tempus adactum?——
Lucret. Lib. V.

——— Tonitru quatiuntur cærula cœli,
Propterea, quia concurrunt sublime volantes
Aetherias nubes contra pugnantibu' ventis.
Nec fit enim sonitus cœli de parte serena,
Verùm ubicunque magis denso sunt agmine nubes,
Tum magis hinc magno fremitus fit murmure sæpe.——
Lucret. Lib. VI.

Fulgit item, nubes ignis cùm semina multa
Excutiere suo concursu, ceu lapidem si
Percutiat lapis, aut ferrum: nam tum quoque lumen
Exilit, & claras scintillas dissupat ignis.
Sed Tonitrum fit, uti post auribus accipiamus,
Fulgere quàm cernant oculi, quia semper ad aureis
Tardiùs advenient, quàm visum quæ moveant res.——
Ibid.

FLUXUS & REFLUXUS MARIS.

QUalis ubi alterno procurrens gurgite pontus
Nunc ruit ad terras, scopulosque superjacit undam
Spumeus, extremamque sinu perfundit arenam:
Nunc refugus retro fertur spatioque recedens
Saxa fugit, littusque vado labente relinquit———
Æn. Lib. XI.

Quique

THUNDER and LIGHTNING. See CYCLOPS.

WHAT Mind's unſhaken? and what Soul not aw'd?
And who not thinks the angry Gods abroad?
Whoſe Limbs don't ſhrink, when dreadful Thunder hurl'd,
Roars in the Clouds, and ſhakes the frighted World?
What do not Cities, do not Nations fear,
When diſmal Deſolation ſeems ſo near?
Then do not Tyrant Kings, and haughty Lords,
Repent their wicked Deeds, and boaſting Words?
Do they not tremble at approaching Doom,
And fear their dreaded Puniſhment is come?— *Creech* alt.

————The dreadful Thunder roars aloud,
When fighting Winds drive heavy Cloud on Cloud:
For where the Heaven is clear, the Sky ſerene,
No dreadful Thunder's heard, no Lightning ſeen,
But where the Clouds are thick, there Thunders riſe,
Exert their Rage, and roar along the Skies.—— *Id.*

Quick Lightning flies, when heavy Clouds ruſh on,
And ſtrike, as Steel and Flint, or Stone and Stone:
For then ſmall Sparks appear, and ſcatter'd Light
Breaks ſwiftly forth, and wakes the ſleepy Night.
The Flaſh firſt ſtrikes the Eye, and then we hear
The Clap, which does more ſlowly reach the Ear:
For Light, and Images of Things, ſtill fly
More ſwift than Sound, and quicker ſtrike the Eye.—*Id.*

TIDES.

AS when the Ocean, with alternate Tide,
Now ruſhes to the Beach, and o'er the Rocks
Toſſes the Waves, and to th' extreameſt Sand
Daſhes it's curling Foam: Now refluent rolls
With rapid Ebb, ſucks back the ratling Stones,
Flies from the Shelves, and naked leaves the Shore.——

Trap. Walk'd

Quæque jacet littus dubium, quod terra, fretúmque
Vendicat, alternis vicibus cùm funditur ingens
Oceanus, vel cùm refugis se fluctibus aufert.
Ventus ab extremo pelagus sic axe volutet,
Destruátque ferens: an sidere mota secundo
Lethyos unda vagæ lunaribus æstuet horis:
Flammiger an Titan ut alentes hauriat undas,
Bibat Oceanum, fluctúsque ad sidera tollat,
Quærimus, quos agitat mundi labor: at mihi semper
Per quæcunque moves tam crebros causa meatus,
Te sequi volvere, late.—— *Lucan.* Lib. I.

TEMPUS.

[illegible] non est: sed rebus ab ipsis
[illegible] tentus, transactum quid sit in ævo:
[illegible] quid porro deinde sequatur:
[illegible] Tempus sentire fatendum est
[illegible] placidaque quiete.——
Lucret. Lib. I.

[illegible] manet in Orbe.
[illegible] formatur Imago.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] XV.

Waſh'd with ſucceſſive Seas, the doubtful Strand
By turns is Ocean, and by turns is Land.
Whether the Winds in diſtant Regions blow,
Moving the World of Waters to and fro:
Or waining Moons their ſettled Periods keep
To ſwell the Billows, and ferment the Deep;
Or the tir'd Sun, his Vigour to ſupply,
Raiſes the floating Mountains to the Sky,
And ſlakes his Thirſt within the mighty Tide,
Do You who ſtudy Nature's Works decide:
Whilſt I the dark myſterious Cauſe admire,
Nor, into what the Gods conceal, preſumptuouſly enquire.—— *Addiſon.*

TIME.

TIME of itſelf is Nothing: but from Thought
Receives it's Riſe, by lab'ring Fancy wrought
From Things conſider'd; while we think on ſome
As preſent, ſome as paſt, and ſome to come.
For none can think of Time, muſt be confeſs'd,
Without conſidering Things, in Motion, or at Reſt.——
Creech alter'd.

In all the World there's Nothing at a Stay!
Like Shadows, Things appear, and paſs away!
Ev'n Time itſelf ſtill haſtens to be gone,
Like ſome ſwift River always rolling on:
The rapid Stream for ever forward flows;
Time does the ſame, nor any Stoppage knows.
As Waves urg'd on by Waves no Reſt can find,
Each driving that before, and drove by that behind;
So Moments other Moments faſt purſue,
For ever changing, and for ever new:
What's juſt now paſt we never more ſhall ſee,
Nor what is preſent ſhall hereafter be,
But new ſhall ſtill ſucceed, thro' all Eternity.——
Time glides along with undiſcover'd Haſte,
And mocks our Hopes: no Wings can fly ſo faſt.——

TEMPUS edax rerum. Vide MUTATIO.

TEmpus edax rerum, tuque, invidioſa ſenectus,
Omnia deſtruitis: vitiataque dentibus ævi
Paulatim lenti conſumitis omnia morte.———
Ovid. Met. Lib. XV.

Ferreus aſſiduo conſumitur annulus uſu:
Interit aſſidua vomer aduncus humo:
Quid magis eſt durum ſaxo? quid mollius unda?
Dura tamen molli ſaxa cavantur aquâ.—*Ovid. Art.* L. I.

Quin etiam, multis Solis redeuntibus annis,
Annulus in digito ſubtertenuatur habendo:
Stillicidii caſus lapidem cavat: uncus aratri
Ferreus occultè decreſcit vomer in arvis:
Stratamque jam volgi pedibus detrita viarum
Saxea conſpicimus.———— *Lucret.* Lib. I.

——Non Lapides quoque vinci cernis ab ævo?
Non altis turreis ruere, & putreſcere Saxa?
Non delubra Deûm, Simulacráque feſſa fatiſci?
Nec ſanctum Numen fati protollere fineis
Poſſe? Neque adverſus Naturæ fœdera niti?
Denique non Monumenta virûm dilapſa videmus
Cedere proporrò, ſubitòque ſeneſcere caſu?— *Luc.* L. V.

Mutat enim mundi naturam totius ætas,
Neu manet ulla ſui ſimilis res: omnia migrant,
Omnia commutat Natura, & vertere cogit.
Namque aliud putreſcit, & ævo debile languet:
Porro aliud concreſcit, & è contemptibus exit.—— *Ibid.*

Utendum eſt ÆTATE. Vide Mora. Memor eſto Mortis. Opportunitas.

VEnturæ memores jam nunc eſtote ſenectæ
Sic nullum vobis tempus abibit iners.
Dum licet, & veros etiam nunc editis annos,
Ludite: eunt anni more fluentis aquæ.
Nec quæ præteriit, rurſum revocabitur unda:
Nec quæ præteriit, hora, redire poteſt.

Utendum

TIME wears out all Things. See CHANGE.

THY Teeth, devouring Time! thine, envious Age!
On Things below ſtill exerciſe your Rage:
With venom'd Grinders you corrupt your Meat:
And then, at lingring Meals, the Morſels eat.— *Dryden.*
Ev'n the hard Ploughſhare Uſe will wear away,
And ſtubborn Steel in length of Time decay:
Water is ſoft, and marble hard, and yet,
We ſee ſoft Water thro' hard Marble get.—— *Id.*

Nay more: 'tis certain, ev'ry circling Year,
The Rings, which grace the Hands, diminiſh there:
Drops hollow Stones; and while we plow, the Share
Grows leſs: the Streets by often treading wear.— *Creech.*

Hard Stones, and Tow'rs, and Rocks, all feel the Rage
Of pow'rful Time: ev'n Temples waſte by Age:
Nor can the Gods themſelves prolong their Date,
Change Nature's Laws, or be repriev'd from Fate:
Ev'n Tombs grow old, and waſte, by Years o'erthrown,
Men's Graves before, but now become their own.— *Id.*

Time changes all: and as with ſwifteſt Wings
He paſſes forward on, he quickly brings
A diff'rent Face, a diff'rent State of Things.
Nature ſtill alters: this grows weak, this ſtrong:
This dies: this riſes from it, firm and young.—*Creech* alt.

TIME to be uſed. See Delay. Death to be remember'd. Opportunity.

EV'N now, in bloom of Youth, and Beauty's Prime,
Beware of coming Age, nor waſte your Time:
Now, while You may, and rip'ning Years invite,
Enjoy the ſeaſonable, ſweet Delight:
For rolling Years, like ſtealing Waters, glide,
Nor hope to ſtop their ever-ebbing Tide:

Uxendum eſt tenue : cito pede labitur ætas :
Nec bona tam ſequitur quam bona prima fuit.——
Ovid. Art. III.

Anguibus exuitur nostri cum pelle veneſtus :
Nec faciunt cervos cornua jacta ſuos.
Veſtra fine auxilio fugient bona : carpite florem :
Qui niſi carpſus erit, carpter ipſe cadet.—— *Ibid.*

——Feſtinat enim decurrere velox
Floſculus angustæ, miſeraque brevissima vitæ
Portio : dum bibimus, dum ſerta, unguenta, puellas
Poſcimus, obrepit non intellecta ſenectus.——
Juv. Sat. IX.

At ſi tardus eris, errabis, tranſiet ætas.
Quàm citò non ſegnis ſtat, remeátque dies :
Quàm citò purpureos deperdit terra colores,
Quàm citò formoſas populus alta comas :
Quam jacet, infirmæ venêre ubi fata ſenectæ,
Qui prior Ælæo eſt carcere miſſus, Equus !

Vidi jam juvenem, premeret cùm ſerior ætas
Mœrentem ſtultos præteriiſſe dies.
Crudeles Divi, ſerpens novus exuit annos,
Formæ non ullam fata dedere moram.——
Tibul. Lib. I. El. 4.

——————Ille potens ſui
Lætúſque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixiſſe vixi, cras vel atra
Nube polum Pater occupato,
Vel ſole puro.—————— *Hor.* Lib. III. Ode 29.
——————————Spatio brevi
Spem longam reſeces. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas : carpe diem, quàm minimùm credula poſtero.—
Hor. Lib. I. Ode 11.

Qui

Think not, hereafter will the Loſs repay,
For ev'ry Morrow will the Taſte decay,
And leave leſs Reliſh than the former Day. *Congreve.*

The Snake his Skin, the Deer his Horns may caſt,
And both renew their Youth and Vigour paſt:
But no Receipt can Humankind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepid Age without Reprieve.
Then crop the Flow'r which yet invites your Eye,
And which, ungather'd, on it's Stalk muſt die.—— *Id.*

The Flow'r of Youth decays and fades apace,
(Of our ſhort Being 'tis the ſhorteſt Space!)
While the full Bowl with Pleaſure circles round,
While we're perfum'd, and with gay Garlands crown'd,
While in the fair One's Arms entranc'd we lie,
Old Age creeps on us, e'er we think it nigh.——

But if you wave your Hopes, and uſe Delays,
You're wrong, for happy Youth apace decays.
Alas, how ſwiftly flies away the Light!
Nor ſlowly moves the Day, nor wheels the Night:
How quickly fades the Earth, as Seaſons ſlide,
Loſing it's flow'ry Grace, and purple Pride!
How quickly does the tow'ring Poplar ſhed
The leafy Honours of it's beauteous Head!
Un-nerv'd by Age, how ſlothful lies the Horſe,
Which flew, when young, in the Olympic Courſe!
I've known the Old deſire their youthful Prime,
And wail their fooliſh Hours and ill-ſpent Time.
Ye cruel Gods! the Serpent can renew
His ſpeckl'd Luſtre, and his ſhining Hue:
But Beauty loſt, our Art and Pow'r is vain,
E'er to renew the precious Prize again.—— *Dart.*

He, free and merrily may live, can ſay,
As the Day paſſes, I have liv'd to Day:
And for to Morrow little do I care,
Let the World's Ruler make it foul or fair.——

Cut off long Cares from thy contracted Span,
Nor ſtretch thy Hopes beyond the Reach of Man.
Now, while we ſpeak, Time, envious, haſtes away:
Truſt not to morrow then, but ſeize the preſent Day.——

Creech al

Quâ pinus ingens, albáque populus
Umbram hoſpitalem conſociare amant
Ramis, & obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo:
Huc vina, & unguenta, & nimium breves
Flores amœnæ ferre jube roſæ:
Dum res, & ætas, & ſororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.
Cedes coëmptis ſaltibus, & domo,
Villâque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes: & exſtructis in altum
Divitiis potietur hæres.—— *Hor.* Lib. II. Ode 3.

TISIPHONE. Vide FURIÆ.

CEntum illi ſtantes umbrabant ora ceraſtæ,
Turba minor diri capitis: ſedet intus abactis
Ferrea lux oculis: qualis per nubila Phœbes
Atracea rubet arte labor: ſuffuſa veneno
Tenditur, ac ſanie gliſcit cutis: igneus atro
Ore vapor: quo longa ſitis, morbíque, famésque,
Et populis mors una venit. Riget horrida tergo
Palla, & cœrulei redeunt in pectore nodi:
Atropos hos, atque ipſa novat Proſerpina cultus.

Tum geminas quatit illa manus: hæc igne rogali
Fulgurat, hæc vivo manus aëra verberat hydro.——
Stat. Theb. Lib. I.

Nec mora: Tiſiphone madefactam ſanguine ſumit
Importuna facem: fluidóque cruore rubentem
Induitur pallam: tortóque incingitur angue:
Egreditúrque domo. Luctus comitantur euntem,
Et Pavor, & Terror, trepidóque Inſania vultu.

Limine

Where the white Poplar and the lofty Pine
Their friendly Branches inter-twine,
And hoſpitable Shades compoſe:
Where, near at Hand, a limpid River glides,
In winding Streams, and gently chides
The interrupting Pebbles as it flows:
There drink thy gen'rous Wine, thy Odours ſhed,
And ſhort-liv'd Roſes crown thy Head,
While Fortune, Time, and Fate permit:
For thou muſt ſoon reſign thy Groves, thy Houſe,
Thy Farm where yellow *Tyber* flows,
And all thy hoarded Wealth thy Heir ſhall get. ——

TISIPHONE. See FURIES.

A Hundred Snakes her gloomy Viſage ſhade,
A hundred Serpents guard her horrid Head:
In her ſunk Eyeballs dreadful Meteors glow:
Such Rays from *Phœbe*'s bloody Circle flow,
When lab'ring with ſtrong Charms, ſhe ſhoots from high
A fiery Gleam, and reddens all the Sky.
Blood ſtain'd her Cheeks, and from her Mouth there came
Blew ſteaming Poiſons, and a Length of Flame.
From ev'ry Blaſt of her contagious Breath,
Famine and Drought proceed, and Plagues, and Death.
A Robe obſcene was o'er her Shoulders thrown,
A Dreſs by Fates and Furies wore alone:
She toſs'd her meager Arms: her better Hand
In waving Circles whirl'd a Fun'ral Brand:
A Serpent from her left was ſeen to rear
His flaming Creſt, and laſh the yielding Air.—— *Pope.*

A flaming Torch beſmear'd with clotted Gore
Tiſiphone ſnatch'd up: then hurrying on
Her crimſon Robe, in ſtreaming Blood deep'd dy'd,
And girding round her Waiſt a twining Snake,
Furious ſhe iſſues forth.—Her cloſe attend
Lamenting Grief, and Fear, and ſhudd'ring Horror,
And raving Rage with pale and trembling Looks.

Wher

Limine conſtiterat; poſtes tremuiſſe feruntur
Æolii, pallórque fores infecit acernas:
Sólque locum fugit. Monſtris exterrita conjux,
Territus eſt Athamas: tectóque exire parabant:
Obſtitit infelix, aditúmque obſedit, Erynnis:
Nexaque vipereis diſtendens brachia nodis,
Cæſariem excuſſit. Motæ ſonuere colubræ.
Párſque jacens humeris, pars circum tempora lapſæ
Sibila dant, ſaniémque vomunt, linguáſque coruſcant.

SEPULCHRUM. Vide EXEQUIÆ. MANES.

AT pius Æneas ingenti mole ſepulcrum
Imponit, ſuáque arma viro, remúmque, tubámque,
Monte ſub aërio, qui nunc Miſenus ab illo
Dicitur, æternúmque tenet per ſecula nomen.——
Æn. Lib. VI.

Illic Pellæi proles veſana Philippi
Felix prædo jacet terrarum, vindice fato
Raptus: ſacratis totum ſpargenda per orbem
Membra viri poſuere adytis.——————

Nam ſibi Libertas unquam ſi redderat orbem,
Ludibrio ſervatus erat, non utile mundo
Editus exemplum, terras tot poſſe ſub uno
Ille viro.—————————— *Lucan.* Lib. X.

Nil agis hâc irâ: tabéſne cadavera ſolvat,
An rogus, haud refert: placido natura receptat
Cuncta ſinu, finémque ſui ſibi corpora debent.

Hos

When ſhe arriv'd at the *Eolian* Court,
'Tis ſaid the Columns ſhook, the Ebon Gate
Turn'd pale, and *Phœbus* in his Courſe ſhrunk back.
Scar'd at theſe Omens, both the King and Queen
Attempt to fly their Palace: but the Fiend
Fills up the Entrance, and their Paſſage ſtops.
Wide ſhe her Arms extends writh'd round with Adders:
And ſhakes her horrid Locks. The Snakes diſturb'd,
Ruſtle, and Part a-down her Shoulders hang,
Part curling round her Temples loudly hiſs,
Their Poiſon ſpew, and dart their quiv'ring Tongues.——

TOMB. See FUNERAL. MANES.

BUT good *Æneas* rear'd a ſtately Tomb,
The Hero's Arms, his Oar, and Trumpet fix'd,
Beneath a lofty Mountain: which from him
Is now *Miſenus* call'd, and keeps it's Name
To everlaſting Ages.——— *Trap.*

There the vain Youth, who made the World his Prize,
The proſp'rous Robber, *Alexander* lies.
When pitying Death, at length, had freed Mankind,
To ſacred Reſt his Bones were here conſign'd:
His Bones, that better had been toſs'd and hurl'd,
With juſt Contempt, around the injur'd World.
Oh! ſhould auſpicious Years roll round again,
And Godlike *Liberty* reſume her Reign,
Preſerv'd to ſcorn, the Reliques would be ſhewn
Of the bold Chief, whoſe boundleſs Pride alone
This curſt Example to Ambition gave,
How many Realms one Mortal can enſlave!— *Rowe* alt.

But know, proud Conqueror! thy Wrath, in vain,
Strews with unbury'd Carcaſſes the Plain.
What is it to thy Malice, if they burn,
Rot in the Field, or moulder in the Urn?
The Forms of Matter all, diſſolving, die,
And loſt in Nature's blending Boſom lie.

Hos, Cæſar, populos ſi nunc non uſerit ignis,
Uret cum terris, uret cum gurgite ponti:
Communis mundo ſupereſt rogus, oſſibus aſtra
Mixturus. Quocunque tuam fortuna vocabit,
Hæ quoque eunt animæ: non altiùs ibis in auras,
Non meliore loco Stygiâ ſub nocte jacebis.

Libera fortunæ mors eſt: capit omnia tellus
Quæ genuit: cœlo tegitur, qui non habet urnam.——
Lucan. Lib. VII.

PERFIDIA. Vide DISSIMULATIO.

EST, ubi Troja fuit, Phrygiæ contraria tellus:
Biſtoniis habitata viris. Polymeſtoris illic
Regia dives erat, cui te commiſit alendum
Clam, Polydore, pater, Phrygiiſque removit ab armis.
Conſilium ſapiens: ſceleris niſi præmia magnas
Adjeciſſet opes, animi irritamen avari.
Ut cecidit Fortuna Phrygum, capit impius enſem
Rex Thracum, jugulóque ſui defigit alumni:
Et, tanquam tolli cum corpore crimina poſſent,
Exanimem è ſcopulo ſubjectas miſit in undas.—*Ov. Met.* XIII.

——Me fata mea & ſcelus exitiale Lacenæ
His merſere malis:——————
Namque ut ſupremam falſa inter gaudia noctem
Egerimus, noſti:——————
Cum fatalis equus ſaltu ſuper ardua venit
Pergama, & armatum peditem gravis attulit alvo.
Illa chorum ſimulans, Evantes orgia circum

Tho' now thy Cruelty denies a Grave,
Theſe and the World one common Lot ſhall have:
One laſt appointed Flame, by Fate's Decree,
Shall waſte yon azure Heav'ns, this Earth, and Sea:
Shall knead the Dead up in one mingled Maſs,
Where Stars and They ſhall undiſtinguiſh'd paſs.
And tho' Thou ſcorn them now, yet *Cæſar!* know,
High as thy own can ſoar, theſe Souls ſhall go:
Or find, perhaps, a better Place below.
Death is beyond thy Goddeſs. *Fortune*'s Pow'r,
And Parent Earth receives what-e'er ſhe bore.
Nor will we mourn the Fate of thoſe who lie
Beneath the glorious Cov'ring of the Sky:
That ſtarry Arch for ever round 'em turns,
A nobler Shelter far than Tombs or Urns.—— *Rowe.*

TREACHERY. See DISSIMULATION.

OPpos'd to *Ilium* lie the *Thracian* Plains,
Where *Polymeſter* ſafe in Plenty reigns.
King *Priam* to his Care commits his Son
Young *Polydore*, the Chance of War to ſhun.
A wiſe Precaution! had not Gold, conſign'd
For the Child's Uſe, debauch'd the Tyrant's Mind.
When ſinking *Troy* to its laſt Period drew;
With impious Hands his royal Charge he ſlew:
Then in the Sea the lifeleſs Coarſe is thrown,
As, with the Body, he the Guilt could drown.—*Stanyan.*

My cruel Fate, and * my more cruel Wife,
To *Grecian* Swords betray'd my ſleeping Life.
You know in what deluſive Joys we paſt
The Night, that was by Heav'n decreed our laſt.
For when the fatal Horſe, deſcending down,
Pregnant with Arms, o'er-whelm'd th' unhappy Town:
She feign'd nocturnal Orgies, left my Bed,
And, mix'd with *Trojan* Dames, the Dances led.

* *Deiphobus*, betrayed by *Helen*, whom he took to Wife after the Death of *Paris*.

Then

Dorebat Phrygias: flammam media ipsa sonabat
Ingentem, & summa Danaos ex arce vocabat.
Tum me confectum curis somnoque gravatum
Infelix fallunt thalamus, presique jacentem
Dulcis & alta quies, placidæque similima morti.
Egregia interea conjux arma omnia tectis
Emovet, & fidum capiti subduxerat ensem;
Intra tecta vocat Menelaum, & limina pandit.
Scilicet id magnum sperans fore munus amanti,
Et famam exstingui veterum sic posse malorum.
Quid moror? irrumpunt thalamo.———

Virg. Æn. Lib. VI.

———Jam vento vela negarat
Magnus, & auulio remorum infanda petebat
Littora: quem contra non longi vecta biremi
Appulerat iteratum manus: Magnoque patere
Pingens regna Phari, cæsi de puppe Catonis
Et parvam videt ire ratem. Littusque malignum
Deprendit, fluctuque vadis frangentibus æstum,
Qui vectæ externas terris adverterat classes.

Quid nili sacrorum leges, interdictaque jussis
Omnibus æterna miseræ victima morti
Plumbatum leto traderent ni littora Magnum,
Non ulli communis iteratæ præstigia deerant:
Quippe fides si pura foret, si regna Magno
Sospitorum autori vera pietate parerent,
Vincendum toto Pharium cum classe tyrannum.
Sed colit hos, clausumque reinquere jussus
Obsequitur, iteumque juvat præferre timori.

Ibat in hostilem præceps Cornelia puppim,
Hoc magis impatiens egressu lecisse marito,

Quid

Then waving high her Torch, the Signal made,
Which rous'd the *Grecians* from their Ambuſcade.
With watching over-worn, with Cares oppreſt;
Unhappy I had laid me down to Reſt,
And heavy Sleep my weary Limbs poſſeſs'd.
Mean Time, my worthy Wife our Arms miſlaid,
And from beneath my Head my Sword convey'd:
The Door unlock'd: and with repeated Calls,
Invites her former Lord within my Walls.
Thus in her Crime her Confidence ſhe plac'd,
And with new Treaſons would redeem the paſt.
What need I more: into the Room they ran,
And baſely murder'd a defenceleſs Man. —— *Dryden.*

Pompey aproaching near the fatal Shore,
Strikes the wide Sail, and plies the plunging Oar.
Him, in a two-bank'd Boat, the Villains meet,
And with diſſembled Cheer the *Roman* greet.
They feign their hoſpitable Land addreſs'd
With ready Friendſhip to receive her Gueſt.
Excuſing much an inconvenient Shore,
Where Shoals lie thick, and meeting Currents roar:
From his large Ship, unequal to the Place,
They beg him to their lighter Boat to paſs.
Had not the Gods, unchangeably decreed,
Devoted *Pompey* in that Hour ſhould bleed,
A thouſand Signs the Danger near foretell,
Seen by his ſad preſaging Friends too well.
If fair and faithfully they had deſign'd,
If Truth could lodge in an *Egyptian* Mind,
Their King, himſelf, with all his Fleet had come,
To lead, in Pomp, his Benefactor home.
But thus Fate wills, and *Pompey* yields to Fate,
Nor, at their Bidding, ſtay'd to heſitate:
But left his Ship, and rather choſe to bear
Death, tho' 'twere certain, than ignoble Fear.
His Wife, impatient, to be left behind,
To ruſh, with him, into the Boat deſign'd:
For now, his Danger only fill'd her Mind.

Quòd metuit clades. Remane, temeraria conjux,
Et tu, nate, precor, longéque è littore caſus
Expectate meos: & in hàc cervice tyranni
Explorate fidem, dixit.———— *Lucan.* Lib. VIII.

————Tranſire parantem
Romanus Phariâ miles de puppe ſalutat
Septimius: qui————arma Satelles
Regia geſtabat.————

————Jam venerat horæ
Terminus extremæ, Phariámque ablatus in alnum
Perdiderat jam jura ſui. Tunc ſtringere ferrum
Regia monſtra parant. Ut vidit cominus enſes,
Involvit vultus: atque indignatus apertum
Fortunæ præbere caput, tunc lumina preſſit,
Continuítque animam, ne quas effundere voces
Poſſet, & æternam fletu corrumpere famam.
At poſtquam mucrone latus funeſtus Achillas
Perfodit, nullo gemitu conſenſit ad ictum:
Deſpexítque nefas, ſervátque immobile corpus,
Séque probat moriens.———— *Ibid.*

————Sævus in ipſo
Septimius ſceleris majus ſcelus invenit actu:
Ac retegit ſacros, ſciſſo velamine, vultus
Semianimis Magni, ſpirantiáque occupat ora,
Colláque in obliquo ponit languentia tranſtro.
Tunc nervos, venáſque ſecat, nodosóque frangit
Oſſa diu: nondum artis erat caput enſe rotare.

Impius ut Magnum nôſſet puer, illa verenda
Regibus hirta coma, & generosâ fronte decora
Cæſaries comprenſa manu eſt.———— *Ibid.*

PRODITIO.

ut, Oh! forbear, (he cries,) my Love! forbear:
hou and my Son remain in Safety here:
et this old Head the Danger firſt explore,
nd prove the Faith of yon ſuſpected Shore.—*Row.*
Juſt as he enter'd o'er the Veſſel's Side,
ail General! the curs'd *Septimius* cry'd:
. *Roman* once, and brave in Arms was He,
ow of the Guard, and Slave to *Ptolemy*.——*Id.* alt.
Defenceleſs, in the Boat, now, *Pompey* ſat,
rrounded, and abandon'd to his Fate:
or long they hold him, in their Power, aboard,
er ev'ry Villain drew his ruthleſs Sword:
he Chief perceiv'd their Purpoſe ſoon, and ſpread
is *Roman* Gown, with Patience, o'er his Head:
nd when the curs'd *Achillas* pierc'd his Breaſt,
is riſing Indignation cloſe repreſs'd.
o Sighs, no Groans, his Dignity prophan'd,
or Tears his ſtill unſully'd Glory ſtain'd:
nmov'd, and firm, he fix'd him on his Seat,
d dy'd, as when he liv'd and conquer'd, Great.— *Id.*
The bloody Buſineſs now compleatly done,
w Furies urge the fierce *Septimius* on:
rends the Robe that veil'd the Hero's Head,
to full View expos'd the recent Dead:
d in his horrid Gripe the Face he preſs'd,
le yet the quiv'ring Muſcles Life confeſs'd:
rew the dragging Body down with Haſte,
croſs a Rower's Seat the Neck he plac'd:
, awkward, haggling, he divides the Bone,
Headſman's Art was yet but little known.)
ght by the venerable Locks, which grow,
ry Ringlets on his gen'rous Brow,
pt's impious King that Head they bear,
Lawrels us'd to bind, and Monarchs fear.——*Id.*

PRODITIO. Vide PERFIDIA.

PRima quies aderat, qua curis feſſa diurnis
Pectora ſomnos habet. Thalamos taciturna paternos
Intrat: &, (heu facinus!) fatali nata parentem
Crine ſuum ſpoliat:——————

——————Prædáque potita nefanda
Fert ſecum ſpolium ſceleris, progreſsáque porta
Per medios hoſtes (meritis fiducia tanta eſt)
Pervenit ad regem, quem ſic affata paventem.

Suaſit amor faſcinus. Proles ego regia Niſi,
Scylla, tibi trado patrióſque meóſque Penates:
Præmia nulla peto, niſi te. Cape pignus amoris,
Purpureum crinem. Nec me nunc tradere crinem,
Sed patrium tibi crede caput. Sceleratáque dextra
Munera porrexit. Minos porrecta refugit.

Turbatúſque novi reſpondit imagine facti:
Dii te ſubmoveant, ô noſtri infamia ſæcli!
Orbe ſuo: tellúſque tibi pontúſque negentur.
Certè ego non patiar Jovis incunabula Creten,
Quæ meus eſt orbis, tantum contingere monſtrum.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. VIII.

ARBORES. Vide Muſica. Locus Amœnus.

PRincipio arboribus varia eſt natura creandis.
Namque aliæ, nullis hominum cogentibus, ipſæ

TREASON. See TREACHERY.

THE Hour was come, when Man's o'erlabour'd Breaſt
Surceas'd its Care, by downy Sleep poſſeſs'd:
All Things now huſh'd, *Scylla with ſilent Tread,
Urg'd her Approach to *Niſus'* royal Bed:
There of the fatal Lock (accurſed Theft!)
She her unwitting Father's Head bereft.
In ſafe Poſſeſſion of her impious Prey,
Out at a Poſtern Gate ſhe takes her Way.
Embolden'd by the Merit of the Deed,
She traverſes the adverſe Camp with Speed,
Till *Minos'* Tent ſhe reach'd: The righteous King
She thus beſpoke, who ſhiver'd at the Thing.
Behold th' Effect of Love's reſiſtleſs Sway!
I, *Niſus'* royal Seed, to Thee betray
My Country, and my Gods.—For this ſtrange Taſk,
Minos, no other Boon but Thee I aſk.
This purple Hair, the Pledge of Love, receive,
And with that Hair my Father's Life I give.
Then off'ring to preſent the guilty Prize,
Minos the Giver and the Gift denies.
Shock'd at a Crime ſo new, he thus exclaim'd,
(With Mein indignant, and with Eyes inflam'd,
Perdition ſeize Thee, Thou, thy Kind's Diſgrace!
May thy devoted Carcaſs find no Place
In Earth, or Air, or Sea, by all outcaſt!
Shall *Minos* with ſo foul a Monſter blaſt
His *Cretan* World, where cradled *Jove* was nurs'd? [alt.
Forbid it Heav'n!—away, Thou moſt accurſt!—*Croxall*

TREES. See Harmony. Place (Pleaſant.)

FIrſt, Trees by various Propagation grow:
(So Nature has ordain'd: for ſome unforc'd

* *Scylla*, in Love with *Minos*, who beſieged her Father Niſus in his Capitol, *cut off her Father's* purple Hair, on which the Fate of his *Kingdom depended*, and fled away with it to his Enemy.

Sponte ſuâ veniunt, campóſque & flumina latè
Curva tenent: ut molle ſiler, lentæque geniſtæ,
Populus, & glaucâ canentia fronde ſalicta.
Pars autem poſito ſurgunt de ſemine, ut altæ
Caſtaneæ, nemorumque Jovi quæ maxima frondet
Æſculus, atque habitæ Graiis oracula quercus.
Pullulat ab radice aliis denſiſſima ſylva:
Ut cerriis, ulmiſque: etiam Parnaſſia laurus
Parva ſub ingenti matris ſe ſubjicit umbra.——
Virg. Georg. Lib. II.

——Truncis oleæ melius, propagine vites
Reſpondent, ſolido Paphiæ de robore myrtus.
Plantis eduræ corylli naſcuntur, & ingens
Fraxinus, Herculeæque arbos umbroſa coronæ,
Chaoniique patris glandes: etiam ardua palma
Naſcitur, & caſus abies viſura marinos.—— *Ibid.*

Fluminibus ſalices, craſſiſque paludibus alni
Naſcuntur, ſteriles ſaxoſis montibus orni,
Litora myrtetis lætiſſima: denique apertos
Bacchus amat colles, Aquilonem & frigora taxi.——
Ibid.

Diviſæ arboribus patriæ. Sola India nigrum
Fert Ebenum, ſolis eſt turea virga Sabæis.
Media fert triſtes ſucços tardúmque ſaporem
Felicis mali: quo non præſentius ullum
(Pocula ſi quando ſævæ infecere novercæ,
Miſcuerúntque herbas, & non innoxia verba)
Auxilium venit, ac membris agit atra venena.

Ipſa ingens arbos, faciémque ſimillima lauro:
Et, ſi non alium late jactaret odorem,
Laurus erat: folia haud ullis labentia ventis:
Flos apprima tenax: animas & olentia Medi
Ora fovent illo, & fenibus medicantur anhelis.— *Ibid.*

Et

By human Induſtry, ſpontaneous riſe,
In Fields abroad, and ſhade the winding Streams:
As the ſoft Sallow, and the flexile Broom,
The Poplar, and grey Willow. Some from Seed:
The lofty Cheſnut, and *Jove*'s ſpreading *Eſculus*,
Supreme of Woods: and Oaks, by *Greece* eſteem'd
Oracular. A num'rous leafy Race
Springs from the Roots of Others: as the Elm,
And Cherry: Thus too ſprouts the infant Bay
(*Parnaſſus*-born, and by the *Muſes* lov'd,)
Beneath its Parent's more diffuſive Shade.
From Trunks the Olive, from the Arch the Vine
More happy anſwers: From the ſolid Stock
The *Paphian* Myrtle: From the Layer's Slip
The hardy Hazle ſprings, and the tall Aſh:
The ſhady Tree which binds *Alcides*' Brows:
Jove's *Dodonæan* Oak: the lofty Palm,
And Pine for future Storms at Sea reſerv'd.—— *Trap.*
————————Willows grow
Near Rivers: Alders, in the marſhy Lakes:
Barren Wild-Aſhes, on the rocky Hills:
The Shores rejoyce in Myrtles: *Bacchus* loves
The open Mountains: Eughs, the North, and Cold.
————————By its proper Trees
Each Country is diſtinguiſh'd. *India* ſole
Bears Ebony: *Sabæa*, Incence ſweet.
Media the happy Citron bears, of Juice
Pungent, of Taſte that dwells upon the Tongue:
Than this no Aid more preſent (when, in Rage
Of Jealouſy, Step-Dames have Draughts infus'd,
And mingled Herbs, and Incantations dire,)
T' expel black Poyſons from infected Limbs.
Large is the Tree, and like a Lawrel grows:
And, did it not a diff'rent Scent diffuſe,
A Lawrel it would be: no Winds its Leaves
Unfix: Its Bloſſoms moſt tenacious grow:
The *Medes* with this foment their Mouths, correct
Their ſmelling Breath, and wheezing Sires relieve.—*Trap.*

Et juvat undantem buxo ſpectare Cytorum,
Naryciæque picis lucos!———— *Ibid.*

———Utile lignum
Navigiis pinos, domibus cedróſque cupreſſóſque.
Viminibus ſalices fœcundæ, frondibus ulmi:
At myrtus validis haſtilibus, & bona bello
Cornus: Iyræos taxi torquentur in arcus:
Nec tiliæ leves, aut torno raſile buxum,
Non formam accipiunt, ferróque cavantur acuto:
Nec non & torrentem undam levis innatat alnus,
Miſſa Pado.———— *Ibid.*

Populus Alcidæ gratiſſima, vitis Iaccho:
Formoſæ myrtus Veneri, ſua laurea Phœbo.——
Virg. Ecl. VII.
Fraxinus in ſylvis pulcherrima, pinus in hortis,
Populus in fluviis, abies in montibus altis.—— *Ibid.*

TROPHÆUM.

—— ÆNeas
Ingentem quercum deciſis undique ramis
Conſtituit tumulo, fulgentiaque induit arma
Mezenti ducis exuvias: tibi, magne, trophæum,
Bellipotens: aptat rorantes ſanguine criſtas,
Telaque trunca viri, & bis ſex thoraca petitum
Perfoſúmque locis: clypeúmque ex ære ſiniſtræ
Subligat, atque enſem collo ſuſpendit eburnum.——
Æn. Lib. XI.

TYRANNUS. Vide REX.

———QUondam
Gens bello præclara,———
Hanc multos florentem annos rex deinde ſuperbo
Imperio & ſævis tenuit Mezentius armis.

Quid

How pleaſing to the Sight *Cytorus* looks,
Flowing in gentle Waves of livid Box!
How ſoft! how ſolemn is *Naricia*'s Shade!
Where pitchy Groves the gloomy Skies invade.— *Anon.*
Tall Pines for Veſſels: for the ſtately Room
Cypreſs, and Cedar, with its ſtrong Perfume:
The binding Oſier ſhoots a num'rous Brood:
And Elms for Cattle yield a leafy Food:
For Spears, the Myrtle, and the Cornel grows,
And *Parthians* bend the Eugh-Tree into Bows.
Nor will the ſmooth-grain'd Lime, or Box diſdain
The rounding Chiſſel, or the hollowing Plane:
Or the light Alder dread th'impetuous Tide,
But lightly ſkim the *Po*, and on its Surges ride.—— *Id.*
To *Hercules* the Poplar is moſt dear:
The Vine to *Bacchus*: To the *Cyprian* Dame
The Myrtle: To *Apollo* his own Bay.—— *Trap.*
In Groves the Beach, in Gardens is the Pine
Moſt beautiful: The Poplar near the Streams:
On the high Mountains Tops the ſtately Fir.—— *Id.*

TROPHY.

—— ÆNeas plants upon a Hill
An Oak of mighty Bulk, on ev'ry Side
Shorn off its Boughs: and all with ſhining Arms,
The Spoils of King *Mezentius*, clothes the Trunk:
A Trophy rais'd, great Warrior God, to Thee.
He fits the bloody Creſt, and broken Darts,
And plated Corſlet with twelve Wounds transfix'd:
On the left Side the brazen Buckler hangs,
And from the Neck his iv'ry-hilted Sword.—— *Trap.*

TYRANT. See KING.

—— THE Nation flouriſh'd long,
In Pride of Wealth, and warlike People ſtrong.
Till curs'd *Mezentius*, in a fatal Hour,
Aſſum'd *the Crown* with arbitrary Pow'r.

Quid memorem infandas cædes? quid facta tyranni
Effera? Dî capiti ipſius generíque reſervent.
Mortua quin etiam jungebat corpora vivis,
Componens manibúſque manus, atque oribus ora,
Tormenti genus! & ſanie tabóque fluentes
Complexu in miſero, longa ſic morte necabat.

At feſſi tandem cives, infanda furentem
Armati circumſiſtunt, ipsúmque, domúmque;
Obtruncant ſocios, ignem ad faſtigia jactant.
Ille inter cædes, Rutulorum elapſus in agros
Confugere, & Turni defendier hoſpitis armis.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. VIII.

——Victima haud ulla amplior
Poteſt, magíſque opima mactari Jovi,
Quam Rex iniquus.—— *Senec. Herc. fur.*

Magne pater Divûm, ſævos punire Tyrannos
Haud aliâ ratione velis, cùm dira libido
Moverit ingenium, ferventi tincta veneno:
Virtutem videant: intabeſcántque relictâ.
Anne magis ſiculi gemuerunt æra juvenci?
——Intùs palleat infelix.——
Perſ. Sat. III.

Ad generum Cereris ſinè cæde & vulnere pauci
Deſcendunt reges, & ſiccâ morte tyranni.——
Juv. Sat. XVI.

VACUUM.

NEC tamen undique corporea ſtipata tenentur
Omnia natura, namque eſt in rebus Inane.——

What Words can paint thoſe execrable Times,
The Subject's Suff'rings, and the Tyrant's Crimes!
That Blood, thoſe Murders, O, ye Gods, replace
On his own Head, and on his impious Race!
The Living and the Dead, at his Command,
Were coupled, Face to Face, and Hand to Hand:
Till choak'd with Stench, in loath'd Embraces ty'd,
The ling'ring Wretches pin'd away, and dy'd.
Thus plung'd in Ills, and meditating more,
The People's Patience tir'd, no longer bore
The raging Monſter: But with Arms beſet
His Houſe, and Vengeance, and Deſtruction threat.
They fire his Palace: While the Flame aſcends,
They force his Guards: and execute his Friends.
He cleaves the Crowd: and favour'd by the Night,
To *Turnus'* friendly Court directs his Flight.— *Dryden.*

A Sacrifice which pleaſes *Jove* much more
Than all the Victims at his Altar ſlain,
Is an unjuſt, oppreſſive Tyrant-King.——
Great Father of the Gods, when for our Crimes,
Thou ſend'ſt ſome heavy Judgment on the Times:
Some Tyrant-King, the Terror of his Age,
The Type, and true Vicegerent of thy Rage;
Thus puniſh him:—Set Virtue in his Sight,
With all her Charms adorn'd, with all her Graces bright:
But ſet her diſtant, make him pale to ſee
His Gains out-weigh'd by loſt Felicity.
Sicilian Tortures, and the brazen Bull
Are Emblems, rather than expreſs the full
Of what he feels: Yet what he fears is more.— *Dryden.*

Down to the Grave, but ſeldom, ſink in Peace
Oppreſſive Kings, eſcaping Wounds and Murder;
Tyrants but rarely die a bloodleſs Death.——

VOID.

BUT Matter does not fill up ev'ry Place:
For beſides that, there is an empty Space,
A VOID.——

—Locus eſt intactus, inane, vacánſque.
Quod ſi non eſſet, nulla ratione moveri
Res poſſent: namque officium, quod Corporis extat,
Officere, atque obſtare, id in omni tempore adeſſet
Omnibus: haud igitur quidquam procedere poſſet,
Principium quoniam cedendi nulla daret res.——

Præterea quamvis ſolidæ res eſſe putentur,
Hinc tamen eſſe licet raro cum corpore cernas:
In ſaxis, ac ſpeluncis permanat aquarum
Liquidus humor, & uberibus flent omnia guttis.
Inter ſepta meant voces, & clauſa domorum
Tranſvolitant: rigidum permanat frigus ad oſſa:
Quod niſi inania ſint, quà poſſent corpora quæque
Tranſire, haud ulla fieri ratione videres.

Denique cur alias aliis præſtare videmus
Pondere res rebus, nihilo majore figura?
Nam, ſi tantundem 'ſt in lanæ glomere, quantum
Corporis in plumbo 'ſt, tantundem pendere par eſt:
Corporis officium eſt quoniam premere omnia deorſum;
Contra autem natura manet ſine pondere Inanis.
Ergo quod magnum eſt æquè, leviúſque videtur,
Nimirum plus eſſe ſibi declarat Inanis.——

Lucret. Lib. I.

VARIETAS.

NOlo ego ſemper idem capiti ſuffundere coſtum:
Nec toto Stomachum conciliare mero.
Taurus amat gramen mutata carpere valle,
Et fera mutatis ſuſtinet ora cibis.
Ipſa dies ideo nos grato perluit hauſtu,
Quod permutatis hora recurrit equis.— *Petron. Arb.*

A VOID is Space intangible: thus prov'd:
For were there none, no Body could be mov'd:
Becauſe where-e'er the preſſing Motion goes,
It ſtill muſt meet with Stops, ſtill meet with Foes:
'Tis natural for Matter to oppoſe.
So, that to move would be in vain to try,
For motionleſs and ſtubborn all muſt lie:
Becauſe no yielding Body could be found,
Which firſt ſhould move, and give the other Ground.
Tho' free from Pores, tho' Solid, Things appear,
Yet many Reaſons prove them to be rare.
For Drops diſtil, and trickling Moiſture creeps
Thro' hardeſt Rocks, and ev'ry Marble weeps.
Sounds paſs thro' well clos'd Rooms and hardeſt Stones,
And Winter's rig'rous Froſt pervades our Bones:
Which could not be, were there no empty Space,
Thro' which the ſubtle Parts of Matter paſs.
Beſides, why have not Bodies equal Weight
With others, which in Bulk are but as great?
Did the ſame Quantity of Matter frame
Both Wool and Lead, their Weight muſt be the ſame,
Since ev'ry Part of Matter downward tends,
By Nature heavy: but no Void deſcends.
Wherefore thoſe lighter Things of equal Size,
Do leſs of Matter, more of Void comprize.— *Creech* alt.

VARIETY.

I Would not always the ſame Odours prove,
Nor ſatiate with one ſort of Wine my Taſte.
From Mead, to Mead, the Bull delights to rove,
And the wild Beaſt to vary his Repaſt.
Ev'n Day itſelf would yield Us leſs Delight,
But for the ſweet Viciſſitude of Night.—— *Addiſon* junr.

VINDICTA Deorum. Vide SUPERBIA.

——QUID me mihi detrahis? inquit.
Clamanti cutis eſt ſummos derepta per artus:
Nec quicquam, niſi vulnus, erat. Cruor undique manat:
Detectíque patent nervi: trepidæque ſine ulla
Pelle micant venæ. Salientia viſcera poſſis,
Et pellucentes numerare in pectore fibras.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. VI.

Sunt tamen obſcœnæ Venerem Propœtides auſæ
Eſſe negare Deam: pro quo ſua numinis ira
Corpora cum forma primæ vulgaſſe feruntur,
Utque pudor ceſſit, ſanguíſque induruit oris,
In rigidum parvo ſilicem diſcrimine verſæ.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. X.

——————Se præferre Dianæ
Suſtinuit: faciémque Deæ culpavit. At illi
Ira ferox mota eſt: Factíſque placebimus, inquit.
Nec mora: curvavit cornu: nervóque ſagittam
Impulit: & meritam trajecit arundine linguam.
Lingua tacet: nec vox tentatáque verba ſequuntur:
Conantémque loqui cum ſanguine vita reliquit.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XI.

VENUS.

ÆNeadum genetrix, hominum divúmque voluptas,
Alma Venus, cœli ſubter labentia ſigna
Quæ mare navigerum, quæ terras frugiferenteis
Concelebras: per Te quoniam genus omne animantum
Concipitur, viſítque exortum lumine Solis:

Te,

VENGEANCE Divine. See PRIDE.

AH! why d'ye tare me from myſelf? he cry'd:
While from his Limbs *Apollo* * flay'd his Hide.
One Wound, and raw all o'er, the Suff'rer ſtood:
From ev'ry Part pour'd out the purple Flood:
The trembling Veins their beating Pulſe diſclos'd:
The ſtringy Nerves lay naked and expos'd:
His working Bowels plain one might behold,
And ev'ry Fibre in his Breaſt have told.—— *Croxall* alt.

The blaſphemous *Propætides* deny'd
To worſhip *Venus*, and her Pow'r defy'd:
But ſoon that Pow'r they felt; the firſt that ſold
Their lewd Embraces to the World for Gold.
Unknowing how to bluſh, and ſhameleſs grown,
A ſmall Tranſition changes them to Stone.—— *Ozell.*

—————— † She with audacious Pride,
Vain of her own, *Diana*'s Charms decry'd.
Her Taunts the Goddeſs with Reſentment fill:
My Face You like not, You ſhall try my Skill,
She ſaid; and ſtrait her vengeful Bow ſhe ſtrung,
And ſent a Shaft that pierced her guilty Tongue:
The bleeding Tongue in vain it's Accents tries;
With the red Stream her Soul reluctant flies.—— *Croxall.*

VENUS.

DElight of Human Kind, and Gods above,
Parent of *Rome*, propitious Queen of Love!
Whoſe vital Pow'r, Air, Earth, and Sea, ſupplies:
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rolling Skies.
For ev'ry Kind, by thy prolific Might,
Springs, and beholds the Regions of the Light.

* *Marſyas* preſuming to challenge *Apollo* to play upon the Pipe with him, the angry Deity ſtrip'd off his Skin alive.
† *Chione.*

Thee,

Te, Dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cœli,
Adventúmque tuum: tibi ſuaveis daedala tellus
Summittit flores, tibi rident æquora ponti,
Placatúmque nitet diffuſo lumine cœlum.
Nam ſimul ac ſpecies patefacta eſt verna diei,
Et reſerata viget genitalis aura Favonii:

Aëriæ primum volucres te, Diva, tuúmque
Significant initum percuſſæ corda tua vi:
Inde feræ pecudes perſultant pabula læta,
Et rapidos tranant amneis: ita capta lepore,
Illecebríſque tuis omnis natura animantum
Te ſequitur cupide, quo quamque inducere pergis:
Denique per maria, ac montes, fluviósque rapaces,
Frondiferáſque domos avium, campóſque virentes,
Omnibus incutiens blandum per pectore amorem,
Efficis, ut cupide generatim ſæcla propagent.——
Lucret. Lib. I.

Dixit: & avertens roſeâ cervice refulſit,
Ambroſiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere: pedes veſtis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera inceſſu patuit Dea.—— *Æn.* Lib. I.

At Venus obſcuro gradientes aëra ſepſit,
Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu:
Ipſa Paphum ſublimis abit, ſedéſque reviſit
Læta ſuas: ubi templum illi, centúmque Sabæo
Thure calent aræ, ſertíſque recentibus halant.—— *Ibid.*

It Venus:——
Illi multifidos crinis ſinuatur in orbes
Idalia diviſus acu. Sudata marito
Fibula purpureos gemma ſuſpendit amictus.——
Claud. de Rapt. Proſ. Lib. II.

VITIUM.

ee, Goddeſs! Thee, the Clouds and Tempeſts fear,
d at thy pleaſing Preſence diſappear:
r Thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is dreſt,
r Thee the Ocean ſmiles, and ſmooths her wavy Breaſt,
d Heav'n itſelf with more ſerene and purer Light is bleſt.
r when the riſing Spring adorns the Mead,
d a new Scene of Nature ſtands diſplay'd,
hen teeming Birds, and chearful Greens appear,
d weſtern Gales unlock the lazy Year,
e joyous Birds thy Welcome firſt expreſs,
hoſe native Songs thy genial Pow'r confeſs:
en ſavage Beaſts bound o'er their ſlighted Food,
uck with thy Darts, and tempt the raging Flood.
l Nature is thy Gift, Earth, Air, and Sea;
All that breathes the various Progeny,
ng with Delight, is goaded on by Thee.
er barren Mountains, o'er the flow'ry Plain,
e leafy Foreſts, and the liquid Main,
tends thy uncontroul'd and boundleſs Reign.
ro' all the living Regions Thou doſt move,
d ſcatter'ſt, where Thou go'ſt, the kindly Seeds of Love.——— *Dryden.*

She ſaid: And, as ſhe turn'd, her roſy Neck
one bright: Her Hair a Fragancy divine
mbroſial breath'd: Down flows her waving Robe,
d by her Walk the Goddeſs moves confeſs'd.— *Trap.*

But *Venus*, as they went, around them threw
cloudy Mantle, made of Air condens'd:
rſelf to *Paphos* goes ſublime, and pleas'd
ſits her Seat: where ſacred to her ſtands
Temple: With *Sabæan* Incenſe ſmoke
hundred Altars, and freſh Garlands breath.—— *Id.*

——————*Venus* went;——
circling Rounds her braided Hair was dreſs'd,
hoſe curious Order heav'nly Skill expreſs'd:
r purple Robes a ſparkling Buckle bound,
r Huſband's Gift, and held them from the Ground.—
Hughes alter'd.

VITIUM.

NIL erit ulterius, quod nostris moribus addat
Posteritas: eadem cupient, facientque minores.
Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit.——— *Juv.* Sat. I.

Non es avarus? abi. Quid cessas? jam simul isto
Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani
Ambitione? caret mortis formidine, & ira?

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos Lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?

Natales grate numeras?———
Lenior & melior fis accedente senecta?

Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una?———
Hor. Lib. II. Epist. 2.

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant:
Utcunque defecere mores,
Dedecorant bene nata culpæ.—*Hor.* Lib. IV. Ode 4.

VICTORIA.

NON vis per fratres morte Victoria felix
In [illegible] Pœnos venit: labor impiger, æquus honestis,
[illegible] excellens ardor, violentia, cura,
[illegible] robustum, durum, tractandis robur in armis.
[illegible] bellantibus.———
[illegible]
[illegible] promptis diffusis viribus optas
[illegible] ultimus: ibimus: iolatis formæ?

Nunquam

VICE.

NO Age can go beyond Us: future Times
Can add no farther to the preſent Crimes:
Our Sons but the ſame things can wiſh and do:
Vice is at ſtand, and at the higheſt Flow.—— *Dryden.*
Well, art Thou really freed from Avarice?
But what avails it, if ſome other Vice
Be ſuffer'd to bear ſway?—Say, art Thou free
From Pride, and empty Popularity?
Art free from raging Anger, and the Fear
Of certain Death, that dreadful Meſſenger?
Canſt laugh at all the idle fond Conceits
Of Sprights, Dreams, Omens, all thoſe vulgar Cheats?
Art thankful for thy Age that's paſt and gone?
And being older art Thou wiſer grown?
For, as it cannot much abate thy Pain
To draw one Thorn, while twenty more remain:
To hate one Vice is nothing, whilſt the Mind
Indulges Vices of another Kind.—— *Anon.* alt.
The worthieſt Breaſts by Teaching are refin'd,
And virtuous Precepts fortify the Mind:
But Vice is ſure to tarniſh, and diſgrace,
The Fame, and Glory, of the nobleſt Race.——

VICTORY.

SHALL Victory, intreated, lend her Aid,
For Cakes of Flour on ſmoaking Altars laid?
Her Help from Toils and Watchings hope to find,
From the ſtrong Body, and undaunted Mind:
If theſe be wanting on the embattel'd Plain,
Ye ſue the unpropitious Maid in vain.
Shall the rough Soldier of himſelf deſpair,
And hope for female Viſions in the Air?

Nunquam peniteram legio ferrea puellam
Vidit arietantum regere quæ tela virorum?
Vincendi quæris dominam? ita dextra quisque est.
Et Deus omnipotens.—— *Prudentius contra Symm.* L. II.

VIRGINITAS.

MUlti illam petiere: illa aversata petentes,
Impatiens expersque viri, nemorum avia lustrat:
Nec quid Hymen, quid Amor, quid sit connubia curat.
Sæpe pater dixit: Generum mihi, Filia, debes.
Sæpe pater dixit: Debes mihi, nata, nepotes.
Illa velut crimen taedas exosa jugales,
Pulchra verecundo suffunditur ora rubore:
Inque patris blandis hærens cervice lacertis,
Da mihi perpetua, genitor carissime, dixit,
Virginitate frui: dedit hoc pater ante Dianæ.
Ille quidem obsequitur: sed te decor iste, quod optas,
Esse vetat, votique fidem tua forma repugnat.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

VIRTUS. Vide VIR Probus. VOLUPTAS.

VIrtus est vitium fugere: & sapientia prima,
Stultitia caruisse.—— *Hor.* Lib. I. Epist. 1.

Virtus est medium vitiorum, & utrimque reductum.—
Ibid. Epist. 18.

Vilius

What Legion ſheath'd in Iron e'er ſurvey'd,
Their Darts directed by this winged Maid?
Doſt thou the Power that gives Succeſs demand?
'Tis He th' Almighty, and thy own right Hand.—*Addiſ.*

VIRGINITY.

BY many Suitors ſought, * ſhe mocks their Pains,
And ſtill her vow'd Virginity maintains.
Impatient of a Yoke, the Name of Bride
She ſhuns, and hates the Joys ſhe never try'd.
On Wilds, and Woods, ſhe fixes her Deſire,
Nor knows what Youth, and kindly Love inſpire.
Her Father chides her oft: Thou ow'ſt, ſays he,
A Huſband to thy ſelf, a Son to me.
She, like a Crime, abhors the Nuptial Bed,
She glows with Bluſhes, and ſhe hangs her Head:
Then caſting round his Neck her tender Arms,
Sooths him with Blandiſhments, and filial Charms.
Give me, my Lord, ſhe ſaid, to live, and die,
A ſpotleſs Maid, without the Marriage Tye:
'Tis but a ſmall Requeſt: I beg no more
Then what *Diana*'s Father gave before.
The good old Sire was ſoften'd to conſent,
But ſaid, her Wiſh would prove her Puniſhment:
For ſo much Youth and ſo much Beauty join'd,
Oppos'd the State, which her Deſires deſign'd.— *Dryden.*

VIRTUE. See MAN Upright. PLEASURE.

'TIS Virtue, Friend, to be averſe to Vice,
And the firſt Step towards being really wiſe,
Is to be free from Folly.——— *Creech* alter'd.
Juſt in the midſt fair Virtue does abide,
Between Extreams, and ſhrinks from either Side.——

* *Daphne.*

Vilius Argentum eſt Auro, Virtutibus Aurum.——
Hor. Lib. I. Epiſt. 1.

——Mercede caret, per ſéque petenda eſt,
Externis rebus incomitata bonis.——
Ovid. Lib. II. Pont. 3.

Ipſa quidem Virtus ſibimet pulcherrima merces.——
Silius. Lib. XIII.

————Tanto major famæ ſitis eſt, quàm
Virtutis. Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipſam,
Præmia ſi tollas?———— *Juv.* Sat. X.

Virtus, repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus:
Nec ſumit aut ponit ſecures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.
Virtus, recludens immeritis mori
Cœlum, negatâ tentat iter viâ:
Cœtúſque vulgares, & udam
Spernit humum, fugiente pennâ.——
Hor. Lib. III. Ode 2.

——————Semita certè
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.— *Juv.* Sat. X.

Ipſa quidem Virtus pretium ſibi, ſolâque lætè
Fortunæ ſecura nitet: nec faſcibus ullis
Erigitur, plauſuve petit clareſcere vulgi.
Nil opis externæ cupiens, nil indiga laudis;
Divitis animoſa ſuis, immoraque cunctis
Cælibus, ex alta mortalia deſpicit arce.
Claud. Conſ. Mallii. Theod.

Mecum honor, & laudes, & læto Gloria vultu,
Et decus, & niveis victoria concolor alis.——
Sil. Ital. Lib. III.

Vile latens Virtus: quid enim ſubmerſa tenebris
Nocuerit obſcuro? velut ſine remige puppis,

Vel

Silver's leſs worth than Gold, and Gold than Virtue.—
——————Virtue, without Reward
And deſtitute of every worldly Good,
Is, for itſelf alone, to be deſir'd.———

Virtue itſelf is Virtues beſt Reward.———

———Virtue, now-a-days,
Is ſought by few, but all are mad for Praiſe:
For who would Virtue, for herſelf, regard,
Or wed, without the Portion of Reward.—— *Dryden.*
All cow'rdly Baſeneſs Virtue does diſdain,
And bright it's Honours ſhine without a Stain:
Nor does it mount or abdicate the Throne,
As the wild Rabble chance to ſmile or frown.——
Virtue to thoſe unbars the Sky,
Who merit Immortality,
Scorning the clam'rous buſy Crowd,
She pants to try the arduous Road;
Nor longer deigns on Earth to ſtay,
But ſpreads her Wings, and ſoars away.——
The only Road to Happineſs is Virtue.

Virtue is really in itſelf Reward:
Alone ſecure, and out of Fortune's Pow'r,
It ſhines triumphant, let her ſmile, or frown.
Nor, in high Station, is it puff'd with Pride,
Nor meanly ſues for popular Applauſe,
Nor covetous of Wealth, nor wanting Praiſe:
Rich in itſelf, and confident it ſtands,
Immoveable, ſuperior to Events,
And with Contempt looks down on mortal Things.—
Virtue ſpeaks.] With me the foremoſt Place let Honour
Fame and the Praiſes mingling in her Train: [gain,
Gay Glory next, and Victory on high,
White like myſelf, on ſnowy Wings ſhall fly.— *Addiſon.*
Virtue conceal'd is but of little worth:
For what of Good, in dark Obſcurity
Can *it produce?* A Boat without a Rower,

Vel Lyra, quæ reticet, vel qui non tenditur arcus.
Hanc tamen haud quiſquam qui non cognoverit ante
Semet, & incertos animi pacaverit æſtus
Inveniet: longis illic ambagibus itur.——
Claud. IV. *Conſ. Hon.*

VISIO. Vide UMBRA.

IN ſomnis ecce ante oculos mœſtiſſimus Hector
Viſus adeſſe mihi, largóſque effundere fletus:
Raptatus bigis, ut quondam, atérque cruento
Pulvere, perque pedes trajectus lora tumentes.
Hei mihi! qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achillis,
Vel Danaûm Phrygios jaculatus puppibus ignes!
Squalentem barbam, & concretos ſanguine crines,
Vulneráque illa gerens, quæ circum plurima muros
Accepit patrios.——————
—Graviter gemitus imo de pectore ducens:
Heu fuge, nate Dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis.
Hoſtis habet muros, ruit alto à culmine Troja.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. II.

Nox erat, & terris animalia ſomnus habebat.
Effigies ſacræ Divûm, Phrygiique Penates,
Quos mecum à Troja mediiſque ex ignibus urbis
Extulerum, viſi ante oculos aſtare jacentis
In ſomnis, multo manifeſti lumine; quà ſe
Plena per inſertas fundebat Luna feneſtras.
Nec ſopor illud erat: ſed coram agnoſcere vultus,
Velatáſque comas, præſentiáque ora videbar.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. III.

Æneas celſa in puppi, jam certus eundi,
Carpebat ſomnos, rebus jam rite paratis.
Huic ſe forma Dei vultu redeuntis eodem
Obtulit in ſomnis.——————

Omnia

A Lyre unplay'd on, or a Bow unſtrung,
It then reſembles.——None, unleſs the Man
That knows himſelf, and does his Paſſions quell,
Can ever Virtue find: whoſe arduous Way
Thro' tedious and perplexed Windings lies.——

VISION. See GHOST.

LO! in a Dream, before my ſlumb'ring Eyes
The much afflicted *Hector* ſeem'd to ſtand,
Profuſe of Tears: dragg'd with the Chariot's Wheels
As heretofore: beſmear'd with bloody Duſt:
And thro' his ſwelling Feet transfix'd with Thongs.
Ah me! how was he from that *Hector* chang'd,
Who once return'd triumphant in the Spoils
Of great *Achilles*: or who flung his Fire
Among the *Grecian* Veſſels! foul his Beard:
His Hair all clung, and clotted with his Blood;
And in his Body all the Wounds receiv'd
Before his native Walls.—— ——
Fetching a diſmal Groan;—Ah! fly, he cry'd;
Fly, Goddeſs-born, and ſave Thee from theſe Flames:
The Enemy has gain'd our Walls; and *Troy*
Is tumbling from it's Height.—— *Trap.*
'Twas Night: and Sleep poſſeſs'd the weary World.
Th' Effigies of our *Trojan* Country-Gods,
Whom from amidſt the Fire of ruin'd *Troy*
I reſcu'd, in my Sleep appear'd to ſtand
Before my Eyes: diſcover'd by the Light,
Where the full Moon profuſely pour'd her Beams
Thro' the inſerted Windows.——
Nor was it common Sleep: for plain I ſaw
Their Looks, their Forms, and Fillets of their Hair.—*Id.*
Æneas, in his lofty Ship, reſolv'd
Upon his Voyage, and prepar'd to ſail,
Securely ſlept.——To him the Form divine
Returning, juſt the ſame in Mein, and Look,
Appear'd in Dream:——

Omnia Mercurio ſimilis, vocémque, colorémque,
Et crines flavos, & membra decora juventæ :
Nate dea, potes hoc ſub caſu ducere ſomnos ?
Nec, quæ circumſtent te deinde pericula, cernis ?
Demens !———— *Virg. Æn.* Lib. IV.

Nox erat ;
Cum pater in ripa gelidique ſub ætheris axe
Æneas, triſti turbatus pectora bello,
Procubuit, ſerámque dedit per membra quietem.
Huic Deus ipſe loci, fluvio Tyberinus amœno,
Populeas inter ſenior ſe attollere frondes
Viſus. Eum tenuis glauco velabat amictu
Carbaſus, & crines umbroſa tegebat arundo.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. VIII.

Indè ſoporifero ceſſerunt languida ſomno
Membra ducis : diri tum plena horroris imago
Viſa caput mœſtum per hiantes Julia terras
Tollere, & accenſo furialis ſtare ſepulcro.
Scilicet Elyſiis, campóque expulſa piorum
Ad Stygias inquit tenebras, manéſque nocentes,
Poſt bellum civile trahor ———

Conjuge me lætos duxiſſe, Magne, triumphos :
Fortuna eſt mutata toris : ſempérque potentes
Detrahere in cladem fato damnata maritos.
En nupſit tepido pellex Cornelia buſto.

Hæreat illa tuis per bella, per æquora ſignis,

Dum

Reſembling *Mercury* in ev'ry Part,
His Voice, Complexion, and his yellow Hair,
And well proportion'd beauteous Limbs of Youth.
Canſt Thou in this Conjuncture, Goddeſs-born,
Indulge thy Sleep? Nor think what Dangers round
Incloſe Thee, thoughtleſs Man?——— *Id.*

———————'Twas Night;
When Prince *Æneas*, on the Bank reclin'd,
Beneath the open Canopy of Heaven,
And troubled in his Breaſt with Woes of War,
Late Reſt indulg'd.—To him the local God,
Old *Tyberinus*, from his pleaſant Stream,
Among the poplar Boughs, appear'd to riſe:
Thin azure Linnen o'er his Shoulders flew:
And ſhady Reeds entwin'd his hoary Head.—— *Id.*

At length the weary * Chieftain ſunk to Reſt,
And creeping Slumbers ſooth'd his anxious Breaſt:
When, lo! in that ſhort Moment of Repoſe,
His † *Julia*'s Shade, a dreadful Viſion! roſe;
Thro' gaping Earth her ghaſtly Head ſhe rear'd,
And by the Light of livid Flames appear'd.
Theſe Civil Wars, ſhe cry'd, my Peace infeſt,
And drive me from the Manſions of the Bleſt:
Elyſium's happy Fields no more I know,
Dragg'd to the guilty *Stygian* Shades below.
When Thou wert mine, what Laurels crown'd thy Head!
But Thou haſt chang'd thy Fortune with thy Bed:
In an ill Hour thy ſecond Choice was made,
To Slaughter Thou, like *Craſſus*, art betray'd:
Death is the Dower *Cornelia*'s Love affords,
Ruin ſtill waits upon her potent Lords.
While yet my Aſhes glow'd, ſhe took my Place,
And came a Harlot to thy looſe Embrace:
But let her, Partner of thy Warfare go,
Let her, by Land and Sea thy Labours know:

* *Pompey.*

† *Julia*, *Cæſar*'s Daughter, was the firſt Wife of *Pompey*: ſoon after her Death, he marry'd *Cornelia* the Widow of *Craſſus*, who was ſlain in the War againſt the *Parthians*.

Dum nos [illegible] liceat mihi rumpere somnos,
[illegible] nullum [illegible] tempus amori,
[illegible] dies & [illegible] noctes.
[illegible] Lethes [illegible] ripæ
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] Nunquam tibi, Magne, per umbras,
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Bellum
[illegible] [illegible] ——Sic ira, refugit
[illegible] per amplexus [illegible] mariti ——

Lucan. Lib. III.

[illegible]——
[illegible]
——[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]——

[illegible] III.

[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

In all thy broken Sleeps I will be near,
In all thy Dreams ſad *Julia* ſhall appear:
Your Loves ſhall find no Moment for Delight,
The Day ſhall all be *Cæſar*'s, mine the Night.
Not the dull Stream where long Oblivions roll,
Could blot Thee out, my Huſband, from my Soul.
The Powers beneath my Conſtancy approve,
And bid me follow whereſoe'er You rove.
Amidſt the joyning Battles will I ſtand,
And ſtill remind Thee of thy plighted Hand.
Nor think thoſe ſacred Ties no more remain:
The Sword of War divides the Knot in vain,
That very War ſhall make Thee mine again.
The Phantom ſpoke, and gliding from the Place,
Deluded her aſtoniſh'd Lord's Embrace.—— *Rowe.*

At laſt, in ſolemn Silence of the Night,
* She roſe before her ſlumb'ring † Mother's Sight:
Her yellow Hair more bright than burniſh'd Gold,
All foul with Dirt, and ſqualid to behold:
Pale are her beauteous Cheeks: her radiant Eyes
Are dim'd with Night, and all their Luſtre dies.
Her ruddy Lips and ſnowy Limbs, the Soil
Of *Stygian* Shades involves, and ſooty Clouds defile.
Scarce thro' the black Diſguiſe the Parent knew
The diſmal Shape, and ſtar'd with doubtful View:
Art Thou, art Thou my Daughter?—Speak, declare:
Or am I thus deceiv'd by empty Air?—— *Hughes.*

UPBRAIDING. See REPROACH.

TO Rage and Fury ‖ſhe converts her Pray'r,
Spreads out her Hands, and flings aloft her Hair,
Where fly'ſt Thou, (thus ſhe vents her deep Diſtreſs)
Why fly'ſt Thou her that crown'd Thee with Succeſs?
O Thou, beyond my Sire and Country priz'd!
Where fly'ſt Thou, Cruel? Why am I deſpis'd?

* *Proſerpine.* † *Ceres.* ‖ *Scylla.* See Treaſon.

The

Et locis & mentem ei. Nec te data munera, nec te
Nullus movit amor, nec quod ipse omnis in unum
Te mea conjugia ei? Nam quo deserta revertar?
In patriam? Ilionea acies. Sed finge manere:
Prædamne mea classis ei mihi. ———

——————Obstruximus ædem
Terrarum nobis, & Deos ita parere.

Ni ego, & fratris meritorum obstitit ardor:
Insequar in mortem, supremaque impleta recurvam
Per ferrum, per mare. ————————

Ovid. Met. Lib. VIII.

Dissimulare etiam potuit, perfide, mentem
Posse nefas, tacitusque mea decedere terra?
Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam,
Nec moriture tuæ crudeli morte Dido?

——— Te propter eundem
Extremum hunc, te, si qua fides fuit ulla,
Flammo cum ad vos me revehentem sidera, supplex?
Nec te in mente quidem ——— ne corrige culpa. ———

Nec [illegible] genetrix nec Dardanus auctor,
[illegible]
Caucasus [illegible] admiravit horrens agros.

Nam [illegible] ego [illegible] nam [illegible] dicam?
Nam [illegible] meis [illegible] ne [illegible] est?
Quidquam [illegible] [illegible] amore, egentem
[illegible]
[illegible]

Hal.

The Guilt and Merit of thy Spoil is mine,
And can nor Gifts, nor Love, thy Soul incline?
Can nothing move thee? can'ſt Thou throw off one
Who has no Refuge left but Thee alone?
Where ſhall I ſeek for Comfort? whither fly?
My native Country does in Aſhes lie:
Or wer't not ſo, my Treaſon bars me there,
And bids me wander: I myſelf have thrown
From all the World, but *Crete* and Thee alone.
Nor think, ungrateful Man! the liquid Way
And foaming Billows ſhall inforce my Stay:
I'll follow Thee in Spite: my Arms I'll throw
Acroſs thy Oars, or graſp thy crooked Prow,
And drag thro' drenching Seas.—— *Croxall* alter'd.
And could'ſt thou hope, perfidious, to conceal
So black a Crime? and ſilent leave my Coaſts?
Cannot my Love, nor thy once plighted Faith,
Nor *Dido*'s cruel, and untimely Death,
(For Death inevitable muſt enſue)
Detain Thee?———For thy Sake
My Honour is extinguiſh'd, loſt: and That
By which alone I ſoar'd above the World,
My once unſully'd Fame: to whom by Thee
Dying am I abandon'd, cruel Gueſt?
Since that's the only Name which now remains,
Inſtead of Huſband. ———————
Nor art Thou of a Goddeſs Mother born:
Nor is thy Birth from *Dardanus* deriv'd,
Perfidious Wretch! but *Caucaſus*, with Rocks
Horrid, diſclos'd thee from its flinty Sides,
And fierce *Hircanian* Tygers gave thee ſuck.
————Did he once give a Groan
To ſee me weep? Did he once bend his Eyes?
Or ſhed one Tear in Pity to my Love?
True Faith is no where to be found: him toſs'd
On Shore, of all Things indigent, I here
Receiv'd: and made him Partner of my Throne,
(Fool that I was!) repair'd his ſhatter'd Fleet,
And hoſpitably ſav'd his Friends from Death.

Furies

Heu! furiis incenſa feror! Nunc augur Apollo,
Nunc Lyciæ ſortes; nunc & Jove miſſus ab ipſo
Interpres Divûm fert horrida juſſa per auras.
Scilicet is ſuperis labor eſt, ea cura quietos
Sollicitat. Neque te teneo, neque dicta refello.

I, ſequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas.
Spero equidem mediis, ſi quid pia numina poſſunt,
Supplicia hauſurum ſcopulis, & nomine Dido
Sæpe vocaturum. Sequar atris ignibus abſens:
Et, cum frigida mors animâ ſeduxerit artus,
Omnibus umbra locis adero: dabis, improbe, pœnas.—
Virg. Æn. Lib. IV.

EGESTAS.

QUIS expedivit Pſittaco ſuum XAIPE,
Picaſque docuit verba noſtra conari?
Magiſter artis, ingenîque largitor
Venter, negatas artifex ſequi voces.
Quòd ſi doloſi ſpes refulſerit nummi,
Corvos poëtas, & poëtridas picas
Cantare credas Pegaſeïum melos.——
Perſ. Sat. I. *Prologus.*

——Cum longa dies acuit mortalia corda,
Et labor ingenium miſeris dedit: & ſua quenque
Advigilare ſibi juſſit fortuna premendo,
Seducta in varias ce.arunt pectora curas:
Et quæcunque ſagax tentando repperit uſus,
In commune bonum commentum læta dedere.
Tunc & lingua ſuas accepit barbara leges,
Et ſera diverſis exercita frugibus arva,
Et vagus incertum penetravit navita pontum:
Fecit & ignotis itiner commercia terris:
Tum belli pacíſque artes commenta Vetuſtas.— *Manil.* I.

——Diſſuaſor

Furies diſtract me! now *Apollo*'s Shrines,
Now *Lycian* Oracles have warn'd him hence:
Th' Ambaſſador of Heav'n, from mighty *Jove*
Diſpatch'd, brings dreadful Mandates thro' the Air.
Belike the Gods are wond'rouſly concern'd
For his Affairs: that Care diſturbs their Reſt.
I nor detain Thee, nor refel thy Words:
Away for *Latium*, by the Winds: go, ſeek
Thy Kingdom o'er the Waves: for me, I hope,
If the juſt Gods, have Pow'r, thou wilt receive
Thy due Reward among the Rocks: and there
Call oft on *Dido*: wrapt in duſky Flames,
I'll follow Thee: and, ſoon as icy Death
Has freed my Soul from Fleſh, in ev'ry Place
My Ghoſt ſhall haunt thee: Villain! thou ſhalt feel
My Vengeance.———————— *Trap.*

WANT.

WHO taught the Parrot human Notes to try,
Or with a Voice endu'd the chatt'ring Pye?
'Twas witty Want, fierce Hunger to appeaſe:
Want taught their Maſters, and their Maſters theſe.
Let Gain, that gilded Bait, be hung on high,
The hungry Witlings have it in their Eye:
Pyes, Crows, and Daws, poetic Preſents bring:
You ſay they ſqueak, but they will ſwear they ſing.—*Dryd.*

When human Reaſon Length of Time refin'd,
And Want had ſet an Edge upon the Mind:
When Men's Neceſſities did ſorely preſs,
And exercis'd their Wits to find Redreſs:
Then various Cares their working Thoughts employ'd,
And that which each invented all enjoy'd.
Then Meanings firſt were fixt to barb'rous Sounds,
Then Corn firſt grew, then Fruit enrich'd the Grounds:
Thro' Seas unknown the Sailor then was hurl'd,
And gainful Traffick joyn'd the diſtant World: [alt.
Then Arts of War were found, and Arts of Peace.—Creech

'Tis

——————Diffuſor honeſti
Lucrus, & humanas oblimat copia mentes:
Provocet ut ſegnes animos, rerúmque remotas
Ingenioſa vias paulatim exploret Egeſtas.
Utque artes pariat ſollertia, nutriat Uſus.——
Claud. Rapt. Proſ. Lib. III.

BELLUM. Vide Prælium. Effugium. Obſidium. Cædes. Bellum Civile.

QUIS fuit, horrendos primus qui protulit enſes?
Quàm ferus, & verè ferreus ille fuit!

Tunc cædes hominum generi, tunc prælia nata,
Tunc breviter diræ mortis aperta via eſt.
At nihil ille miſer meruit: nos ad mala noſtra
Vertimus, in ſævas quod dedit ille feras.

Divitis hoc vitium eſt auri: nec bella fuerunt,
Faginus aſtabat quum ſcyphus ante dapes.
Non arces, non vallus erat, ſomnúmque petebat
Securus varias dux gregis inter oves.——
Tibul. Lib. X. El. 1.

Quis furor eſt atram bellis accerſerere mortem?
Imminet, & tacito clàm venit illa pede.—— *Ibid.*

——Ubi fas verſum atque nefas: tot bella per orbem,
Tam multæ ſcelerum facies: non ullus aratro
Dignus honos, ſqualent abductis arva colonis,
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in enſem.
Vicinæ ruptis inter ſe legibus urbes
Arma ferunt. Sævit toto Mars impius orbe.——
Virg. Georg. Lib. I.

'Tis Luxury, the Bane of honeſt Minds,
That dulls the Soul, and ſharp Invention blinds:
While more ingenious Want inſpires the Man,
To prove his Pow'r, and dare what-e'er he can.
For daily Need to virtuous Arts will move,
And Arts, invented, Practice will improve.—*Hughes* alt.

WAR. See Battle. Rout. Siege. Slaughter. War (Civil.)

WHO was it firſt began the dang'rous Trade,
To work the Sword, and whet the ſhining Blade?
How ſavage muſt he be to learn ſuch Ill!
And ſure his very Soul itſelf was Steel.
Then Wars began, then 'roſe the murd'ring Trade,
Then for fierce Death a ſhorter Way was made.
But he, unthinking Wretch! no Harm deſign'd;
We took the curſed Hint, to Ills inclin'd:
And what he made to tame the ſavage Beaſt,
We madly turn againſt each other's Breaſt.
This Vice proceeds from greedy Thirſt of Gold,
For Wars and Tumults were unknown of old:
When cheerful Draughts were quaff'd from common Wood,
And beachen Bowls on homely Tables ſtood.
No Need was then of Tow'rs their Wealth to keep,
The Shepherd ſlept ſecure amidſt his Sheep.—— *Dart.*

What Madneſs is it, in diſtracted Broils,
To haſten on our Fate by martial Toils?
Or Death provoke, by ſeeking high Renown?
Uncall'd, with ſilent Pace, he comes, too ſoon.—— *Id.*

————They Right and Wrong confound:
From ev'ry Quarter impious Arms reſound,
And monſtrous Crimes in ev'ry Shape are crown'd.
The peaceful Peaſant to the War is preſt;
The Fields lie fallow, in diſgraceful Reſt:
The Plain no Paſture to the Flocks affords:
The crooked Scythes are ſtraiten'd into Swords.
Perfidious *Mars* long plighted Leagues divides,
And o'er the waſted World in Triumph rides.—Dryden.

Ardet inexcita Ausonia, atque immobilis ante.

Pars, pedes ire parat campis: pars, arduus altis
Pulverulentus equis furit: omnes arma requirunt.

Pars levis clypeos & spicula lucida tergent
Arvina pingui, subiguntque in cote secures:
Tela novant:——————
Signaque ferre juvat, sonitúsque audire tubarum.
Tegmina tuta cavant capitum, flectúntque salignas
Umbonum crates: alii thoracas ahenos,
Aut levres ocreas lento ducunt argento.

Vomeris huc & rastri honos, huc omnis aratri
Cessit amor: recoquunt patrios fornacibus enses:
Classica jamque sonant: it bello tessera signum.
Hic galeam tectis trepidus rapit: ille frementes
Ad jugum cogit equos: clypeúmque auróque trilicem
Loricam induitur, fidéque accingitur ense.——

Virg. Æn. VII.

Nobilis ira quam pectore pressit: latéque vagatur
Per populos: & vulgo revocatum est pectore ferrum.
Stat cruor in templis: multéque rubentia cæde
Lucerna tuta madent. Nulli sua profuit ætas.
Non tenuit extremum pigrum vergentibus annis
Præcipitasse diem, nec primo in limine vitæ
Interitus miseri nascentia rumpere fata.
Cui non quo parvo cædem potuere mereri?
Sed finis erit jam posse mori.——————

Lucan. Lib. I.

Ecce venit artes bellicus Mavors novas
Et mille formas mortis: hinc terras cruor
Infecit omnes fusus & rubuit mare.
Tum scelera demto fine per cunctas domos
Iere. Nullum caruit exemplo nefas.——

Senec. Hipp.

India

The peaceful Cities of th' *Auſonian* Shore,
Lull'd in their Eaſe, and undiſturb'd before,
Are all on Fire: and ſome, with ſtudious Care,
Their reſtiff Steeds in ſandy Fields prepare:
Some their ſoft Limbs in painful Marches try,
And War is all their Wiſh, and Arms the gen'ral Cry.
Part ſcour the ruſty Shields with Seam, and Part
New grind the blunted Ax, and point the Dart.
With Joy they view the waving Enſigns fly,
And hear the Trumpet's Clangor pierce the Sky.
Some hammer Helmets for the fighting Field,
Some twine young Sallows to ſupport the Shield.
The Corſlet ſome, and ſome the Cuiſſes mold,
With Silver plated, and with ductile Gold.
The ruſtic Honours of the Scythe and Share,
Give Place to Swords and Plumes, the Pride of War.
Old Faulchions are new temper'd in the Fires:
The ſounding Trumpet ev'ry Soul inſpires.
The Word is giv'n: with eager Haſte they lace
The ſhining Headpiece, and the Shield embrace.
The neighing Steeds are to the Chariot ty'd,
The truſty Weapon ſits on ev'ry Side.—— *Dryden.*

The high-born Nobles with the Vulgar fall:
Wide waſtes the Sword, and Slaughter reaches all:
Murder ev'n Temples finds: diſtain'd with Gore,
Slipp'ry with Carnage, is the ſacred Floor.
No Age is ſpar'd: low-bending to the Grave,
Life's ſmall Remains the Ancient cannot ſave:
Infants, new-born, and reeking from the Womb,
The plunging Steel ſends haſty to the Tomb.
What can ſuch Infants do to merit Death?
'Tis a ſufficient Crime that they have Breath.——
————Horrid War invents
New Methods, and a thouſand Forms of Death:
War gluts the Earth, and dyes the Seas with Blood.
Then Wickedneſs broke looſe, ranges at Will
Thro' ev'ry Place, nor Houſe, nor Temple 'ſcapes.
No Crime is uncommitted.——

Indica Tigris agit rapidâ cum Tigride pugnam
Perpetuam: ſævis inter ſe convenit Urſis.
Aſt homini ferrum letale incude nefandâ
Produxiſſe parum eſt.———— Juv. Sat. XV.

BELLUM Indictum.

SUNT geminæ belli portæ, ſic nomine dictum,
Religione ſacræ & ſævi formidine Martis:
Centum æreî claudunt vectes, æternaque ferri
Robora: nec cuſtos abſiſtit limine Janus.
Has, ubi certa ſedet patribus ſententia pugnæ:
Ipſe, Quirinali trabea cinctúque Gabino
Inſignis, referat ſtridentia limina conſul:
Ipſe vocat pugnas: ſequitur cum cætera pubes.
Æreaque aſſenſu conſpirant cornua rauco.——
Æn. Lib. VII.

BELLUM Civile. Vide DISCORDIA.

——ECCE per orbem
Mitis turba Deum, terras exoſa furentes
Deſerit: atque hominum damnatum avertitur agmen.
Pax prima ante alias, niveos pulſata lacertos,
Abſcondit galea victum caput, atque relicto
Orbe fugax Ditis petit implacabile regnum.
Huic comes it ſincera Fides, & crine ſoluto
Juſtitia, ac mœrens lacerâ Concordia pallâ.
At contra, ſedes Erebi qua rupta dehiſcit,
Emergit late Ditis chorus; horrida Erinnys,
Et Bellona minax, facibúſque armata Megæra:
Letumque, Inſidiæque, & lurida Mortis imago.
Quas inter Furor, abruptis ceu liber habenis,
Sanguineum late tollit caput, oráque mille
Vulneribus conſoſſa cruenta caſſide velat.

Inno-

The *Indian* Tiger a perpetual Peace
With Tigers keeps, and Bears with Bears agree:
But Man, with helliſh Art, the murd'ring Sword
'Gainſt his own Race prepares.———

WAR Declar'd.

TWO Gates of War there ſtand (ſo call'd their Name)
Tremendouſly Religious, by the Dread
Of horrid *Mars:* an hundred brazen Bolts,
And everlaſting Iron's ſolid Strength
Secures them: Nor does *Janus* ever ceaſe
To guard the Portal. Here, when certain War
The Fathers by their Sentence have decreed,
The Conſul clad in his *Quirinal* Gown,
And rich *Gabinian* Robe, himſelf unlocks
The jarring Doors: Himſelf calls forth the Fight:
Then all the Forces follow: And at once
In ſhrill Aſſent the brazen Trumpets ſound.—— *Trap.*

WAR (Civil.) See DISCORD.

LO! from the Earth the mild and gentle Train
Of *Deities* departs, and leaves Mankind
To ſure and dreadful Deſolation doom'd.
Peace leads the Way, and beats her ſnowy Arms,
Within her Helmet hides her vanquiſh'd Head,
And flies affrighted to th' *Elyſian* Shades,
On her inviolable *Faith* attends,
And mournful *Juſtice* with diſhevel'd Hair,
And *Concord* wailing, with her Garments torn.
But *Hell*, with Joy, unbolts it's brazen Doors,
And all it's *Furies* quit the *Stygian* Court:
Threat'ning *Bellona* with *Erynnis* joyns,
And dire *Megæra* arm'd with flaming Brands.
Pale *Death*, inſidious *Fraud*, and *Maſſacre*,
With *Rage* burſt forth, who, from his Fetters freed,
Lifts high his gory Head: a Helmet hides

Haec dirae leges Martius orbe,
Imperiumque tuis grave: atque ingrata
Si pax detur, mox terris incognita potest.——

Pers. Sat.

——Priſcum ſpolio largitio nullo
Mutua conſpicuus habebat munera victus,
Et dare, nec ſibi ſua videre, parique:
Depreſſum eſt civile nefas.——

——Primo ferrum ſtrinxere gementes,
Et dextræ juſti gladius diffidit achivis,
Dum ferunt, odere ſuos, animóſque labantes
Confirmant ictu. Fervent jam caſtra tumultu,
Et ſcelerum turbâ: rapiuntur cœlia parentum.——

Lucan. Lib. IV.

Tunc data libertas odiis, reſolutáque legum
Frænis ira ruit: non uni cuncta dabantur,
Sed fecit ſibi quiſque nefas. Semel omnis victor
Juſſerat. Infandum domini per viſcera ferrum
Exegit famulus: nati maduere paterno
Sanguine: certatum eſt, cui cervix cæſa parentis
Cederet: in fratrum ceciderunt præmia fratres.
Buſta repleta fugâ, permiſtáque viva ſepultis
Corpora: nec populum latebræ cepere ferarum.
Hic laqueo fauces, eliſáque guttura fregit:
Hic ſe præcipiti jaculatus pondere durâ
Deſiluit percuſſus humo: mortéſque cruento
Victori rapuere ſuas.——

Lucan. Lib. II.

Ut rapido curſu fati ſuprema morantem
Conſumpſere locum: parvâ tellure dirempti,
Quò ſua pila cadant, aut quæ ſibi fata minentur,
Indè manum ſpectant: tempus, quo noſcere poſſent
Facturi quæ monſtra forent. Videre parentes
Frontibus adverſis, fraterná que comminus arma,

Nec

His Viſage ſcarr'd with Wounds: his left Hand graſps
The Shield of *Mars*, horrid with countleſs Darts,
Whilſt in his Right a flaming Torch appears,
To light Deſtruction, and to fire the World.——
Their ancient Friends, as now they nearer drew,
Prepar'd for Fight the wond'ring Soldiers knew:
Brother with Brother in unnat'ral Strife,
And the Son arm'd againſt the Father's Life.
Curſt Civil-War! then Conſcience firſt was felt,
And the tough Veteran's Heart began to melt.
Pity awhile their Hands from Slaughter kept,
Inward they groan'd, and as they drew, they wept:
But ev'ry Blow their wav'ring Rage aſſures,
In Murder hardens, and to Blood inures.
Crowds charge on Crowds, nor Friends their Friends deſcry,
But Sires by Sons, and Sons by Fathers die.— *Addiſon.*
Diſſembled Hate and Rancour rang'd at Will:
All, as they pleas'd, took Liberty to kill:
And while Revenge no longer fear'd the Laws,
Each private Murder was the public Cauſe.
The Leader bad deſtroy: and, at the Word,
The Maſter fell beneath the Servant's Sword.
Brothers on Brothers were for Gifts beſtow'd,
And Sons contended for their Father's Blood.
For Refuge ſome to Caves and Foreſts fled:
Some to the lonely Manſions of the Dead:
Some, to prevent the cruel Victor, die:
Theſe ſtrangled hang from fatal Beams on high:
While thoſe, from Tops of lofty Turrets thrown,
Came headlong on the daſhing Pavement down.— *Rowe.*
Now either Hoſt the middle Plain had paſs'd,
And Front to Front in threat'ning Ranks were plac'd:
Then ev'ry well known Feature ſtood to View,
Brothers their Brothers, Sons their Fathers knew.
Then firſt they feel the Curſe of Civil Hate,
Mark where their Miſchiefs are aſſign'd by Fate,
And ſee from whom themſelves Deſtruction wait.

Stupid

Nec libuit mutare locum : tamen omnia torpor
Pectora conſtrinxit : gelidúſque in viſcera ſanguis
Perculsâ pietate coit : totæque cohortes
Pila parata diu tenſis tenuere lacertis.———

Lucan. Lib. VII.

Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis aſſueſcite bella :
Neu patriæ validas in viſcera vertite vires.———

Virg. Æn. Lib. VI.

Non ætas hæc carpſit edax, monimentáque rerum
Putria deſtituit : crimen civile, videmus
Tot vacuas urbes : generis quò turba redacta eſt
Humani ? toto populi qui naſcimur orbe,
Nec muros implere viris, nec poſſumus agros.—*Luc.* L. VII.

MILES. Vide HEROS.

TUrnus ut Æneam cedentem ex agmine vidit,
Turbatóſque duces ; ſubitâ ſpe fervidus ardet ;
Poſcit equos atque arma ſimul, ſaltúque ſuperbus
Emicat in currum, & manibus molitur habenas.
Multa virûm volitans dat fortia corpora leto :
Semineces volvit multos, aut agmina curru
Proterit, aut raptas fugientibus ingerit haſtas.

Qualis apud gelidi cum flumina concitus Hebri
Sanguineus Mavors clypeo increpat, atque furentes
Bella movens immittit equos : illi æquore aperto
Ante Notos Zephyrúmque volant : gemit ultima pulſu
Thraca pedum : circumque atræ Formidinis ora,
Iræque, Inſidiæque, Dei comitatus, aguntur.
Talis equos alacer media inter prælia Turnus

Stupid a-while, and at a Gaze they ſtood,
While creeping Horror froze the lazy Blood:
Some ſmall Remains of Piety withſtand,
And ſtop the Javelin in the lifted Hand:
Remorſe for one ſhort Moment ſtep'd between,
And motionleſs, as Statues, all were ſeen.—— *Rowe.*

Forbear ſuch Wars, my Children, O forbear!
Nor ſheath your dreaded Country's conqu'ring Swords
Within your Country's Bowels.—— *Trap.*

Theſe ruin'd Monuments are not defac'd
By all-deſtroying Time: that We behold
So many Cities, deſolate, and waſte,
Is owing to the Guilt of Civil War.
To what ſmall Number now has that reduc'd
Mankind! not all our Offſpring can ſuffice
To fill the Towns, or cultivate the Lands.——

WARRIOR. See HERO.

WHEN *Turnus* ſaw *Æneas* from the Field
Retiring, and the *Trojan* Chiefs confus'd:
Fir'd with new Hope, he ſuddenly demands
His Arms, and Horſes: vaults with haughty Bound
Into his Car, and guides the flowing Reins.
Many brave Warriors in his ſwift Career
He gives to Death: rolls many on the Ground
Half dead: or drives his Chariot o'er their Troops;
Or plies their Backs with Jav'lins in their Flight.
As when, enrag'd, near frozen *Hebrus'* Stream,
Mars claſhes on his Shield, and wakes the War,
And to his foaming Courſers gives the Reins:
They, in the open Field, outfly the Winds,
Notus, and *Zephyrus:* beneath their Feet
The *Thracian* Confines groan: and round him throng
Fury, and Stratagem, and pale Diſmay,
The dire Retinue of th' enſanguin'd God.
So *Turnus*, thro' the Middle of the Fight,
Exulting, laſhes on his fiery Steeds

Smoking

Fumantes ſudore quatit, miſerabile cæſis
Hoſtibus inſultans: ſpargit rapida ungula rores
Sanguineos, mixtâque cruor calcatur arenâ.——
Æn. Lib. XII.

——Exceptus tergo conſueta locavit
Membra, manúſque ambas jaculis oneravit acutis:
Ære caput fulgens, criſtâque hirſutus equinâ.
Sic curſum in medios rapidus dedit. Æſtuat ingens
Imo in corde pudor, mixtóque inſania luctu,
Et furiis agitatus amor, & conſcia virtus.——
Æn. Lib. X.

At Jovis interea monitis Mezentius ardens
Succedit pugnæ, Teucróſque invadit ovantes.
Concurrunt Tyrrhenæ acies: atque omnibus uni,
Uni odiiſque viro telíſque ſequentibus inſtant.
Ille, velut rupes vaſtum quæ prodit in æquor,
Obvia ventorum furiis, expoſtáque ponto,
Vim cunctam atque minas perfert cœlíque maríſque,
Ipſa immota manens.—— *Ibid.*

COELUM.

PROGNOSTICA.

——VEntis ſurgentibus, aut freta ponti
Incipiunt agitata tumeſcere, & aridus altis
Montibus audiri fragor: aut reſonantia longe
Litora miſceri, & nemorum increbeſcere murmur.
Jam ſibi tum à curvis male temperat unda carinis,
Cum medio celeres revolant ex æquore mergi,
Clamorémque ferunt ad litora, cumque marinæ
In ſicco ludunt fulicæ: notáſque paludes
Deſerit, atque altam ſupra volat ardea nubem.

Sæpe

Smoking with Sweat: and (dreadful to behold!)
Tramples his proſtrate Foes: the rapid Hooſs
Scatter the gory Dew all ſprinkled round,
And ſpurn thick Clots of mingled Sand and Blood.—*Trap.*
And now the Courſer on his Back receives
Th' accuſtom'd Load: He ſettles in the Seat,
And both his Hands with pointed Jav'lins fills:
His brazen Helmet glitters on his Head,
And nods the waving Creſt of Horſes Mane.
Thus arm'd, with rapid Haſte into the Midſt
Furious he rides: Within his Boſom boils
Diſdainful Shame, and Grief to Madneſs wrought,
And Love inflam'd with Rage, and conſcious Worth.—*Id.*
But by *Jove*'s Impulſe fierce *Mezentius* fir'd
Mean while ſucceeds to Battle, and invades
The conqu'ring *Trojans*. All the *Tyrrhene* Bands
Aſſemble: Him alone with mortal Hate
United, and with Storms of Darts they preſs.
He, like a Rock, which o'er the Ocean wide
Hangs prominent, expos'd to Winds and Waves,
And all the Rage of Sea and Sky endures,
Stands fix'd, unmov'd.———— *Id.*

WEATHER.

PROGNOSTICS.

E'ER Winds ariſe:—Or, * ſwells the working Flood:
Or, a harſh Craſh is heard throughout the Wood:
Or, mingling, ſound the Coaſts from diſtant Seas,
And gathering Murmur ruſtles in the Trees.
Then ſcarce the Wave from bended Skiffs abſtains,
When Cormorants forſake the watry Plains,
And ſcream along the Shore; when ſwift to Land
The Sea-gulls haſte, and ſport along the Strand:
Or, when the Hern prepares his lofty Flight,
Quits the known Marſh, and mounts th' Etherial Height.

* Signs of Wind.

Oft

Sæpe etiam ſtellas, vento impendente, videbis
Præcipites cœlo labi: noctíſque per umbram
Flammarum longos à tergo albeſcere tractus:
Sæpe levem paleam & frondes volitare caducas,
Aut ſumma nantes in aqua colludere plumas.

At Boreæ de parte trucis cum fulminat, & cum
Euríque Zephyríque tonat domus: omnia plenis
Rura natant foſſis, atque omnis navita ponto
Humida vela legit. Numquam imprudentibus imber
Obfuit. Aut illum ſurgentem vallibus imis
Aëriæ fugere grues: aut bucula cœlum
Suſpiciens, patulis captavit naribus auras:
Aut arguta lacus circumvolitavit hirundo:
Et veteram in limo ranæ cecinere querelam.

Sæpius & tectis penetralibus extulit ova
Anguſtum formica terens iter, & bibit ingens
Arcus: & è paſtu decedens agmine magno
Corvorum increpuit denſis exercitus alis.
Jam varias pelagi volucres, & quæ Aſia circum
Dulcibus in ſtagnis rimantur prata Cayſtri,
Certatim largos humeris infundere rores:
Nunc caput objectare fretis, nunc currere in undas,
Et ſtudio incaſſum videas geſtire lavandi.

Tum cornix plenâ pluviam vocat improba voce,
Et ſola in ſicca ſecum ſpatiatur arena.
Nec nocturna quidem carpentes penſa puellæ
Neſcivere hyemem: teſtâ cum ardente viderent
Scintillare oleum, & putres concreſcere fungos.

Nec minus ex imbri ſoles, & aperta ſerena
Proſpicere, & certis poteris cognoſcere ſignis.

Nam

Oft too, you'll ſee, when furious Winds impend;
Precipitate, the Stars from Heav'n deſcend;
And far behind, thro' gloomy Shades of Night,
Glitter, and whiten the long Trails of Light:
Oft whirl in Air dry Straw, and with'ring Leaves,
And Feathers wanton on the ſimm'ring Waves.
But from the North when flaſhing * Lightnings fly,
And Eaſt, and Weſtward, Thunder rends the Sky:
Then with the ſwelling Dykes ſwims all the Plain:
Then ev'ry Seaman, on the foaming Main,
Quick gathers up the Sails all drench'd with Rain.
None, uninform'd, e'er did the Show'r aſſail:
Cranes, as it roſe, flew downwards to the Vale:
Or, gazing on the Heavens ſtood the Steer,
And with wide Noſtrils ſnuff'd the humid Air:
Or, Swallows, chatt'ring, round the Lake have flown,
And miry Frogs ſung out their antient Moan.
And oftner has the Ant with buſy Tread,
Up from the Nether-Cells her Eggs convey'd:
Deep drank the mighty Bow: and foodleſs roſe
Loud, with their ruſtling Wings, a Hoſt of Crows.
Now may you ſee wide Ocean's various Fowls,
And thoſe that haunt *Cayſter*'s well-lov'd Pools,
In wanton Strife the Silver-Flood divide,
And lave their Shoulders with the ſparkling Tide:
Now with their downy Breaſts the Torrent ſtem:
Now plunge their Heads: now run upon the Stream:
With endleſs Labour ply the watry Plain,
And dive, and waſh, and proudly waſh in vain.
Then, with full Voice the Rook the Show'r demands,
And ſolitary ſtalks along the thirſty Sands.
Nor is unſkilful of impending Storms
The Virgin, nightly, that her Taſk performs:
When ſparkling in the Lamp the Oyl ſhe ſees,
And fungous Balls around the Wick increaſe.
Nor from leſs certain Signs mayſt Thou deſcry
Unſhowery Suns, and an † expanded Sky.

* Signs of Rain. † Signs of Fair Weather.

Then

Nam neque tum ſtellis acies obtuſa videtur,
Nec fratris radiis obnoxia ſurgere Luna:
Tenuia nec lanæ per cœlum vellera ferri.
Non tepidum ad Solem pennas in litore pandunt
Dilectæ Thetidi Halcyones: non ore ſolutos
Immundi meminere ſues jactare maniplos:
At nebulæ magis ima petunt, campóque recumbunt:
Solis & occaſum ſervans de culmine ſummo
Nequicquam ſeros exercet noctua cantus.
Tum liquidas corvi preſſo ter gutture voces
Aut quater ingeminant: & ſæpe cubilibus altis,
Neſcio qua præter ſolitum dulcedine læti,
Inter ſe foliis ſtrepitant: juvat imbribus actis
Progeniem parvam, dulcéſque reviſere nidos.
Haud equidem credo, quia ſit divinitus illis
Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major:
Verum, ubi tempeſtas & cœli mobilis humor
Mutavere vias: & Jupiter humidus Auſtris
Denſat, erant quæ rara modo: &, quæ denſa, relaxat:
Vertuntur ſpecies animorum, & pectora motus
Nunc alios, alios, dum nubila ventus agebat,
Concipiunt: hinc ille avium concentus in agris,
Et lætæ pecudes, & ovantes gutture corvi.

Si verò Solem ad rapidum Lunáſque ſequentes
Ordine reſpicies: numquam te craſtina fallet
Hora, neque inſidiis noctis capiere ſerenæ.
Luna revertentes cum primum colligit ignes,
Si nigrum obſcuro comprenderit aëra cornu,
Maximus agricolis pelagóque parabitur imber.
At, ſi virgineum ſuffuderit ore ruborem,
Ventus erit: vento ſemper rubet aurea Phœbe.

Then keen the Stars appear: nor, riſing, ſeems
The Moon a Debtor to her Brother's Beams:
Then do the wafting Winds no longer bear
The fleecy Flakes; ſerene and ſtill the Air:
Nor to the tepid Sun their Wings expand,
The Sea-lov'd Halcyons, baſking on the Strand:
Nor mindful are the Swine, with Jaws diſplay'd,
To gripe the Straw, and toſs their ruſtling Bed:
But downwards glides the Miſt, and lodges on the Mead:
And Owls, ſtill waiting on the Sun's Retreat,
In vain their Midnight Songs aloft repeat.
Then, thrice, or four times, firmly preſt the Throat,
The Rooks redouble every clearer Note:
Gay, with I know not what unuſual Joys,
They crowd the Trees, and chatt'ring is their Noiſe.
What dear Delight poſſeſſes every Breaſt,
When each beholds, ſoon as the Storms are ceas'd,
Her tender Young once more, and pleaſing Neſt.
Not that I think the Gods to them diſpenſe
Of Things in Fate a more diſcerning Senſe:
But when the Storm, and moiſt inconſtant Skies
Alternate Change: when ſouthern Tempeſts riſe,
Condenſe what's thin, and what's condens'd more rare
By Warmth becomes, they vary with the Air:
Now one Impreſſion in their Boſoms dwells,
Another when the Wind the Clouds diſpels:
Hence from the Birds that warbling Concert flows:
Hence Herds exult, and hoarſely ſhout the Crows.
But to the rapid Sun if You attend,
And how the Moons their following Courſes bend,
You'll ne'er be taken by th' enſuing Day,
Nor ſhall fair Nights, inſidious, Thee betray.
When firſt the * Moon collects the coming Rays,
If ſhe thick Air in her dark Horn diſplays,
Vaſt Show'rs invade the Peaſant and the Seas:
But if a Virgin Bluſh her Face o'er-ſpread,
Winds blow:—with Wind ſtill *Phœbe*'s Cheeks are red:

* Signs from the Moon.

Sin ortu in quarto (namque is certiſſimus auctor)
Pura, neque obtuſis per cœlum cornibus ibit:
Totus & ille dies, & qui naſcentur ab illo
Exactum ad menſem, pluviâ ventóſque carebunt:
Votaque ſervati ſolvent in litore nautæ
Glauco, & Panopeæ, & Inoo Melicertæ.

Sol quoque & exoriens, & cum ſe condit in undas,
Signa dabit: Solem certiſſima ſigna ſequuntur:
Et quæ mane refert, & quæ ſurgentibus aſtris.
Ille ubi naſcentem maculis variaverit ortum
Conditus in nubem, medióque refugerit orbe,
Suſpecti tibi ſint imbres: namque urget ab alto
Arboribúſque ſatíſque Notus, pecoríque ſiniſter.
Aut ubi ſub lucem denſa inter nubila ſeſe
Diverſi erumpent radii, aut ubi pallida ſurget
Tithoni croceum linquens aurora cubile:
Heu! male tum mites defendet pampinus uvas,
Tum multa in tectis crepitans ſalit horrida grando.

Hoc etiam, emenſo cum jam decedet Olympo,
Profuerit meminiſſe magis: nam ſæpe videmus
Ipſius in vultu varios errare colores.
Cæruleus pluviam denunciat, igneus Euros:
Sin maculæ incipient rutilo immiſcerier igni,
Omnia tunc pariter vento nimbíſque videbis
Fervere. Non illa quiſquam me nocte per altum
Ire, neque à terra moneat convellere funem.
At ſi, cum referétque diem, condétque relatum,
Lucidus orbis erit: fruſtra terrebere nimbis,
Et claro ſylvas cernes Aquilone moveri.
Denique, quid Veſper ſerus vehat, unde ſerenas
Ventus agat nubes, quid cogitet humidus Auſter,

But at her fourth Aſcent if pointed riſe
The ſilver Horns, and bright ſhe trips the Skies,
That Day entire, and all it's following Race,
Till fully, ſhe compleats her monthly Space,
(Safe by this Sign) nor Storms ſhall know, nor Rain:
And Sailors, reſcu'd from the boiſt'rous Main,
Their promis'd Vows ſhall pay to all the watry Reign.
And thus the Sun, as Riſing he appears,
Or dipt in Ocean, various Signs declares:
Unerring Signs his circling Courſe attend,
Or in the Morn, or when the Stars aſcend.
Whene'er * he mottles o'er his new-born Light,
Or maſks in Clouds, or half retires from Sight,
Suſpect the Show'r: For, fatal to the Sown,
And Trees, and Herds, the South comes pouring down.
If, at the purple Dawn, his ſtruggling Rays
Strike thro' the thick'ning Skies a ſcatter'd Blaze:
If, o'er her Cheeks a livid Paleneſs ſhed,
Aurora ſprings from *Tithon*'s ſaffron Bed:
Ah! what can Leaves to guard the Grapes avail?
So rattling bounds on Roofs the horrid Hail!
But, from *Olympus*, juſt as he ſlides down,
'Twould profit more to have obſerv'd the Sun.
Oft o'er his Face are diff'rent Colours ſpread:
Thick Rains the Azure, Winds denote the Red:
But intermingled if the Spots appear
With ſhining Flame, then Winds and Clouds prepare
With equal Rage, an univerſal War:
That Night let none to venture on the Sea,
Or to untie the Cable, counſel me.
But if his Orb all lucid ſhines, and gay,
When forth he leads, and when he hides the Day,
Fear not the Storm: You'll ſee the northern Breeze
Slide thro' the Grove, and gently move the Trees.
Laſtly, to what the Ev'ning is inclin'd,
From whence ſhall come the Cloud-diſpelling Wind,
And of the humid South the ſecret Mind,

* Signs from the Sun.

Sol tibi ſigna dabit : Solem quis dicere falſum
Audeat?—————— *Virg. Geor.* Lib. I.

TEXTURA.

HAUD mora : conſtituunt diverſis partibus ambæ,
Ex gracili geminas intendunt ſtamine telas.
Tela jugo vincta eſt : ſtamen ſecernit arundo :
Interitur medium radiis ſubtemen acutis :
Quod digiti expediunt, atque inter ſtamina ductum
Percuſſo feriunt intecti pectine dentes.
Utraque retinant : cinctæque ad pectora veſtes
Brachia docta movent, ſtudio fallente laborem.
Illic & Tyrium quæ purpura ſenſit ahenum
Texitur, & tenues parvi diſcriminis umbræ :

Qualis ab imbre ſolet percuſſis ſolibus Arcus
Inducere ingenti longum curvamine cœlum :
In quo diverſi niteant cum mille colores,
Tranſitus ipſe tamen ſpectantia lumina fallit :
Usque adeo quod tangit idem eſt : tamen ultima diſtant.
Illic & lentum ſilis immittitur aurum,
Et vetus in tela deducitur argumentum.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. VI.

Stamina barbaricâ ſuſpendit callida telâ :
Purpureaſque notas ſilis intexuit albis,
Indicium ſceleris.———————— *Ibid.*

NUPTIÆ. Vide CONJUGIUM.

——TÆdas Hymenæus Amórque
Præcutiunt : largis fatiantur odoribus ignes.

Seraque

The Sun to You repeated Tokens gives:
And who dares ſay that e'er the Sun deceives?—— *Anon.*

WEAVING.

STRAIT to their Poſts appointed, * both repair
And fix their threaded Looms with equal Care:
Around the ſolid Beam the Web is ty'd,
While hollow Canes the parting Warp divide:
Thro' which with nimble Flight the Shuttles play,
And for the Woof prepare a ready Way:
The Woof and Warp divide, preſt by the toothy Slay.
Now both, their Mantles button'd to their Breaſt,
Their dextrous Fingers ply with eager Haſte,
And work with Pleaſure: while they chear the Eye
With glowing Purple of the *Tyrian* Dye:
Or, juſtly intermixing Shades with Light,
Inſenſibly their Colourings unite.
As when a Shower tranſpierc'd with ſunny Rays,
It's mighty Arch along the Heav'ns diſplays,
From whence a thouſand diff'rent Colours riſe,
Whoſe fine Tranſition cheats the cleareſt Eyes,
So like the intermingled Shading ſeems,
And only differs in the laſt Extreams.
Then Threads of Gold both artfully diſpoſe,
And, as each Part in juſt Proportion roſe,
Some antique Fable in their Work diſcloſe.—— *Croxall.*

With Skill exact a *Phrygian* Web † ſhe ſtrung,
Fix'd to a Loom that in her Chamber hung,
Where in-wrought Letters upon White diſplay'd,
In purple Notes the cruel Act betray'd.——— *Id.*

WEDDING. See MARRIAGE.

HYmen ‖ and *Love* their nuptial Torches raiſe,
And rich Perfumes on every Altar blaze.

* *Pallas* and *Arachne*. † *Philomela*.
‖ Wedding of *Perſeus* and *Andromeda*.

Sertaque dependent mediis: lotóque, lyraeque,
Tibiaque, & cantus, animi ſolicia læti
Argumenta, ſonant. Referunt aurea valvis
Atria non parem, puleróque inſtructa paratu
Cepheni proceres medii convivia regis.
Poſtquam epulis functi, generoſi munere Bacchi
Diffudere animos.——— *Ovid. Met.* Lib. IV.

Ecce canunt Hymenæon: & ignibus atria fumant:
Cinctáque adeſt Virgo matrum nurúmque caterva
Præſignis facie. Felicem diximus illa
Conjuge Peribœam.——— *Ovid. Met.* Lib. XII.

———Jamdudum poſte reclinis
Quæris Hymen thalamis intactum dicere carmen,
Quo varem mulcere queat: dat Juno verenda
Vincula, & inſigni geminat Concordia tæda.——
Statii. Epith. Syl. I.

NUPTIÆ Inauſpicatæ.

——NON prorſus Juno,
Non Hymenæus adeſt, non illi Gratia lecto.
Eumenides tenuere faces de funere raptas:
Eumenides ſtravere torum: tectóque profanus
Incubuit bubo, thalamíque in culmine ſedit.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. VI.

Inde per immenſum croceo velatus amictu
Aëra digreditur, Ciconumque Hymenæus ad oras
Tendit: & Orpheâ nequicquam voce vocatur.
Adfuit ille quidem: ſed nec ſolennia verba,
Nec lætos vultus, nec felix attulit omen.

With flow'ry Garlands are the Houſes hung:
Flutes, Harps, and Hautboys aid the warbling Song,
And Joy is now the Theme of ev'ry Tongue.
Ope, wide, the Palace Gates extended flew;
The regal Treaſures are expos'd to view:
The *Cephine* Peers, each an invited Gueſt,
In Pomp aſſemble to the royal Feaſt.
The Banquet over, briſk the roſy Bowl
Moves round and round, enlarging every Soul.——
——————The Roofs with Joy reſound,
And * *Hymen! Io Hymen!* rung around.
Rais'd Altars ſhone with holy Fires: the Bride
Lovely herſelf (and lovely by her ſide
A Bevy of bright Nymphs,) with ſober Grace,
Came glitt'ring like a Star, and took her Place.
We joy *Perithous* of his happy Choice.—— *Dryd.*
Already ſtanding at the Door, too long
Sweet *Hymen* waits to raiſe the nuptial Song:
Her ſacred Bands majeſtick *Juno* lends,
And Concord with her flaming Torch attends.— *Addiſon.*

WEDDING (Unlucky.)

NOR *Hymen*, nor the Graces † here preſide,
Nor *Juno* to befriend the blooming Bride:
But Fiends with fun'ral Brands the Proceſs led,
And Furies waited at the genial Bed:
And all Night long the ſcreeching Owl aloof,
With baleful Notes ſat brooding o'er the Roof.— *Croxall.*
Thence, in his ſaffron Robes, thro' boundleſs Skies,
To the *Ciconian* Borders *Hymen* flies:
In vain by ‖ *Orpheus* call'd, his Love to bleſs,
He came indeed, but could not bring Succeſs.
No chearful Omens, or auſpicious Words,
No Looks of Joy the gloomy God affords.

* Wedding of *Perithous* and *Hippodamia*.
† Wedding of *Tereus* and *Procne*.
‖ Wedding of *Orpheus* and *Euridice*.

Fax quoque, quam tenuit, lachrimoſo ſtridula fumo,
Utque fuit, nullos invenit motibus ignes.
Exitus auſpicio gravior: nam nupta, per herbas
Dum nova Naïadum turba comitata vagatur,
Occidit, in talum ſerpentis dente recepto.——
Ovid. Met. Lib X.

Fœdera ſola tamen, vanâque carentia pompâ
Jura placent, ſacríſque Deos admittere teſtes.
Feſta coronato non pendent limine ſerta:
Inſuláque in geminos diſcurrit candida poſtes,
Legitimæque faces, gradibúſque acclivis eburnis
Stat torus, & picto veſtes diſcriminat auro:
Turritâque premens frontem matrona coronâ,
Tralatâ vetuit contingere limina plantâ.
Non timidum ruptæ leviter tectura pudorem
Lutea demiſſos velârunt flammea vultus.
Balteus haud fluxos gemmis aſtrinxit amictus,
Colla monile decens, humeríſque hærentia primis
Suppara nudatos cingunt anguſta lacertos.
Sic, ut erat, mœſti ſervans lugubria cultûs,
Quòque modo natos, hòc eſt amplexa maritum,——
Lucan. Lib. II.

Pronuba Tiſiphone thalamis ululavit in illis:
Et cecinit mœſtum devia carmen avis.
Affuit Alecto brevibus torquata colubris,
Suntque ſepulcrali lumina mota face.— *Ovid.* Ep. 2.

SCELUS.

The Torch his Hand ſuſtain'd, ſtill ſput'ring, rais'd
A ſullen Smoke, nor yet, tho' ſhaken, blaz'd.
Th' Event ſtill worſe than theſe Preſages prov'd;
For whilſt the Bride along the Meadows rov'd,
Encompaſs'd by the ſportive *Naïd* Throng,
Her by the Heel a venom'd Viper ſtung,
And inſtant Death enſu'd.———— *Theobald.* alt.

In plain unſolemn wiſe * his Faith he plights,
And calls the Gods to view the lonely Rites.
No Garlands gay the cheerful Portal crown'd,
Nor wooly Fillets wove the Poſts around:
No genial Bed, with rich Embroidery grac'd,
On Iv'ry Steps in lofty State was plac'd:
No Hymeneal Torch preceeding ſhone,
No Matron put the tow'ry Frontlet on,
Nor bad her Feet the ſacred Threſhold ſhun.
No yellow Veil was looſely thrown to hide
The riſing Bluſhes of the trembling Bride:
No glitt'ring Zone her flowing Garments bound,
Nor ſparkling Gems her Neck encompaſs'd round:
No ſilken Scarf, nor decent winding Lawn,
Was o'er her naked Arms and Shoulders drawn:
But, as ſhe was, in Funeral Attire,
With all the Sadneſs Sorrow could inſpire,
With Eyes dejected, with a joyleſs Face,
She met her Huſband's, like a Son's Embrace.——*Rowe.*

The howling Fiends, and ominous Birds of Night,
With diſmal Notes, perform'd each nuptial Rite;
With her curl'd Snakes the fierce *Alecto* came,
To light our Tapers with infernal Flame.

* *Martia*, the Wife of *Cato*, after bearing him three Children, was, at his Deſire, eſpouſed to his Friend *Hortenſius*, who had no Iſſue. *Hortenſius* dying, ſhe was again married to *Cato* her firſt Huſband, at the time when the Civil War was juſt broke out between *Cæſar* and *Pompey*. The Concern *Cato* felt for the Commonwealth, made him lay aſide all the Ceremonies uſual at the *Roman* Weddings.

Scelus.

Vivitur ex rapto: non hoſpes ab hoſpite tutus,
Non ſocer à genero: fratrum quoque gratia rara eſt.
Imminet exitio vir conjugis, illa mariti:
Lurida terribiles miſcent aconita novercæ.
Filius ante diem patrios inquirit in annos.
Victa jacet Pietas, & Virgo cæde madentes
Ultima cœleſtum terras Aſtræa reliquit.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. I

Sunt, in Fortunæ qui caſibus omnia ponunt,
Et nullo credunt mundum rectore moveri,
Naturâ volvente vices & lucis, & anni,
Atque ideo intrepidi quæcunque altaria tangunt.

Eſt alius, metuens ne crimen pœna ſequatur,
Hic putat eſſe Deos, & pejerat, atque ita ſecum:

Decernat quodcunque volet de corpore noſtro
Iſis, & irato feriat mea lumina ſiſtro,
Dummodò vel cæcus teneam, quos abnego, nummos.

Ut ſit magna, tamen certè lenta ira Deorum eſt.
Si curant igitur cunctos punire nocentes,
Quando ad me venient? ſed & exorabile numen
Fortaſſe experiar: ſolet his ignoſcere. Multi
Committunt eadem diverſo crimina fato:
Ille crucem pretium ſceleris tulit, hic diadema.
Sic animum diræ trepidum formidine culpæ
Confirmant.———— *Juv.* Sat. XIII

Cùm ſcelus admittunt, ſupereſt conſtantia: quid fas,
Atque nefas, tandem incipiunt ſentire, peractis

Criminibus

WICKEDNESS.

ALL live by Spoil, in Safety none remain;
The Gueſt, by him that harbour'd him, is ſlain:
The Son-in-Law purſues the Father's Life,
Brothers with their own Brothers are at Strife,
The Wife her Huſband murders, he the Wife.
The Stepdame Poiſon for the Son prepares:
The Son inquires about his Father's Years.
Duty with Piety expiring lies,
And Juſtice weary'd out with bloody Cries,
Laſt of the Virtues, ſeeks her native Skies.— *Dryd.* alt.
Some think that Chance rules all, that Nature ſteers
Without a God,———
The moving Seaſons, and turns round the Years.
Theſe run to ev'ry Shrine, theſe boldly ſwear,
And keep no Faith, becauſe they know no Fear.
Another doubts: but as his Doubts decline,
He dreads juſt Vengeance, and he ſtarts at Sin;
He owns a God: and yet the Wretch forſwears:
And thus he reaſons to relieve his Fears.
Let *Iſis* rage, ſo I ſecurely hold
The Coin forſworn, and keep the raviſh'd Gold.
Let Blindneſs, Lameneſs come: are Legs and Eyes
Of equal Value to ſo great a Prize?
The Vengeance of the Gods, tho' ſure, is ſlow:
If, therefore, all muſt feel the dreadful Blow
Their Crimes deſerve, ſo buſy they muſt be,
'Twill be an Age before they come to me.
But they are wont to pardon and to ſpare,
And I too, may, perhaps, their Mercy ſhare.
Oft, Sins alike, unlike Rewards have found,
One Villain's crucify'd, another crown'd.
The Man that ſhiver'd on the Brink of Sin,
Thus ſteel'd, and hard'ned, ventures boldly in. *Creech* alt.
He that once Sins, like him that ſlides on Ice,
Goes ſwiftly down the ſlippery Ways of Vice:

Uxor. Vide Dos.

——Malo,
Malo Venuſinam, quàm te, Cornelia, mater
Gracchorum, ſi cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande ſupercilium, & numeras in dote Triumphos.
Tolle tuum, precor, Hannibalem, victúmque Syphacem
In caſtris, & cum totâ Carthagine migra.——
Juv. Sat. VI.

Quæ tanti gravitas? quæ forma, ut ſe tibi ſemper
Imputet? hujus enim rari ſummíque voluptas
Nulla boni, quoties animo corrupta ſuperbo
Plus aloës, quàm mellis habet; quis deditus autem
Uſque adeò eſt, ut non illam, quam laudibus effert,
Horreat, inque dies ſeptenis oderit horis.—— *Ibid.*

Semper habet lites, alternáque jurgia lectus,
In quo nupta jacet: minimùm dormitur in illo.
Tunc gravis illa viro, tunc orbâ tigride pejor,
Cùm ſimulat gemitus occulti conſcia facti,
Aut odit pueros, aut fictâ pellice plorat,
Uberibus ſemper lachrymis, ſempérque paratis
In ſtatione ſuâ, atque exſpectantibus illam,
Quo jubeat manare modo. Tu credis amorem;
Tu tibi tunc, curruca, places, fletúmque labellis
Exſorbes; quæ ſcripta, & quas lecture tabellas,
Si tibi Zelotypæ retigantur ſcrinia mœchæ!

Sed jacet in ſervi complexibus, aut equitis; dic,
Dic aliquem, ſodes, hîc, Quintiliane, colorem.
Hæremus: dic, ipſa olim convenerat, inquit,

WIFE. See PORTION.

A Country Girl, ſcarce to a Curt'ſy bred,
Than Thee, * *Cornelia*, rather would I wed:
If ſupercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
Thou bring'ſt thy Father's Triumphs in thy Train.
Take hence thy boaſted *Hannibal*, I pray,
Nor let behind him vanquiſh'd *Syphax* ſtay;
With all thy *Carthaginian* State pack up, and march away.—— [*Dryd.* alt.

What Beauty or what Chaſtity can bear
So great a Price? if ſtately and ſevere
She ſtill inſults, and you muſt ſtill adore,
Grant that the Honey's much, the Gall is more:
Upbraided with the Virtues ſhe diſplays, [*Dryd.*
Sev'n Hours in twelve you loath the Wife you praiſe.—

Beſides, what endleſs Brawls by Wives are bred!
The Curtain Lecture makes a reſtleſs Bed.
Then, when ſhe has Thee ſure within the Sheets,
Worſe than a Tyger robb'd,————
She roars, and tares, and all her Arts repeats.
Conſcious of Crimes herſelf, ſhe teizes firſt:
Thy Servants are accus'd, thy Whore is curs'd:
She acts the Jealous, and at Will ſhe cries,
For Women's Tears are but the Sweat of Eyes.
Poor Cuckold Fool! Thou think'ſt her Love ſincere,
And ſuck'ſt between her Lips the falling Tear:
But ſearch her Cabinet, and thou ſhalt find
Each Tiller there, with Love Epiſtles lin'd.
Suppoſe her taken in a cloſe Embrace:
This you would think ſo manifeſt a Caſe,
No Rhet'ric could defend, no Impudence outface:
And yet ev'n then, ſhe cries,—the Marriage Vow
A mental Reſervation muſt allow:

* Mother to the *Gracchi*, and Daughter of *Scipio Africanus*, who conquered *Hannibal* and *Syphax*.

Ut faceres tu quod velles: nec non ego poſſem
Indulgere mihi.———— *Ibid.*

Nil non permittit mulier ſibi: turpe putat nil,
Cùm virides gemmas collo circumdedit, & cùm
Auribus extenſis magnos commiſit elenchos.
Intolerabilius nihil eſt quàm fœmina dives.

Nulla viri cura interea, nec mentio fiet
Damnorum: vivit tanquam vicina mariti:
Hoc ſolo proprior, quòd amicos conjugis odit,
Et ſervos.————

Juv. Sat. VI.

Illa tamen gravior, quæ cùm diſcumbere cœpit,
Laudat Virgilium, perituræ ignoſcit Eliſæ:
Committit vates, & comparat: inde Maronem,
Atque aliâ parte in trutinâ ſuſpendit Homerum.
Cedunt grammatici, vincuntur rhetores, omnis
Turba tacet: nec cauſidicus, nec præco loquatur,
Altera nec mulier: verborum tanta cadit vis.

Tot pariter pelves, tot tintinnabula dicas
Pulſari. Jam nemo tubas, nemo ære fatiget,
Una laboranti poterit ſuccurrere Lunæ.
Imponit finem ſapiens & rebus honeſtis:
Nam quæ docta nimis cupit & facunda videri,
Crure-tenus medio tunicas ſuccingere debet,
Cedere Sylvano porcum, quadrante lavari.

Non habeat matrona, tibi quæ juncta recumbit,
Dicendi genus, aut curtum ſermone rotato
Torqueat enthymema, nec hiſtorias ſciat omnes:
Sed quædam ex libris, & non intelligat. Odi
Hanc ego, quæ repetit, volvítque Palæmonis artem,
Servatâ ſemper lege & ratione loquendi,

Ignotáſque

And there's a ſilent Bargain ſtill imply'd,
The Parties ſhould be pleas'd on either Side:
And both may for their private Ends provide.—— *Id.*

The gaudy Goſſip, when ſhe's ſet a-gog,
In Jewels dreſt, and at each Ear a Bob,
Goes flaunting forth, and in her Trim of Pride,
Thinks all ſhe ſays or does, is juſtify'd.
When poor, ſhe's ſcarce a tolerable Evil:
But rich, and fine, a Wife's a very Devil.

Mean-while the Huſband's whole Eſtate is ſpent;
He may go bare, while ſhe receives his Rent.
She minds him not: She lives not as a Wife,
But like a bawling Neighbour, full of Strife:
Near him, in this alone, that ſhe extends
Her Hate to all his Servants and his Friends.— *Dryden.*

But of all Plagues the greateſt is untold:
The Book-learn'd Wife, in *Greek* and *Latin* bold.
The Critic-Dame, who at her Table ſits,
Homer and *Virgil* quotes, and weighs their Wits;
And pities *Dido*'s agonizing Fits.
She has ſo far th' Aſcendant of the Board,
The prating Pedant puts not in one Word:
The Man of Law is non-plus'd in his Suit;
Nay, ev'ry other female Tongue is mute.
Hammers, and beating Anvils, you would ſwear,
And *Vulcan* with his whole Militia there.
Tabors and Trumpets ceaſe: for ſhe alone
Is able to redeem the lab'ring Moon.
Ev'n Wit's a Burden, when it talks too long:
But ſhe who has no Continence of Tongue,
Should walk in Breeches, and ſhould wear a Beard,
And mix among the Philoſophic Herd.

O what a midnight Curſe has he, whoſe Side
Is peſter'd with a Mood and Figure Bride!
Let mine, Ye Gods! (if ſuch muſt be my Fate)
No Logic learn, nor Hiſtory tranſlate!
But rather be a quiet humble Fool:
I hate a Wife to whom I go to School:

Ignotóſque mihi tenet antiquaria verſus,
Nec curanda viris Opicæ caſtigat amicæ
Verba. Soloeciſmum liceat feciſſe marito.—— *Ibid.*

Nec divinius eſt interdum, Veneríſque fugatis
Deteriore fit ut forma Muliercula ametur.
Nam facit ipſa ſuis interdum fœmina factis,
Morigeríſque modis, & munda corpori' cultu,
Ut facile inſuefcat ſecum Vir degere vitam.——
Lucret. Lib. IV.

Ædepol, ne nos æquè ſumus omnes inviſæ viris,
Propter paucas: quæ omnes faciunt dignæ ut videamur
malo.—— *Terent. Hecyr.*

VOLUNTAS.

LIbera per terras unde hæc animantibus extat,
Unde eſt hæc (inquam) fatis avolſa voluntas,
Per quam progredimur, quò ducit quemque voluptas?—
Lucret. Lib. II.

Spartano cuidam reſpondit Pythia Vates,
Haud impunitum quondam fore, quòd dubitaret
Depoſitum retinere, & fraudem jure tueri
Jurando: Quærebat enim quæ numinis eſſet
Mens: & an hoc illi faſcinus ſuaderet Apollo.

Reddidit ergo metu, non moribus: & tamen omnem
Vocem adyti dignam templo, verámque probavit,
Extinctus totâ pariter cum prole domóque.

Has patitur pœnas peccandi ſola Voluntas:
Non ſceleſus intra ſe tacitum qui cogitat ullum,

Facti

Who climbs the Grammar Tree, diſtinctly knows
Where Noun, and Verb, and Participle grows:
Corrects her Country Neighbour; and in Bed,
For breaking *Priſcian*'s, breaks her Huſband's Head.—*Id.*

It is not from the Gods, or *Cupid*'s Dart,
That many a homely Woman wins the Heart:
A Wife well-humour'd, dutiful, and chaſte,
And clean, will hold her wand'ring Huſband faſt:
Such are the Links of Love, and ſuch a Love will laſt.— *Creech* alter'd.

In good Faith, we poor Wives have got a very ill Name with our Huſbands: and becauſe there are a few bad ones, the World judges hardly of us all.— *Eachard.*

WILL.

WHence comes this perfect Freedom of the Mind?
Whence comes the WILL ſo free and unconfin'd,
Above the Pow'r of Fate? by which we go
Where-e'er we pleaſe, and what we Will we do?—*Creech.*

A knaviſh *Spartan* was to Cheat inclin'd,
But wanted firſt to know *Apollo*'s Mind;
Whether, if he with ſacred Oaths deny'd
A truſted Pledge, Heav'n would be ſatisfy'd.
The Prieſteſs anſwer'd, that his baſe Intent
Should not eſcape without a Puniſhment.
Startled at this, the Wretch gave up the Truſt;
And was, thro' Fear, not Inclination, juſt.
Yet Plagues purſu'd him, and the mental Sin
Deſtroy'd himſelf, his Children, and his Kin.
Thus did he ſuffer for his wicked Will,
Tho' he ne'er practic'd the intended Ill.
* That Man ſtands really guilty of the Fault,
Who in his Breaſt admits a wicked Thought:

* One would think *Juvenal* had read what *Chriſt* himſelf ſays *Matt.* v. 27, 28. *Ye have heard that it was ſaid by them of old time,* Thou ſhalt not commit Adultery. *But I ſay unto you, That whoſoever looketh on a Woman to luſt after her, hath committed* Adultery *with her already in his Heart.*

Facti crimen habet: cedò, ſi conata peregit?——
Juv. Sat. XIII.

Ut deſint vires, tamen eſt laudanda voluntas:
Hac ego contentos auguror eſſe Deos.
Hæc facit ut veniat pauper quoque gratis ad aras,
Et placeat cæſo non minùs agna bove.——
Ovid. Pont. Lib. IV.

VINUM. Vide BACCHUS. OSIRIS.

VIna parant animos, faciúntque caloribus aptos:
Cura fugit, multo diluitúrque mero.
Tunc veniunt riſus: tunc pauper cornua ſumit:
Tunc dolor, & curæ, rugaque frontis abit:
Tunc aperit mentes ævo rariſſima noſtro
Simplicitas, artes excutiente Deo,
Illo ſæpe animos juvenum rapuere Puellæ:
Et Venus in vinis, ignis in igne fuit.—*Ov. Art. Am.* I.
Quid tibi præcipiam de Bacchi munere, quæris?
Spe brevius, monitus experiere meos.
Vina parant animos Veneri: niſi plurima ſumas,
Et ſtupeant multo corda ſepulta mero.
Nutritur vento, vento reſtinguitur ignis:
Lenis alit flammas, grandior aura necat.—*Ov. Rem. Am.*
Narratur & priſci Catonis
Sæpe mero caluiſſe virtus.
Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves
Plerumque duro: tu ſapientium
Curas, & arcanum jocoſo
Conſilium retegis Lyæo:
Tu ſpem reducis mentibus anxiis,
Viréſque, & addis cornua pauperi,
Poſt te neque iratos trementi
Regum apices, neque militum arma.——
Hor. Lib. III. Od. 21.
Quid non ebrietas deſignat? operta recludit:
Spes jubet eſſe ratas: in prœlia trudit inermem.

Sollicitis

Then what ſad Puniſhment muſt He expect,
Who thinks a Crime, and brings it to effect?——
'Tis worthy Praiſe, a good Intent to ſhew,
When that is all We have a Pow'r to do:
The Gods excuſe what-e'er is wanting more,
If with a willing Mind we them adore:
And not leſs pleas'd the poor Man's Lamb receive,
Than Bullocks which the Rich and Mighty give.——

WINE. See BACCHUS. OSIRIS.

WIne warms the Blood, and makes the Spirits flow,
Care fly, and Wrinkles from the Forehead go:
Exalts the Poor: invigorates the Weak:
Gives Mirth, and Laughter, and a roſy Cheek:
Bold Truths it ſpeaks: and ſpoken, dares maintain:
And brings our old Simplicity again.
Wine makes the Youth the fair One's Charms admire:
And Love with Wine is Fire put to Fire.—— *Dryd.* alt.
Would you that I my Thoughts on Wine declare?
Short my Advice, and few my Precepts are.
Wine drank diſcreetly warms the Heart to Love,
But Drunkenneſs does its Deſtruction prove:
A gentle Breeze of Wind blows up the Fire,
Whoſe riſing Flames would in a Storm expire.——
Wine kept, they ſay, old *Cato*'s Virtue warm;
Wine whets the Dull, and Wit inſpires,
The Grave with ſprightly Vigour fires,
And, by a never-failing Charm,
Unlocks the Mind, and all its gay Deſires.
Wine with freſh Hope the Coward cheers,
Revives the Wretched and Undone,
And makes the Slave his Lord diſown:
What Wretch, when arm'd by *Bacchus*, fears [*Creech.*
To meet a Warrior's Arm, or ſtand a Tyrant's Frown?—

What Wonders cannot Wine effect? 'Tis free
Of Secrets, and turns Hope to Certainty.

Sollicitis animis onus eximit: addocet artes.
Fœcundi calices quem non fecêre deſertum?
Contracta quem non in paupertate ſolutum?——
Hor. Lib. I. Epiſt. 5.

VENTI. Vide Tempeſtas Cœli. Tempeſtas Maris. Cœlum Turbidum.

HIS quoque non paſſim mundi Fabricator habendum
Aëra permiſit. Vix nunc obſiſtitur illis,
Cum ſua quiſque regant diverſo flamina tractu,
Quin lanient mundum: tanta eſt diſcordia fratrum.

Eurus ad Auroram, Nabathæáque regna receſſit,
Perſidáque, & radiis juga ſubdita matutinis.

Veſper, & occiduo quæ littora Sole tepeſcunt,
Proxima ſunt Zephyro: Scythiam Septémque trionem
Horrifer inviſit Boreas: contraria tellus
Nubibus aſſiduis, pluvióque madeſcit ab Auſtro.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

——Vaſto rex Æolus antro
Luctantes ventos, tempeſtatéſque ſonoras
Imperio premit, ac vinclis & carcere frænat.
Illi indignantes magno cum murmure montis
Circum clauſtra fremunt. Celſa ſedet Æolus arce,
Sceptra tenens: mollítque animos, & temperat iras.

Ni faciat, maria ac terras cœlúmque profundum
Quippe ferant rapidi ſecum, verrántque per auras.
Sed pater omnipotens ſpeluncis abdidit atris,
Hoc metuens: molémque & montes inſuper altos
Impoſuit,

The unarm'd Man it renders brave in War,
And rids the troubled Mind of all its Care.
It teaches Arts, it teaches how to think;
And what Man is not eloquent in Drink?
Or who's ſo much depreſt by Poverty, [alt.
That Wine can't make him happy, rich, and free?—*Creech*

WINDS. See Storm at Land. Storm at Sea. Tempeſt.

NOR the Creator left the Winds at large,
On Seas, and Shores, their Fury to diſcharge:
Bound as they are, and circumſcrib'd in Place,
They rend the World, reſiſtleſs, where they paſs:
And mighty Marks of Miſchief leave behind:
Such is the Rage of their tempeſtuous Kind.
Firſt, *Eurus* to the riſing Morn is ſent,
(The Regions of the balmy Continent:)
And Eaſtern Realms where early *Perſians* run,
To greet the bleſt Appearance of the Sun.
Weſtward, the wanton *Zephyr* wings his Flight,
Pleas'd with the Remnants of departing Light.
Fierce *Boreas*, with his Offspring, iſſues forth,
T' invade the frozen Waggon of the North:
Whilſt frowning *Auſter* ſeeks the Southern Sphere,
And rots, with endleſs Rain, th' unwholſome Year.—*Dryd.*

——————In his capacious Cave,
Great *Æolus*, with abſolute Command,
Controuls, impriſons, and confines in Chains
The noiſy Tempeſts, and reluctant Winds.
They roar, and murmur round the Mountain's Sides,
Indignant: *Æolus* his Scepter ſhakes,
Majeſtic on his lofty Throne: o'er-rules
Their wild Deſires, and moderates their Rage.
Which did he not, with rapid Force they'd hurl
Heav'n, Earth, and Seas, and ſweep them thro' the Air.
But fearing This, the Sov'reign of the Gods
Pent them in gloomy Caves: and o'er them threw

Impoſuit : regémque dedit, qui fœdere certo
Et premere, & laxas ſciret dare juſſus habenas.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. I.

Quattuor in partes cœli deſcribitur Orbis,
Naſcentémque, ipſúmque diem, mediúſque cadentem,
Téque Helice, totidem venti de partibus ſtridem
Erumpunt, ſecúmque gerunt per inania bellum.
Alper ab axe ruit Boreas, fugit Eurus ab ortu,
Auſter amat medium ſolem, Zephyrúſque profundum.—
Manil. Lib. IV.

Qualis Hyperboreis aquilo cùm denſus ab oris
Incubuit, Scythiæque hyemes atque arida differt
Nubila : tum ſegetes altæ campíque natantes
Lænibus horreſcunt flabris, ſummæque ſonorem
Dant ſylvæ, longíque urgent ad litora fluctus.——
Virg. Georg. Lib. III.

Indè ruunt toto concita pericula mundo.
Primus ab oceano caput exeris Atlanteo,
Core movens artus : jam te tollente furebat
Pontus, & in ſcopulos totas erexerat undas.

Occurrit gelidus Boreas, pelagúſque retundit :
Et dubium pendet, vento cui pareat, æquor.
Sed Scythici vicit rabies Aquilonis, & undas
Torſit, & abſtrulas penitus vada fecit arenas.

Non ſani ceſsâſſe minas, non imbribus atrum
Æolii jacuiſſe Notum ſub carcere ſaxi
Credulerim, cunctos ſolitâ de parte ruentes
Delundiſſe ſuas violento turbine terras,
Sic pelagus manſiſſe loco.——————
Lucan. Lib. V.

Vaſt Piles of maſſy Rocks:——impos'd a King,
Who ſhould, by certain Meaſures, know to curb,
Or, when commanded, to indulge their Rage.— *Trap.*

Eaſt, Weſt, and North, and South, on either Side,
Oppos'd they lie, and thus the World divide:
As many Winds from theſe four Quarters fly,
And fight, and rattle, thro' the empty Sky.
Rough *Boreas*, from the North bears Froſt and Snows:
And from the Eaſt the ſurly *Eurus* blows:
Wet *Auſter* from the torrid South is thrown:
And pleaſing *Zephyrus* loves the ſetting Sun.—— *Creech.*

Like *Boreas* in his Race, when ruſhing forth,
He ſweeps the Skies, and clears the cloudy North:
The waving Harveſt bends beneath his Blaſt:
The Foreſt ſhakes, the Groves their Honours caſt:
Aloft he flies, and with impetuous Roar,
Purſues the foaming Surges to the Shore.—— *Dryden.*

Now riſing all at once, and unconfin'd,
From ev'ry Quarter roars the ruſhing Wind.
Firſt, from the wide *Atlantic* Ocean's Bed,
Tempeſtuous *Corus* rears his dreadful Head:
Th' obedient Deep his potent Breath controuls,
And, Mountain-high, the foamy Flood he rolls.
Him the North-Eaſt encount'ring fierce defy'd,
And back rebuffeted the yielding Tide.
The curling Surges loud conflicting meet,
Daſh their proud Heads, and bellow as they beat:
While piercing *Boreas* from the *Scythian* Strand
Plows up the Waves, and ſcoops the loweſt Sand.
Nor *Eurus*, then, I ween, was left to dwell,
Nor ſhow'ry *Notus*, in th' *Æolian* Cell:
But each, from ev'ry Side, his Pow'r to boaſt,
Rang'd his proud Forces, to defend his Coaſt.
Equal in Might, alike they ſtrive in vain,
While in the midſt the Seas unmov'd remain.— *Rowe.*

HYEMS. Vide Gelu. Anni Tempora. Annus.

—HYems ignava Colono.
Frigoribus parto agricolæ plerumque fruuntur,
Mutuaque inter ſe læti convivia curant:
Invitat genialis hyems, curáſque reſolvit.
Ceu preſſæ cum jam portum tetigere carinæ,
Puppibus & læti nautæ impoſuere coronas.——
Virg. Geor. Lib. I.

Tunc riget omnis ager, clauſum mare, condita caſtra:
Nec tolerant medias hyemes horrentia ſaxa,
Státque uno natura loco, paulúmque quieſcit.——
Man. Lib. III.

Interea magnum Sol circumvolvitur annum,
Et glacialis hyems Aquilonibus aſperat undas.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. III.

Tunc gruibus pedicas, & retia ponere cervis,
Auritóſque ſequi lepores; tum figere damas,
Stupea torquentem Balearis verbera fundæ:
Cum nix alta jacet, glaciem cum flumina trudunt.——
Georg. Lib. I.

HYEMS SCYTHIÆ.

—QUA Scythiæ gentes,—neque ullæ
Aut herbæ campo apparent, aut arbore frondes:
Sed jacet aggeribus niveis informis, & alto
Terra gelu latè, ſeptémque aſſurgit in ulnas.
Semper hiems, ſemper ſpirantes frigora Cauri.
Tum Sol pallentes haud umquam diſcutit umbras:
Nec cum invectus equis altum petit æthera: nec cum
Præcipitem Oceani rubro lavit æquore currum.
Concreſcunt ſubitæ currenti in flumine cruſtæ:
Undaque jam tergo ferratos ſuſtinet orbes,
Puppibus illa prius patulis, nunc hoſpita plauſtris:

Ferique

WINTER. See Froſt. Seaſons. Year.

STILL ſlothful proves the Winter to the Swain.
'Tis then their Stores the Peaſants oft employ
In mutual Feaſts, and give a looſe to Joy:
The genial Winter all their Minds prepares
To ſprightly Mirth, and buries anxious Cares:
So joy the Sailors, every Danger paſt,
Safe in the Port the Ship, and crown'd the Maſt.— *Anon.*

The Fields unwrought then lie, unplow'd the Seas,
And *Mars* in Quarters, lies conſign'd to Eaſe:
Rocks cleave with Froſts: and by the Cold oppreſt,
All Nature's Powers are ſtiffen'd into Reſt.—— *Creech.*

Mean while the Sun rolls round the circling Year,
And icy Winter, harſh with northern Winds,
Roughens the Sea.———— *Trap.*

————Then is the time to ſet
Springs for Cranes, and Toils for Stags: to hunt
The Hare: and from the *Balearian* ſling,
With twiſted Thong whirl'd round, to ſhoot the Doe:
While Snow lies deep: while heavy Cakes of Ice,
Puſh'd by the Tide, down the dull River float.—— *Id.*

SCYTHIAN WINTER.

IN *Scythia*'s Realms, no Herbage on the Fields,
No Leaves, in Winter, on the Trees are ſeen:
But Froſt, and Ice, and ridgy Heaps of Snow,
Sev'n Ells in Height, deform the Country round.
Eternal Winter reigns, and freezing Winds.
The Sun ne'er diſſipates the hazy Gloom:
Not when his Steeds mount upwards to the Sky,
Nor when He waſhes in the Ocean's Waves,
Red with his Beams, his prone deſcending Car.
The running Streams to ſudden Cruſts congeal:
The Water on it's Surface Iron Wheels
Suſtains: and Carts are driv'n, where Lighters ſail'd.

Braſs

Æráque diſſiliunt vulgo, veſtéſque rigeſcunt
Indutæ, cædúntque ſecuribus humida vina,
Et totæ ſolidam in glaciem vertere lacunæ,
Stiriáque impexis induruit horrida barbis.
Interea toto non ſecius aëre ningit:
Intereunt pecudes: ſtant circumfuſa pruinis
Corpora magna boum: confertóque agmine cervi
Torpent mole novâ, & ſummis vix cornibus exſtant.

Hos non immiſſis canibus, non caſſibus ullis,
Puniceævè agitant pavidos formidine pennæ:
Sed fruſtra oppoſitum trudentes pectore montem
Cominus obtruncant ferro, gravitérque rudentes
Cædunt, & magno læti clamore reportant.

Ipſi in defoſſis ſpecubus ſecura ſub altâ
Otia agunt terra: congeſtáque robora, totáſque
Advolvere focis ulmos, igníque dedere.
Hic noctem ludo ducunt, & pocula læti
Fermento atque acidis imitantur vitea ſorbis.
Talis Hyperboreo ſeptem ſubjecta trioni
Gens eſtræna virûm Riphæo tunditur Euro:
Et pecudum fulvis velantur corpora ſetis.——

Virg. Geor. Lib. III.

Sic mundi pars ima jacet, quam Zona nivalis
Perpetuæque premunt hiemes: non ſidera cœlo
Ulla videt, ſterili non quicquam frigore gignit,
Sed glacie medios ſignorum temperat ignes.——

Lucan. Lib. IV.

VOTUM. Vide MIDAS. PRECES.

ME verò primùm dulces ante omnia Muſæ,
Quarum ſacra fero ingenti perculſus amore,
Accipiant: cœlíque vias & ſidera monſtrent,

Defectus

Braſs ſplits: Their ruſling Garments ſtiffen frore:
With Axes Wine is hewn: To ſolid Glaſs
The ſtanding Puddles in the Dykes are turn'd:
And Icicles hang rigid from their Beards.
Nor leſs, meanwhile, it Snows o'er all the Air:
The Cattle die: The Neat, of bulky Size,
With Froſt ſurrounded ſtand: The Stags in Droves,
Benumb'd beneath th' unuſual Weight, ſcarce raiſe
Their Heads, or with their topmoſt Horns appear.
Theſe the rough Hunters nor with Dogs, nor Toils,
Nor with the Line of crimſon Plumes purſue:
But, as in vain they labour with their Breaſts,
And puſh againſt th' oppoſing Hills of Snow,
Stab them with Swords, or Spears, in cloſer Fight,
Braying aloud: And, with a mighty Shout,
Triumphant, carry off the bleeding Prey.
Themſelves in low ſunk Caverns, under Ground,
Secure, and jovial live: whole Oaks, and Elms,
Roll to the Hearths, and pile them on the Fire:
In Mirth and Jollity protract the Night;
And Beer, and Cyder quaff, inſtead of Wine.
Such is th' unbroken Race of Men, who live
Beneath the Pole: by rough *Riphæan* Blaſts
For ever buffeted: and with the Skins
And tawny Furs of Beaſts their Bodies cloth.— *Trap.*
Such are the Climes beneath the frozen Zone,
Where chearleſs Winter plants her dreary Throne:
No golden Stars their gloomy Heav'ns adorn,
Nor genial Seaſons to their Earth return:
But everlaſting Ice and Snows appear, [*Rowe.*
Chill all the Summer's Fires, and curſe the barren Year.—

WISH. See MIDAS. PRAYERS.

ME may the Muſes, whoſe vow'd Prieſt I am,
Smit with ſtrong Paſſion for their ſacred Song,
Dear above all to me, accept: and teach
The heav'nly Roads, the Motions of the Stars,

The

Defectus ſolis varios, Lunæque labores:
Unde tremor terris: qua vi maria alta tumeſcant
Obicibus ruptis, rurſúſque in ſeipſa reſidant:
Quid tantum Oceano properent ſe tingere Soles
Hyberni: vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obſtet.
Sin, has ne poſſim naturæ accedere partes,
Frigidus obſtiterit circum præcordia ſanguis:
Rura mihi & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem ſylváſque inglorius.———

———O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Siſtat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!——
Virg. Georg. Lib. II.

Omnibus in terris, quæ ſunt à Gadibus uſque
Auroram & Gangem, Pauci dignoſcere poſſunt
Vera bona, atque illis multùm diverſa, remotâ
Erroris nebulâ: quid enim ratione timemus,
Aut cupimus? quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatûs non pœniteat, votíque peracti.— *Juv.* Sat. X.

Quid ſentire putas? quid credis, amice, precari?
Sit mihi, quod nunc eſt, etiam minus: ut mihi vivam
Quod ſupereſt ævi, ſi quid ſupereſſe volunt Dî.
Sit bona librorum, & proviſæ frugis in annum
Copia: neu fluitem dubiæ ſpe pendulus horæ.

Hoc ſatis eſt orare Jovem, qui donat, & aufert:
Det vitam, det opes: æquum mi animum ipſe parabo.—
Hor. Lib. I. Ep. 18.

Fata ſi liceat mihi
Fingere arbitrio meo,
Temperem Zephyro levi
Vela, nè preſſæ gravi
Spiritu antennæ tremant.
Lenis & modicè fluens

Aura,

The Sun's Defects, the Labours of the Moon:
Whence Tremor to the Earth: by what Impulſe
The Sea ſwells high, and ebbing back retires:
Why Suns in Winter haſte ſo ſwift to tinge
Themſelves in Ocean: and what Cauſe retards
The ſluggiſh Nights.——But if the colder Blood
About my Heart forbid me to approach
So near to Nature: may the rural Fields,
And Streams, which murm'ring glide along the Vales,
Delight me: Groves, and Rivers may I love,
Obſcure, inglorious.——————
——————O! in *Hæmus'* Vallies cool
Who places me, and covers me with ſhade
Of thickeſt Trees, embow'ring?—————— *Trap.*

Look round the habitable World, how few
Know their own Good: or knowing it, purſue.
How void of Reaſon are our Hopes and Fears!
What, in the Conduct of our Life, appears
So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun,
But, when we have our Wiſh, we wiſh undone?—*Dryd.*

For what do You imagine that I care?
What think You is the Subject of my Pray'r?
Be my Eſtate juſt what it is, or leſs,
'Twill ſtill be large enough for Happineſs!
And grant I may, if Heav'n more Years will give,
Live to myſelf, the Time I have to live!
Let me have Books, and Food to ſerve a Year,
Leſt I ſhould wav'ring hang 'twixt Hope and Fear!
This, this is all, for which Mankind ſhould pray,
And beg of *JOVE:* who gives, and takes away.
Let him but Life, and mod'rate Plenty find,
And I'll provide my ſelf an happy Mind.—*Creech* alter'd.

My Fortune might I form at Will,
My Canvas, *Zephyrs* ſoft, ſhould fill
With gentle Breath: leſt ruder Gales
Crack the Main-Yard, or burſt the Sails.
By Winds, that temperately blow,
My Barque ſhould paſs ſecure and ſlow:

Nor

Aura, nec vergens latus,
Ducat intrepidam ratem.—— *Sen. Œdip.*

INGENIUM.

QUI pelago credit, magno ſe fœnore tollit;
Qui pugnas & caſtra petit, præcingitur auro;
Vilis Adulator picto jacet ebrius oſtro;
Et qui ſollicitat nuptas, ad præmia peccat:
Sola pruinoſis horret Facundia pannis,
Atque inopi lingua deſertas invocat artes.——
Petron. Arb.

FOEMINA. Vide UXOR.

——VArium & mutabile ſemper
Fœmina.—— *Virg. Æn.* Lib. IV.

Uberibus ſemper Lachrymis, ſempérque paratis
In ſtatione ſuâ, atque expectantibus illam,
Quo jubeat manare modo.—— *Juv.* Sat. VI.

Fœmina nec flammas, nec ſævos excutit arcus:
Parcius hæc video tela nocere viris.
Sæpe viri fallunt, teneræ non ſæpe puellæ:
Paucaque, ſi quæras, crimina fraudis habent.—
Ovid. Art. Am.

Verba puellarum foliis leviora caducis,
Irritaque ut viſum eſt, ventus & aura ferunt.——
Ovid. Am. Lib. II.

——Nihil eſt audacior illis
Deprenſis: iram atque animos á crimine ſumunt.——
Juv. Sat. VI.

Nulla ferè cauſa eſt, in quâ non fœmina litem
Moverit.——

Compor

Nor ſcare me, leaning on her Side,
But ſmoothly cleave the unruffled Tide.— *Addiſon.*

WIT.

THE rolling Sea rewards the Merchant's Pains,
And pays his Confidence with ample Gains:
The Sons of *Mars*, in War and Battles bold,
Return with Plunder rich, and cloth'd in Gold:
The drunken Scoundrel Paraſite can lie
On coſtly Couches, ting'd with purple Dye:
He that debauches other People's Wives,
Receives his pay, and by his Baſeneſs thrives:
Poor Wit alone a Threadbare Garment wears,
And courts thoſe Arts, for which no Mortal Cares.——

WOMAN. See WIFE.

——— A Woman is a Thing
Still various, and uncertain.——
Tears in abundance ever wait her Will,
To be ſqueez'd out, and over-flow her Eyes,
Juſt as Occaſion ſerves.———————
Woman is ſoft and of a tender Heart,
Apt to receive, and to retain Love's Dart:
Man has a Breaſt robuſt, and more ſecure,
It wounds him not ſo deep, nor hits ſo ſure.
Men oft are falſe: and, if You ſearch with Care,
You'll find leſs Fraud imputed to the Fair.—— *Dryden.*
Perfidious Woman naturally deceives,
And all her Speeches are like falling Leaves:
Which when the Winds have from the Branches tore,
About they're blown a-while, and ſeen no more.
There's nothing bolder than a Woman caught:
Guilt gives 'em Courage to maintain their Fault.——
Dryden.
No Cauſe is try'd at the litigious Bar,
But Women Plaintiffs, or Defendants are.

They

Componunt ipſæ per ſe, formántque libellos ;
Principium atque locos Celſo dictare paratæ.—— *Ibid.*

Ut ſpectet ludos, conducit Ogulnia veſtem,
Conducit ſellam :——————
——Argenti ſupereſt quodcunque paterni,
Lævibus Athletis, ac vaſa noviſſima donat.
Multis res anguſta domi eſt : ſed nulla pudorem
Paupertatis habet : nec ſe metitur ad illum,
Quem dedit hæc, poſuítque modum. Tamen utile quid ſit,
Proſpiciunt aliquando viri : frigúſque, famémque,
Formicâ tandem quidam expavêre magiſtrâ.
Prodiga non ſentit pereuntem fœmina cenſum ;
At velut exhauſtâ redivivus pullulet arcâ
Nummus, & è pleno ſemper tollatur acervo,
Non unquam reputat, quanti ſibi gaudia conſtent.— *Ibid.*

————Novi ingenium Mulierum :
Nolint ubi velis, ubi nolis cupiunt ultro.—— *Ter. Eun.*

Forſitan antiquæ Tatio ſub rege Sabinæ
Maluerint, quam ſe, rura paterna coli :
Cum matrona premens altum rubicunda ſedile,
Aſſiduo durum pollice nebat opus.
Ipsáque claudebat, quos filia paverat, agnos :
Ipſa dabat virgas cæsáque ligna foco.
At veſtræ teneras matres peperere puellas ;
Vultis inaurata corpora veſte tegi.
Vultis adornatos poſitu variare capillos :
Conſpicuas gemmis vultis habere manus.
Induitis collo lapides Oriente petitos :
Et quantos onus eſt aure tuliſſe duos.
Nec tamen indignum, ſi vobis cura placendi :
Cum comptos habeant ſecula noſtra viros.——
Ovid. de Med. Faciel.

They form the Proceſs, all the Briefs they write:
The Topicks furniſh, and the Pleas indite:
And teach the toothleſs Lawyer how to bite.—— *Id.*

Poor vain *Ogulnia*, on the Poet's Day,
Will borrow Cloths, and Chair, to ſee the Play:
Will ſpend the laſt Half-Crown of her Eſtate,
And pawn the laſt remaining Piece of Plate.
Some are reduc'd their utmoſt Shifts to try,
But Women have no Shame of Poverty:
Beyond their Stint they live: as if their Store
The more exhauſted would encreaſe the more:
Some Men, inſtructed by the lab'ring Ant,
Provide againſt th' Extremities of Want:
But Womankind, that never knows a Mean,
Down to the Dregs their ſinking Fortunes drain:
Hourly they give, and ſpend, and waſte, and wear,
And think no Pleaſure can be bought too dear.—— *Id.*

I know full well the giddy Mind of Woman:
Would You? They won't: but, if You won't, They will.—

When *Tatius* rul'd the antient *Sabine* Race,
Then rough, and careleſs of a handſome Face,
The Women took more Pains to earn their Bread
At Plow, and Cart, than how to dreſs the Head.
All Day their Taſk the buſy Matrons ply'd,
Or ſpinning ſat, as to their Diſtaffs ty'd.
The Mother then, at Night, would fold the Sheep,
Her little Daughter us'd by Day to keep.
And when at home, would cleave out Logs of Wood,
Or kindle up a Fire to boil their Food.
But You, bright Fair! who're form'd in finer Moulds,
Muſt wrap your Limbs in rich brocaded Folds:
Muſt comb, and curl, and with abundant Care
Turn up, and braid, and place the ſhining Hair.
With Necklaces and Rings, ſet off your Charms,
Hang Pendants in your Ears, and Bracelets on your Arms:
Nor need this Care to pleaſe a Bluſh create, [alter'd.
For Men themſelves have learn'd to Dreſs of late.—*Tate*

MUNDUS.

OMnia mortali mutantur lege creata.
Nec ſe cognoſcunt terræ vertentibus annis
Exutas variam faciem per ſecula gentes.
At manet incolumis mundus, ſuáque omnia ſervat,
Quæ nec longa dies auget, minuítque ſenectus.
Nec motus puncto currit, curſúſque fatigat:
Idem ſemper erit: quoniam ſemper fuit idem.
Non alium videre patres, aliúmve nepotes
Aſpicient; Deus eſt, qui non mutatur in ævo.——
Manil. Lib. I.

CULTUS. Quibus rebus colendi ſuperi.

DIcite, Pontifices, in ſacro quid facit aurum?
Nempe hoc, quod Veneri donatæ à virgine pupæ.

Quin demus id Superis, de magnâ quod dare lance
Non poſſit magni Meſſalæ lippa propago:
Compoſitum jus, fáſque animi, ſanctóſque receſſus
Mentis, & incoctum generoſo pectus honeſto.
Hæc cedò, ut admoveam templis, & farre litabo.——
Perſ. Sat. II.

Non bove mactato cœleſtia Numina gaudent:
Sed, quæ præſtanda eſt & ſine teſte, fide.——
Ovid. Epiſt. Lib. XIX.

Immunis aram ſi tetigit manus,
Non ſumptuoſâ blandior hoſtia,
Mollibit averſos Penates
Farre pio, & ſaliente micâ.——*Hor.* Lib. III. Ode 23.

Rem

WORLD.

ALL mortal Things muſt change. The fruitful Plain,
As Seaſons turn, ſcarce knows herſelf again,
Such various Forms ſhe bears: large Empires too,
Put off their former Face, and take a new:
Yet ſafe the World, and free from Change doth laſt:
No Years encreaſe it, nor can Ages waſte.
It's Courſe it urges on, and keeps it's Frame,
And ſtill will be, for always 'twas the ſame.
Our Fathers ſaw it, juſt as now we ſee,
And to our Children it the ſame ſhall be:
Secure it ſtands from Time's devouring Rage,
For It's a God, unchangeable by Age.—— *Creech* alter'd.

WORSHIP: What ſort acceptable to the Gods.

BUT ſay, ye Prieſts, if I may be ſo bold,
What are the Gods the better for our Gold?
The Wretch that offers from his wealthy Store
Such Preſents, bribes the Pow'rs to give him more:
As Maids to *Venus* offer Baby-Toys,
To bleſs the Marriage-Bed with Girls and Boys.
But let Us for the Gods a Gift prepare,
Which the Great Man's great Fortune cannot bear:
A Soul, where Laws both human and divine,
In Practice more than Speculation ſhine:
A genuine Virtue, of a vig'rous Kind,
Pure in the laſt Receſſes of the Mind.
When with ſuch Off'rings to the Gods I come,
A Cake, thus giv'n, is worth a Hecatomb.—— *Dryden.*

The Blood of Bulls cannot the Gods delight:
But from the Heart performing what is Right,
Juſtice, and Truth, are pleaſing in their Sight.——

The pious Off'ring of a piece of Bread,
If with pure Hands upon the Altar laid,
Than coſtly Hecatombs will better pleaſe
Th' offended Gods, and their juſt Wrath appeaſe.——

Rem ſtruere exoptas cæſo bove, Mercuriúmque
Arceſſis fibrâ. Da fortunare penates,
Da pecus, & gregibus fœtum. Quo, peſſime, pacto,
Tot tibi cum in flammis junicum omenta liquefcant?
Attamen hic extis, & opimo vincere farto
Intendit: jam creſcit ager, jam creſcit ovile,
Jam dabitur, jam jam: donec deceptus, & exſpes
Nequicquam fundo ſuſpiret nummus in imo.——

Perſ. Sat. II.

Caſta placent ſuperis: pura cum veſte venite,
Et manibus puris ſumite fontis aquam.——

Tibul. Lib. II. El. 1.

VULNERA. Vide Prœlium. Duellum. Moriens. Cædes.

——ALmon ſtridente ſagitta
Sternitur: hæſit enim ſub gutture vulnus, & udæ
Vocis iter tenuémque incluſit ſanguine vitam.——

Virg. Æn. Lib. VII.

Pectore in adverſo totum cui cominus enſem
Condidit aſſurgenti, & multa morte recepit.
Purpuream vomit ille animam, & cum ſanguine miſta
Vina refert moriens.———— *Æn.* Lib. IX.

————Haſta volans——
—Venit adverſi in tergum Sulmonis, ibíque
Frangitur, ac fiſſo tranſit præcordia ligno.
Volvitur ille, vomens calidum de pectore flumen
Frigidus, & longis ſingultibus ilia pulſat.—— *Ibid.*

————Hunc primo levis haſta Themillæ
Strinxerat: Ille manum projecto tegmine demens

Ad

Thou hop'ſt with Sacrifice of Oxen ſlain
To compaſs Wealth, and bribe the God of Gain.
Increaſe my Flocks and Herds, Good God, I pray!—
Fool! how can they increaſe, when ev'ry Day,
Thy choiceſt Young are ſacrific'd away?
Yet think'ſt Thou when the fatten'd Flames aſpire,
Thou ſee'ſt the Accompliſhment of thy Deſire.
Now, now, my bearded Harveſt gilds the Plain!
The ſcanty Folds can ſcarce my Sheep contain!
And Show'rs of Gold come pouring in amain!
Thus dreams the Wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
Till his lank Purſe declares his Money gone.— *Dryd.* alt.

The Gods are pure, and Purity require:
Before the Pow'rs in ſpotleſs Garments ſtand,
And ſprinkle Water with unſully'd Hand. ——

WOUNDS. See Battle. Combat. Dying. Slaughter.

——A *LMO* fell
Shot by a ſounding Arrow: For the Wound
Beneath his Wezon ſtuck, and with his Blood
Clos'd up the Paſſage of the humid Voice,
And choak'd the ſlender Life. —— *Trap.*

Full, as he roſe, He bury'd all the Sword
Deep in his Breaſt: and with abundant Death
Receiv'd him: He with guſhing Wine and Gore
Vomits his purple Soul; and dying pours
A blended Flood.——

——The flying Spear
Fixes in *Sulmo*'s Back averſe: and there
The Wood breaks ſhort: the pointed Steel divides
His Lungs, and whizzing paſſes thro' his Breaſt.
Shiv'ring he totters, from his Boſom pours
A reeking Flood, and with long Sobs diſtends
His heaving Entrails.—— *Id.*

Hurt by *Themilla* firſt, but ſlight the Wound,
His Shield thrown by, to mitigate the Smart,
He clap'd his Hand upon the wounded Part:

Ad Vulnus tulit: ergo alis allapſa ſagitta,
Et lævo infixa eſt lateri manus, abditáque intus
Spiramenta animæ letali vulnere rupit.—— *Ibid.*

——Sublatum altè conſurgit in enſem:
Et mediam ferro gemina inter tempora frontem
Dividit, impubéſque immani vulnere malas.
Fit ſonus, ingenti concuſſa eſt pondere tellus:
Collapſos artus atque arma cruenta cerebro
Sternit humi moriens: atque ille partibus æquis
Huc caput atque illuc humero ex utróque pependit. —*Ibid.*

Lyncea tendentem contra, ſocióſque vocantem,
Vibranti gladio connixus ab aggere dexter
Occupat: huic uno dejectum cominus ictu
Cum galea longe jacuit caput.—— *Ibid.*

——Trajecto miſſa lacerto
Protinus haſta fugit, ſervatque cruenta tenorem:
Dextraque ex humero nervis moribunda pependit.——
Æn. Lib. X.

Lucagus ut pronus pendens in verbera telo
Admonuit bijugos, projecto dum pede lævo
Aptat ſe pugnæ: ſubit oras haſta per imas
Fulgentis clypei, tum lævum perforat inguen:
Excuſſus curru moribundus volvitur arvis.——
Æn. Lib. X.

——Pedalirius Alſum
Paſtorem, primâque acie per tela ruentem,
Enſe ſequens nudo ſuperimminet: ille ſecuri
Adverſi frontem mediam mentúmque reducta
Diſjicit, & ſparſo late rigat arma cerebro.
Olli dura quies oculos & ferreus urget
Somnus; in æternum clauduntur lumina noctem.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. XII.

——Murranum hic
Præcipitem ſcopulo atque ingentis turbine ſaxi
, effunditque ſolo: hunc lora & juga ſolvere

Perculit

A feather'd Shaft came ſwift and uneſpy'd,
And pierc'd his Hand, and nail'd it to his Side:
Tranſfix'd his breathing Lungs, and beating Heart:
The Soul came iſſuing out, and hiſs'd againſt the Dart.—*Id.*

Then riſing, on his utmoſt Stretch he ſtood:
And aim'd from high: the full deſcending Blow
Cleaves the broad Front and beardleſs Cheeks in two:
Down ſinks the Warrior with a thund'ring Sound,
His pond'rous Limbs oppreſs the trembling Ground:
Blood, Brains and Foam, guſh from the gaping Wound.
Scalp, Face, and Neck, the cutting Steel divides,
And the ſhar'd Viſage hangs on equal Sides.—— *Dryd.*

Lynceus advancing oppoſite in Arms,
And calling on his Friends, with brandiſh'd Sword
From the high Mound he to the Right, aſſails:
At one full Stroke off flew his gaſping Head,
And, with his Helmet, at a Diſtance lay.—— *Trap.*

——————The Jav'lin flies
Bores his Right Arm, and cuts it's bloody Way:
And from his Shoulder by the ſtringy Nerves
The dying Limb hangs down.———— *Id.*

As *Lucagus* prone, hanging on the Blow,
Goads with a Dart his Horſes, and prepares,
With his Left Foot protended, for the Fight,
Beneath the Border of his ſhining Shield
The Spear takes Place, and pierces his left Groin:
He from his Chariot dying rolls to Earth.—— *Id.*

Now *Podalirius*, with his Sword unſheath'd,
The Shepherd *Alſus*, ruſhing thro' the Darts
In the firſt Rank, purſues, and o'er him him ſtands
Threat'ning aloft: He turning on the Foe,
Full in the middle with his Ax divides
His Forehead and his Chin: and ſmears his Arms
With ſpatter'd Brains all o'er: A deadly Reſt,
And iron Slumber ſeals his heavy Eyes,
And cloſes them in everlaſting Night.—— *Id.*

Æneas with a Rock's enormous Weight,
Driv'n like a Whirlwind, ſtrikes *Murranus* down
Headlong to Earth.————

Pervolvêre rotæ, crebro ſuper ungula pulſu
Incita nec domini memorum proculcat equorum.— *Ibid.*

Obvius ambuſtum torrem Chorinæus ab ara
Corripit, & venienti Ebuſo plagámque ferenti
Occupat os flammis: olli ingens barba reluxit,
Nidorémque ambuſta dedit: ſuper ipſe ſequutus
Cæſariem lævâ turbati corripit hoſtis,
Impreſsóque genu nitens, terræ applicat ipſum,
Sic rigido latus enſe ferit.———— *Ibid.*

Fræna dabat. Dantem non evitabile telum
Conſequitur; ſummáque tremens cervice ſagitta
Hæſit: & exſtabat nudum de gutture ferrum.
Ille, ut erat pronus, per colla admiſſa jubáſque
Volvitur: & calido tellurem ſanguine fœdat.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. VI.

————————Delius illi
Intima fatifero rumpit præcordia ferro.
Quod ſimul eductum, pars eſt pulmonis in hamis
Eruta: cumque anima cruor eſt effuſus in auras.——*Ibid.*

At non intonſum ſimplex Damaſichthona vulnus
Afficit. Ictus erat, quà crus eſſe incipit, & quà
Mollia nervoſus facit internodia poples.
Dúmque manu tentat trahere exitiabile telum,
Altera per jugulum pennis tenus acta ſagitta eſt.
Expulit hanc ſanguis: ſeque ejaculatus in altum
Emicat, & longè terebrata proſilit aura.—— *Ibid.*

————————————Altis
Exſtantem ſignis, multæque in pondere maſſæ,
Ingentem manibus tollit cratera duobus:
Infligítque viro. Rutilum vomit ille cruorem:
Et reſupinus humum moribundo vertice pulſat.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. V.

Hinc

The Wheels beneath the Axle, and the Reins,
Whirl rapid o'er him: and his trampling Steeds
Cruſh him to Mire, unmindful of their Lord.— *Id.*
——————*Ebuſus* ſprings on,
And aims a Blow: Him *Chorinæus* meets,
And daſhes o'er his Face a flaming Brand
Snatch'd from the Altar: his huge buſhy Beard
Blazes, and ſpreads a Stench. The Other cloſe
Urges his ſtartled Foe, and in his Hair
Twiſts his left Hand: and, preſſing with his Knee
His Stomach, nails him proſtrate to the Ground:
And plunges in his Side the rigid Steel.— *Id.*
He fled full ſpeed; but an unerring Dart
O'ertook him, quick diſcharg'd and ſped with Art:
Fix'd in his Neck behind, it trembling ſtood,
And at his Throat came out beſmear'd with Blood.
Prone as his Poſture was, he tumbled o'er
His Courſer's Neck, and bath'd the Ground with ſteaming
Gore.———— *Croxall* alter'd.
——————A thrilling Dart,
By *Phœbus* guided, pierc'd him to the Heart.
This, as they drew it forth, the Midriff tore,
It's barbed Point the fleſhy Fragments bore, [*Crox.*
And let the Soul guſh out in Streams of purple Gore.—
Poor *Damaſichon* by a double Wound,
Beardleſs, and young, lay gaſping on the Ground.
Fix'd in his ſinewy Ham, the ſteely Point,
Struck thro' his Knee, and pierc'd the nervous Joint:
And, as he ſtoop'd to tug the painful Dart,
Another ſtruck him in a vital Part:
Shot thro' his Wezon, by the Wing it hung, [*Id.*
The Life-Blood forc'd it out, and darting upward ſprung.—
——————With both his Hands
A Golden Cup he ſeizes, high emboſs'd,
And at his Head the maſſy Goblet toſs'd:
It hits, and from his Forehead bruis'd rebounds,
And Blood, and Brains, he vomits from his Wounds.
Thund'ring he falls, along the Floor he lies,
And Death for ever ſhuts his ſwimming Eyes.— Mawe.

Huic Chromis amplexo tremulis altaria palmis
Demetit enſe caput, quod protinus incidit aræ:
Atque ibi ſemianimi verba execrantia linguæ
Edidit, & medios animum expiravit in ignes.—— *Ibid.*

——————Tela manu—mittit:
Excipit hæc Juvenis generoſi ſanguinis Argus,
Quà jam non medius deſcendit in ilia venter,
Adjuvítque ſuo procumbens pondere ferrum.——
Lucan. Lib. III.

Terga ſimul pariter miſſis & pectora telis
Tranſigitur: medio concurrit pectore ferrum,
Et ſtetit incertus, flueret quo vulnere, ſanguis,
Donec utráſque ſimul largus cruor expulit haſtas,
Diviſítque animam, ſparſítque in vulnera letum.— *Ibid.*

MISER.

——SUbitò è ſylvis, macie conſecta ſupremâ,
Ignota nova forma viri, miſerandáque cultu,
Procedit, ſuppléxque manus ad litora tendit.

Reſpicimus: dira illuvies, immiſsáque barba,
Conſertum tegmen ſpinis.——————

Iſque ubi Dardanios habitus & Troïa vidit
Arma procul: paulum aſpectu conterritus hæſit,
Continuítque gradum: mox ſeſe ad litora præceps
Cum fletu precibúſque tulit. Per ſidera teſtor,
Per ſuperos, atque hoc cœli ſpirabile lumen:
Tollite me, Teucri: quaſcúmque abducite terras.
Hoc ſat erit.——————

Dixerat: & genua amplexus, genibúſque volutans
Hærebat.—————— *Æn.* Lib. III.

But cloſely round an Altar as he hung,
And there with trembling Arms for ſafety clung,
Fierce *Chromis* lop'd his Head, and lop'd ſo well,
The jointed Head upon the Altar fell:
And gaſping, curs'd among the curling Fires,
And in a ſhining Blaze at laſt expires.—— *Hughes.*

Swift from his Hand the winged Jav'lin flies,
And *Argus* of illuſtrious Lineage wounds:
Deep ſinks the piercing Point, where to the Loins
Above the Naval high the Belly joins:
The ſtagg'ring Youth falls forward on his Fate,
And helps the goring Weapon with his Weight.— *Rowe.*

One Spear transfix'd his Back, and one his Breaſt,
And deadly met within his heaving Cheſt.
Doubtful awhile the Flood was ſeen to ſtay:
At length the ſteely Points at once gave way:
Then fleeting Life a twofold Paſſage found,
And ran divided from each ſtreaming Wound.—— *Id.*

WRETCH.

NOW from the Wood ſhot ſudden forth to View,
A Wretch in Rags, that flutter'd as he flew.
The human Form in meager Hunger loſt!
The ſuppliant Stranger more than half a Ghoſt,
Stretch'd forth his Hands, and pointed to the Coaſt.
We turn'd to view the Sight:——His Veſt was torn,
And all the tatter'd Garb was tagg'd with Thorn.
His Beard hangs long, and Filth the Wretch diſtains,
And ſcarce the Shadow of a Man remains.

Soon as our *Dardan* Dreſs and Arms he view'd,
In Fear ſuſpended for a Space he ſtood:
Stood, ſtop'd, and paus'd:—then ſpringing forth he flies,
All headlong to the Shore with Pray'rs and Cries.
Oh! by this vital Air, the Stars on high,
By ev'ry pitying Pow'r who treads the Sky!
Ye *Trojans* take me hence; I aſk no more:
But bear, Oh! bear me to ſome other Shore.

Then kneel'd the Wretch, and ſuppliant clung around
My Knees with Tears, and grovell'd on the Ground.—*Pitt*

SCRIPTURA.

PHœnices primi (famæ ſi creditur) auſi
Manſuram rudibus vocem ſignare figuris.

Nondum flumineas Memphis contexere biblos
Noverat: & ſaxis tantùm volucréſque, feræque,
Sculptaque ſervabant magicas animalia linguas.——
Lucan. Lib. III.

ANNUS.

QUID? non in ſpecies ſuccedere quatuor annum
Aſpicis ætatis peragentem imitamina noſtræ?

Nam tener, & lactens, puerique ſimillimus ævo
Vere novo eſt. Tunc herba recens, & roboris expers
Turget, & inſolida eſt, & ſpe delectat agreſtem.

Omnia tum florent: florúmque coloribus almus
Ridet ager: neque adhuc virtus in frondibus ulla eſt.

Tranſit in Æſtatem, pòſt Ver, robuſtior annus,
Fítque valens Juvenis: Neque enim robuſtior ætas
Ulla, nec uberior: nec, quæ magis æſtuet ulla eſt.

Excipit Autumnus, poſito fervore juventæ,
Maturus, mitíſque, inter juvenémque ſenémque:
Temperie medius; ſparſis per tempora canis.

Inde ſenilis Hyems tremulo venit horrida paſſu:
Aut ſpoliata ſuos, aut, quos habet, alba capillos.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XV.

WRITING.

PHænicians firſt, if ancient Fame be true,
The wond'rous Art of forming Letters knew:
They firſt eſſay'd, as 'twere by Magic bound,
To picture Speech, and fix the flying Sound:
By uncouth Figures which their Fancy wrought,
Colour and Body gave to Voice and Thought.
Then *Memphis*, e'er the ready Leaf was known,
Engrav'd her Precepts and her Arts on Stone:
With Birds and Beaſts, in various Order plac'd,
The learned Hieroglyphick Column grac'd.— *Rowe* alt.

YEAR.

PErceiv'ſt thou not the Proceſs of the Year,
How the four Seaſons in four Forms appear,
Reſembling human Life in ev'ry Shape they wear?
Spring firſt, like Infancy, ſhoots out her Head,
With milky Juice requiring to be fed:
Helpleſs, tho' freſh: and wanting to be led.
The green Stem grows in Stature and in Size,
But only feeds with Hope the Farmer's Eyes.
Then laughs the childiſh Year, with Flow'rets crown'd,
And laviſhly perfumes the Fields around:
But no ſubſtantial Nouriſhment receives,
Infirm the Stalks, unſolid are the Leaves.
Proceeding onwards, whence the Year began,
The Summer grows adult, and ripens into Man:
This Seaſon, as in Men, is moſt replete
With kindly Moiſture and prolific Heat.
Autumn ſucceeds: a ſober, tepid Age,
Not froze with Fear, nor boiling into Rage:
More than mature, and tending to Decay,
When our brown Locks begin to mix with Grey.
Then aged Winter comes with trembling Pace,
Depriv'd of Strength, deſpoil'd of ev'ry Grace,
And bald, or white as Snow, concludes the Race.—Dryd. alt.

ZEPHYR

ZEPHYRUS. Vide VENTI.

ZEphyrus——novo mordaces ſoſſare penna
Concuit, & glebas fœcundo rore maritat:
Quaque volat, veſtris æquatur rubor: omnis in herbas
Turget humus, mediſque patent convexa ſereno.
Sanguineo ſplendere rotæ, vaccinia nigro
Imbuit, & dulci violas ferrugine pingit.

Purpura quæ tantis variantur cingula gemmis
Regales vinctura ſinus? quæ vellera tantum
Dignes Aſſyrii ſtamnis fucentur achi?
Non tales volaret pandit Junonius alas:
Nec ſic innumeros arcus ornantur colores
Inclpiens tenuatur hyems.——

Claud. Rapt. Pro.

ZONÆ. Vide ACUPICTURA.

QUinque tenent cœlum Zonæ. Quarum una coruſco
Semper Sole rubens, & torrida ſemper ab igni:
Quam circum extremæ dextra ſiniſtraque trahuntur,
Cærulei glacie concretæ atque imbribus atris.
His inter mediamque, duæ mortalibus ægris
Munere conceſſæ Divûm & via ſecta per ambas,
Obliquus qua ſe ſignorum verteret ordo.——

Virg. Georg. I.

Utque duæ dextra cœlum, totidemque ſiniſtra
Parte ſecant Zonæ, quarum eſt ardentior illis:
Sic oras includunt æquoris dilabitur eadem
Cura Dei: totidemque plagæ tellure premuntur.
Quarum quæ media eſt, non eſt habitabilis æſtu:
Nix tegit alta duas: totidem inter ſuſque locavit,

Temperiem

ZEPHYR. See WINDS.

HIS balmy Wings auſpicious *Zephyr* ſhakes,
The trickling Dew a joyous Seaſon makes:
Where-e'er he flies appears the vernal Dye:
The Ground is green, and ſmiles the cheerful Sky.
With crimſon Grace he paints the bluſhing Roſe,
He on the darker Hyacinth beſtows
A ſhaded Splendor, and with Purple bright
Makes the ſweet ſcented Violet delight.
Not ſo, with Gems enchas'd, around the Loins
Of *Parthian* Kings the glitt'ring Girdle ſhines.
What Fleece, that with *Aſſyrian* Tincture glows,
Such rich Variety of Beauty ſhows?
Not *Juno*'s Bird, the Glory of the Skies,
Proud of his Tail diverſify'd with Eyes,
Diſplays ſuch Colours in his curious Train,
Nor the bright changeful Bow, that circles round the Rain.

ZONES. See EMBROIDERY.

FIVE Zones the Heav'ns infold: with conſtant Sun
Still red, ſtill ſcorch'd in torrid Heat the One:
Round This, on either Hand, wind diſtant Coaſts,
Regions of Storm, and everlaſting Froſts.
Betwixt the Firſt, and Theſe, by bounteous Heav'n
To feeble Mortals Two are kindly giv'n:
A-croſs them both a Path oblique inclines,
Where in ſucceſſive Order turn the Signs.——
And, as two equal Zones on either Side,
On Right, and Left, the meaſur'd Heav'n's divide,
While the Fifth rages with intenſer Heat;
So Lines alike this earthly Ball compleat.
The Sun with Rays directly darting down,
Inhabitable makes the Middle Zone:
On Two, eternal Hills of Snow are ſeen:
And Two, indulgent Heav'n has plac'd between:

Whoſe

Temperiemque dedit, miſtâ cum frigore flammâ.——
Ovid. Met. Lib.

——Circumfuſo conſiſtit in aëre tellus,
Et quinque in partes toto diſponitur orbe;
Atque duæ gelido vaſtantur frigore ſemper.

Illic & denſa tellus abſconditur umbra,
Et nulla incepto perlabitur unda liquore,
Sed durata riget denſam in glaciémque, nivémque,
Quippe ubi non unquam Titan ſuperegerit ortus.

At media eſt Phœbi ſemper ſubjecta calori,
Seu proprior terris æſtivum fertur in orbem,
Seu celer hibernas properat decurrere luces.
Non ergo preſſo tellus conſurgit aratro,
Nec frugem ſegetes præbent, nec pabula terræ,
Non illic colit arva Deus, Bacchùſve, Cerèſve,
Nulla nec exuſtas habitant animalia partes.

Fertilis hanc inter poſita eſt, intérque rigentes,
Noſtráque & huic adverſa ſolo pars altera noſtro,
Quas ſimilis utrinque tenens vicinia cœli
Temperat, alter & alterius vires necat aër:
Hinc placidus nobis per tempora vertitur annus.
Hic & colla jugo didicit ſubmittere taurus;
Et lenta excelſos vitis conſcendere ramos;
Tondetúrque ſeges maturos annua partus;
Et ferro tellus, pontus confinditur ære.
Quinetiam ſtructis exſurgunt oppida muris.——
Tibul. Lib. IV. El. 1.

FINIS.

Whoſe Climes a due proportion'd Mixture hold,
Temper'd with equal Parts of Heat and Cold.——
The ambient Air does this our Earth ſurround,
And five Diviſions on its Orb are found:
Two Parts thereof in cheerleſs Regions lye,
Where Froſt and Cold eternal fills the Sky:
There ſullen Night ſits brooding o'er the Ground,
And all with Darkneſs are invelop'd round.
No living Waters there the Lands divide,
No gentle Streams in mazy Wand'rings glide;
But everlaſting Ice the Floods conſtrains,
And Drifts of Snow o'erſpread the dreary Plains:
There never did the Sun diffuſe a Ray,
Or give the chearful Promiſe of a Day.
The middle Regions feel the ſcorching Sun,
Whether he nearer brings our Summer on,
Or when he does a ſwifter Courſe diſplay,
And in ſhort Circles wheels the wintry Day.
There then the Plough can never be in Uſe,
No Corn the Fields, nor Herbs the Lands produce:
No God, indulgent, makes the Fields his Care,
Bacchus and *Ceres* never viſit there.
No Cattle there can graze the parch'd-up Ground,
There nothing that poſſeſſes Life is found.
Between the freezing Cold, and ſcorching Heat,
Our temp'rate Zone is plac'd, a happy Seat!
To this oppos'd a fellow Climate lies;
Happy alike the Temper of its Skies.
Here, firſt, the ſtubborn Steer to Toil was broke,
And Oxen bent their Necks beneath the Yoke:
Here Vines were taught to climb the neighb'ring Trees,
And annual Harveſts gave a large Increaſe.
Here firſt the Soil receiv'd the iron Plough,
Here firſt the Ocean felt the brazen Prow:
Here well-built Towns, and mighty Cities riſe,
With ſtately Walls, and Tow'rs that brave the Skies.——
Dart alter'd.

FINIS.

INDEX.

N. B. The General Heads are diſtinguiſhed by being printed in Capitals, the Pages where they ſtand by [ ].

A.

ABSENCE, [Page 1]
Achilles, 493
ADVICE, [7] 429. Vol. II. 83, 171, 283
——— to a Prince, [11]
Adrian, (his dying Reflections) Vol. II. [383]
Adultery, when introduced, 151
Ægeon, 459
Æneas, 109
——— his Combat with *Mezentius*, 167
——— with *Turnus*, 173
——— his Compaſſion, 181
Æolus, Vol II. 517
Æſon, (his Youth reſtored by *Medea's* magic Power.) 303
Ætna, [15]
AFFECTION (Filial,) [17,] 367
——— (Conjugal,) [19,] 193, 445. Vol. II. 195
——— (Paternal,) 253, 443. Vol. II. 123, 191
AGES of the World (four,) [21]
——Golden,[21,]277. Vol.II. 211
——Silver, [27]
——Brazen, [29]
——Iron, *Ibid.*
——Golden reſtor'd, [31]
AGES of Man characteriz'd, [33]
—— of ſeveral Creatures, [35]
AGRICULTURE, Ibid.
Ajax (kills himſelf,) Vol. II. 409
ALARM, [39,] 389, 391. Vol. II. 359
Alcides (Sacrifice to him,) Vol. II. 321
Alecto, 389, 409. Vol. II. 503
Alexander (his Ambition,) 57
——— his Saying to *Diogenes*, Vol. II. 91
——— his Tomb, Vol II. 443
ALPS, [41.] Vol. II 121
AMAZEMENT, [43]
AMAZON, *Ibid.*
AMBASSADOR, [47]
AMBITION, [53.] 353. Vol. II. 7, 443
AMBUSH, [61]
Ammon (Jupiter,) 551
Ancæus (killed by a Boar,) 517
ANGER, [63,] 67. Vol. II. 289, 485
Ant, 535. Vol. II. 11
ANTIQUITY, [65.] Vol. II. 395
APPEAL to the Gods, [67]
APOLLO, [69,] 109
——— his Oracle, Vol. II. 123
ARCHERY, [71]
Argo, (the Ship) Vol. II. 137
ARMS, [73,] 103, 489, 493. Vol. II. 309, 535
ARMY, [75.] 99
——— marching, 77
ARROW, [77,] 387, 515. Vol. II. 533
——— Cupid's, [79]
Aſtrologer, 381
Atalanta, 515, 519
——— running, 10

INDEX.

[79]
[81]
ifu!,) 111
,[83.] Vol II. 21, 103
ion of *Hercules*,) 491
Vol II. 117
S, [87]
[89] Vol. II. 333

B.

NALS, [89]
IUS, [91.] Vol. II. 181
[93.] 97, 431, 507
[97.] Vol. II. 15, 339
ration for it, 101
Philemon entertain *Jupiter Mercury*, 499. Vol. II. 85
[105]
g, 106
ower, [107]
UL, [109]
113.] Vol. II. 11, 283
attles, 115
[117]
good,) 265. Vol. II. 83
AY. [119]
G, [121.] Vol. II. 343
G, [123]
,) 513
ter of,) 33
, [125,] 539
Vol. II. 519
[125]
[131,] 55. Vol. II. 113
Vol. II. 73
Vol. II 289
g, [131]
Dead, 407

C.

is Generosity) 167
45
ier Education, 43
ying, 273
Enchantress, 305
455
69, [133]
[135.] Vol. II. 89
aracter) Vol. II. 201

—— his Behaviour in the Army, 417
—— his Opinion of Oracles, Vol. II. 177
Cephalus and *Procris*, 523. Vol. II. 85
Cerberus, 289, 477, 487
CERES, 35, [135]
Cestus, (Gauntlet to box with) 127
Challenge, 125, 171
CHANCE, [139]
CHANGE, *Ibid.*
CHAOS, [143]
CHARIOTEER, [145]
Chariot of the Sun, Vol. II. 415
——, thrown from, 145
Charity, 117
CHARM, [147,] 303, 157
Charon, (Ferryman of Hell,) 477. Vol. II. 81
Chloreus, 493
CHASTITY, [149]
—— Who chaste, 151
CIRCE, [153]
—— her Palace, *Ibid.*
CIRCLE, [159]
CITY (founded,) *Ibid.*
—— taken, [161.] Vol. II. 359
Citron, Vol. II. 453
CLEMENCY, [167]
Cleopatra, (the Force of her Beauty) 107, 269
Codrus, Vol. II. 267
COMBAT, [167]
COMETS, [179]
COMPASSION, [181,] 507
COMPETENCY, [183,] 195
COMPLAISANCE, [185]
CONCORD, [187]
Confusion, 43
CONSCIENCE, (Evil) [187,] 451
—— Good, [189]
CONSOLATION, [191]
CONSTANCY, [193]
CONTENT, 189, [195]
COTTAGE, [197,] 499
Council of the Gods, 437, 549
COUNTENANCE, [199]
COUNTRY LIFE, [199] Vol. II. 207
Courts, Vol. II. 5, 93

INDEX.

COURTSHIP, 185, [203,] 363
COW, [211]
CREATION, 145, [211.] Vol. II. 281
CRUELTY, [215.] Vol. II, 449
CUCKOLD, [219]
CYCLOPS, [221,] 455,
Cyllarus and *Hylonome*, Vol. II. 39

D.

D *Aphne*, (fond of a ſingle Life) Vol. II. 467
Dares, 125
DARING, [221]
DARKNESS, [223]
DEATH, [223]
—— to be remembred, [229]
—— againſt the Fear of, [229,] 271
Dead raiſed by Magic, 311
DEGENERACY, [235]
Deiphobus, (his mangled Ghoſt) 427
——betrayed and ſlain, Vol. II. 445
DELAY, [237.] Vol. II. 439
Delphic Oracle, Vol. II. 173
DELUGE, [237.] Vol. II. 143
Democritus, 233
DESOLATION, [239]
DESPAIR, [241,] 251. Vol. II. 49, 407
Deſtruction, 165
DETRACTION, [243,] 349
DIANA, [245.] Vol. II. 67
Dido, Vol. II. 67, 289
—— her furious Love, Vol. II. 47
—— her Death, Vol. II. 407
——her Ghoſt in the Elyſian Fields, 425
DIFFICULTY, [247.] Vol. II. 9
Diræ, 409
DISCONTENT, [247.] Vol. II. 217
DISCORD, [249,] 387
Diſeaſes, Vol. II. 223
DISSIMULATION, [251]
DISSOLUTION of all Things, 32, 227, [253]
DISSWASION, [253.] Vol. II. 299
Diſtraction, 411, 413
DOGS, [257]
Dog-Star, Vol. II. 419
DOUBT, 215, [257.] Vol. II. 21, 109
DREAMS, [259]
DRESS, 45, 109, [265.] Vol. II. 529
Drinking Healths, 507
DRUIDS, [269]
Duel, 167
DYING, 171, 179, [271,] 395. Vol. II. 299

E.

E AGLE, [275.] Vol. II. 57
EARTH, 23, [277]
EDUCATION, [279,] 323
—— rigid, [281]
—— warlike, 43
EFFEMINACY, [283]
Egypt, (its Superſtitions) Vol. II. 317
ELEMENTS, 213, [283]
ELOQUENCE, [285]
ELYSIAN FIELDS, [287]
EMBRACE, [293]
EMBROIDERY, [295.] Vol II. 499
Enceladus, 15
ENCHANTRESS, [297.] 305
END (purpoſe of Life,) [315]
Enemy, (generous) 167, 181
Ennius, Vol. II. 255
Entellus, 127
Eutrapalus, (his Way to ruin thoſe he hated) Vol. II. 63
ENVY, [315]
Epicurus, 233
—— his Opinion of the Gods, 435, 555. Vol. II. 283
EQUINOX, 39, 89, [319]
EQUINOCTIAL *Line*, [317]
Erichtho the Sorcereſs, 305. Vol II. 65
—— raiſes a dead Body, 311
Eriſichthon, (his inſatiate Hunger) 509
Ether, 213
Evander, 43
EVENING, 299

INDEX.

Evil Eyes, (to prevent) Vol. II. 421
Euryalus, (dying) 395
Eurydice, (her Ghoſt) 427
EXAMPLE, [321]
—— of a Prince, 13
EXHORTATION, [325.] Vol. II. 409
EXPERIENCE, 7, [329]
Exploſion, 15, 17
EXTRAVAGANCE, [331]

F.

FAME, [335]
FAMINE, [337]
FANTOM, [339,] 425
Farmer, 199. Vol. II. 207
Father, Vol. II. 187
—— ſevere, Vol. II. 341
FATE, [341.] Vol II. 261
Fates, 347
FAULTS, [347.] Vol. II. 335
Faunus, (Oracle of) Vol. II. 171
Favonius, Vol. II. 387
FEAR, [349,] 399. Vol. II. 187, 217, 425
FIDELITY, [353]
—— conjugal, 193, [353]
FIRE, 43, 161, [355.] Vol. II. 365
—— Ships on Fire, 357
FIRMNESS, [359,] 377
FLATTERY, 359. Vol. II. 369
FLIGHT, 103, 173, [365]
—— pretended, 63
—— ſecret, [369]
FLOOD, 239, [369]
FONDNESS, 205, [273.] Vol. II. 37, 41, 195, 225
FOREKNOWLEDGE, [373]
FORTITUDE, 133, [375.] Vol. II. 449
FORTUNE, 377
—— changeable, 343, 381. Vol. II. 279
FORTUNE-TELLING, 375, [381]
FOUNTAIN, [385,] 449
FRAY, 387
FRIENDSHIP, [391.] Vol. II. 287
—— Rules to preſerve it, 397
FRIGHT, 43, 165, [397]
FROST, 399. Vol. II. 521
FUNERALS, [401.] Vol. II. 77.
——— of the Slain, [405]
——— Proceſſion. 403
FURIES, 289, [409,] 481, 489. Vol. II. 441

G.

GAIN, [413,] 529. Vol. II. 189
Galatea, [413,] 541
GAMING, [415]
Gates of Hell, 291, 485
——— of Sleep, 263
GENERAL, [417]
GHOST, [421,] 477. Vol. II. 473
Gifts, 51, 53. Vol. II. 129
GLORY, [429]
GLUTTONY, 333, [429.] Vol. II. 57, 135
GOATS, [431]
GOD, [433,] 533. Vol. II. 179, 281
—— proved, 139
—— Supreme, (*Jupiter*) 549
GODS, (Council of) [437]
—— whence their Worſhip roſe, Vol. II. 421
Gold, Vol. II. 109, 111
——— firſt dug, 29
——— its Miſchiefs, 85, 87
Golden Age, 21, 277. Vol. II. 211
——— reſtored, 31
GOOD and EVIL mixt, [439]
Good-Nature (preferable to Beauty) 107
GREATNESS, [439.] Vol. II. 5
——— unſtable, 57
GRIEF, 423, [443.] Vol. II. 123, 193
GROTTO, [449]
GUILT, 185, [451]
GYANTS War, [453] [459] Hann

INDEX.

H

I

N

O

P

R

S

T

INDEX.

Lake, 385
LAMENTATION, Vol. II. [11,] 127, 407
LANDING (oppos'd,) Vol. II. [13]
LAVINIA, Vol. II. 127, 279
Lausus (defending his Father,) 19
LAWS, Vol. II. [17]
——Suit at Law, *Ibid.*
——how beſt enforc'd, 13
Leander, 31
LIBERTY, Vol. II. [19,] 371
LIFE, 233, 439. Vol. II. [23,] 541
LION, 169. Vol. II. [27,] 291, 303
Liſtning, 41
LOOKS, Vol. II. [29]
LOVE, 453. Vol II. [29,] 45, 463
——mutual, Vol II. [35]
——falling in, Vol. II. [33]
——the beſt Security to a Prince, 13
LOVER, 207. Vol. II. [41]
——deſperate, Vol. II. [49]
——'s Leap, Vol. II. [53]
Loyalty, 115
Lucifer, 111. Vol. II. 117
LUST, Vol. II. [55]
LUXURY, 95. Vol. II. [57,] 161, 481

M.

MAdneſs, 411, 413
MAGIC POWER, 155, 157, 301, 311. Vol. II. [63]
——Bowl, 155
——Rites, 299, 301, 305
MAID (marriageable,) Vol. II. [67]
MAJESTY, Vol. II. *Ibid.*
MAN, Vol. II. [69]
——Upright, Vol. II. [73]
MANES, Vol. II. [77]
Manhood, (Character of) 33
Mankind (Firſt of) 23
MANNERS, Vol. II. [83]
MARRIAGE, Vol. II. [83] 499
——Rites, Vol. II. 503
Marius (*his painful Death*) 217
Mars, Vol. II. 273, 489
Marſyas, (flayed by *Apollo*) Vol. II. 461
Mean, 431
Medea, Vol. II. 45
—— her Enchantments, 299. Vol. II. 63
MEDIOCRITY, Vol. II. [85,] 207
Meleager, 517
MERCURY, Vol. II. [95]
METALS, Vol. II. [99]
Mezentius, (his Bulk) 167
——his Tyranny, Vol II. 455
——his Combat with *Æneas*, 167
——his Impiety, 169
MIDAS, Vol. II. [103]
MILKY WAY, Vol II. [105]
MINERVA, Vol. II. [107,] 205
Minos, (his Office) 479
MISER, 85. Vol. II. 103, [109]
Mob, (Rage of) 57, 285
Moly, 155
MONEY, 131. Vol. II. [111]
MOON, Vol. II. [115]
——Signs of the Weather therefrom, Vol. II. 495
MORNING, Vol. II [115]
Morpheus, 261
Morrow, 237
MOUNTAIN, Vol. II. [121]
MOURNING (for the Dead,) Vol. II. [123]
——Public, Vol. II. [125]
Mouſe (City and Country) Vol. II. 87
MUNIFICENCE, Vol. II. [129,] 309
Murrain, Vol. II. 239, 345
Myrrha, 259

N.

NArciſſus, Vol. II. 277
NATIONS (different) 75, 95. Vol. II. [131]
NATURE (content with little) Vol. II. [133]
NAVIGATION, Vol. II. [137,] 327, 405.
NEPTUNE, Vol. II. [141]
Neſtor, Vol. II. 16

INDEX.

Net, (*Vulcan*'s to entrap *Venus* and *Mars*) 219
NIGHT, 257, 299. Vol. II. [145]
Nisus and *Euryalus*, (their Friendship) 393. Vol. II 287
NOBILITY, Vol. II. [147]
Noise, 177, 457. Vol. II. 347, 353, 359, 361
NOON, Vol. II. [155]
Numerous, 75, 469, 477. Vol. II. 7, 33, 79, 393

O.

OATH, Vol. II. [157,] 215
OBEDIENCE, Vol. II. [159]
OBSTINACY, 7. Vol. II. [159] 221
OECONOMY, Vol. II. [161]
OEdipus, (tormented in Mind) 453
——— curses his Sons, 527
OLD AGE, (Character of) 33
——— Miseries of, Vol. II. [161]
OMENS, 179 Vol. II. [165,] 259
Opidius, (his Will) Vol. II. 187
Opimius (the Miser,) Vol. II. 111
OPPORTUNITY, 237. Vol. II. [169,] 439
OPPRESSION, Vol. II. 171
ORACLES, Vol. II. [171,] 353
——— of *Faunus*, Ibid.
——— of *Apollo*, Vol. II. 173 355
ORION, 167, 537. Vol. II. [181,] 229
Ornitus, 493
Orpheus (lamenting *Eurydice*,) 19
——— Effect of his Music, 469. Vol. II. 251
——— his Fate, 21
OSYRIS, Vol. II. [181]
Ovid, (his Boast) 123

P.

PALACE, 95. Vol. II. [183]
——— of *Fame*, 335
——— of *Picus*, Vol. II 183
——— of *Ceres*, Ibid.
——— of *Rome*, Vol. II. 185
——— of *Sleep*, Vol. II. 373
——— of the *Sun*, Vol. II. 413
Palatine (Palace at *Rome*,) Vol. II. 185
Palinurus, Vol. II. 229
Pallas, (*Minerva* and *Arachne*) 7
Pallas (his Beauty) 111, 491
——— his Combat with *Turnus*, 169
——— his Death, 171
——— his Funeral, 403
PANIC, 351. Vol. II. [185]
PARENTS, Vol. II. [187]
Parthians, Vol. II. 133
PARTING, Vol. II. [191]
PATRIOT, Vol. II. [201]
PASSIONS, Vol. II. [197]
——— struggling, 215, 257. Vol. II. 21, 199
PATIENCE, Vol. II. [201]
PEACE, Vol. II. [203]
Peacock's fine Tail, Vol. II. 543
PEASANT, Vol. II. [207]
Pedigree, Vol. II. 149
Penthesilia, 43
PEOPLE (first,) Vol. II. [211,] 529
PERJURY, Vol. II. [213]
Phaeton (in a Fright,) 43. Vol. II. 297
Philomela, (her Beauty) 109
——— her Sufferings, 215
PHILOSOPHY, Vol II. [215]
Phœbus (or the Sun) Vol. II. 415
PHYSICIAN and PATIENT, Vol II [221]
Picus, (turn'd into a *Woodpecker* by *Circe*) 157
PIETY, Vol. II. [223]
Pigmalion (kills *Sichæus*,) 423
PILOT, 367. Vol. II. [227,] 327
PLACE (pleasant,) 5. Vol. II. [233]
———(barren,) Vol. II. 121, [231]
PLAGUE, Vol II. [235]
PLANETS, (their Influence) Vol. II. [245]
PLEASURE, Vol. II. [247]
PLUNDER, Vol. II. *Ibid.*
POETASTER, Vol. II. [249]
POETRY, Vol. II. [251]
POETS, Vol. II. [255]
POLICY (of State,) Vol. II. [259]
Polyphemus, 455
——— blinded, Ibid.
——— Address to Galatea, 41

Pow

INDEX.

y, (his Battle with *Cæsar*) 99
—his great Mind. 105
—his Flight, 367, 369
— betray'd and murder'd, Vol. II. 447
JLARITY, Vol. II. [261] 471
TENTS, 165, 179. Vol. II. [261]
TION, Vol. II. [265]
us (his State Maxims) Vol. II. 259
ERTY, Vol. II. [267]
SON, Vol. II. [269]
ISE, Vol. II. *Ibid.*
—— how to be regulated, 9
YERS, 69, 197, 443. Vol. II. 191, [271]
pts, Vol. II. 465
stination, 343, 375
nts, 209
SUMPTION, Vol II. [275]
esis of *Apollo*, (how agitated) Vol. II. 173, 355
DE, 23. Vol. II. [275]
NCE [adviſed,] [11]
— his Failings always known, 13
— the Force of his Example, *Ibid.*
CESSION, Vol. II. 69, [277]
—— funeral, 403
—— *Prætor's*, 439
—— Religious, Vol. II. 277
SPERITY, Vol. II. [779]
VIDENCE, Vol. II. [281]
—— vindicated, 555
hments (in Hell,) 483, 489
GATION (of Souls,) Vol. II. [283]
MALION and the STATUE, Vol. II. [223]
les and *Oreſtes*, (their Contention) 391
nus and *Thiſbe*, Vol. II. 35
us, (his Fury) 165
goras (his Opinion of God,) 433

R.

E, Vol. II. [287]
—*of Ships*, Vol. II. [345]
Vol. II. [289,] 485
RAIN, Vol. II. [291]
—— Signs of, Vol. II. 493
Rainbow, 543. Vol. II. 543
RAPIDITY, Vol. II. [293]
REASON, Vol. II. [293]
Reading, 9
Religion (adviſed,) 7
REPENTANCE, Vol. II. 171, [295]
REPROACH, Vol. II. [297,] 477
REQUEST (dying,) Vol. II. [299]
RETIREMENT, 203. Vol II. [301]
RETREAT, Vol. II. 303, 365
REVENGE, Vol. II [305]
REVOLUTION, Vol. II. 281, [307]
REWARDS, Vol. II. [307]
Rhadamanthus, 291, 481
RITES (religious,) 67, 71, 91, 93, 137, 401, 407, 509. Vol. II. 77, 225, [311,] 319, 325
RIVER, (paſſing over) Vol. II. [315]
Rock, 359. Vol. II. 407
—— falling, Vol. II. 363
ROSE, Vol. II. [317]
ROUT, 103. Vol. II. [317]
Ruins, 241
Rumour, 351

S.

SACRIFICE, Vol. II. 79, [319,] 533
—— to the infernal Powers, Vol. II. [325]
SAILING, Vol. II. 139, 229, [325,] 345
Salmoneus, (his Impiety and Puniſhment,) 483
Saturn (poliſh'd Mankind,) 25
—— the Happineſs of his Reign, 25, 149
SATYR, Vol. II. [329]
Scorpion, Vol. II. 181
SCYLLA and CHARIBDIS, Vol. II. [329]
Scylla (betrays her Father, cuts off his purple Hair, and flies to the Enemy) Vol. II. 451
SCYTHIAN WINTER, Vol. II. [121]

INDEX.

SEA, Vol. II. [331]
SEA-FIGHT, Vol. II. *Ibid.*
SEASONS, Vol. II. 333
SECRETS, 9. Vol. II. [335]
SEIGE, 163. Vol. II. [357]
Sejanus, 57
Septimius and *Acme*, Vol. II. 37
SERPENTS, Vol. II. [337]
—— the Nature of their Poiſon, 419
Servants, Vol. II. 337
SEVERITY, Vol. II, [341]
SHAME, 451. Vol. II. [343]
—— faced, 121
SHEEP, Vol. II. [343]
Ship (diſappearing by Degrees) Vol. II. 193
SHIP-RACE, Vol. II. [345]
SHIPWRECK, Vol. II [399]
SHOUT, 175, 517, 541. Vol. II. 347, [353,] 359
SIBYL, Vol. II. [353]
—— her long Life, Vol. II. 357
Sicily, 15
Signal (for Battle,) 101, 173
SIGNS of the ZODIAC, 319. Vol. II. [365]
—— under what divine Powers, Vol. II. 367
—— their Influence, *ibid.*
SILENCE, Vol. II, [369]
Siſyphus, 53
SLAUGHTER, 99. Vol. II. 333, 363, [371,] 483, 487
SLAVERY, Vol. II. [369]
SLEEP, 233. Vol. II. [373]
—— God of, Vol. II. [375]
—— Gate of, 263
SLING, Vol. II. 97, [375]
SLOTH, Vol. II. [377]
SMALLNESS, Vol. II. [378]
Snow (melting on the Mountains,) 374
SOCIETY, Vol. II. 213, [379]
SOLSTICE, Vol. II. [379]
SOUL, 235, 271, 293. Vol. II. 81, 285, [381]
—— of the Univerſe, 433. Vol. II. 175, 285
SPEECH, Vol. II. [385]
Spoils, 171
SPRING, 37. Vol. II. 333, [385]
Stag, 387. Vol. II. 371
STAGE, Vol. II. [389]
STARS, Vol. II. 281, [391]
Statue, (*Pygmalion*'s) Vol. II. 223
STILE, Vol. II. [251]
Stone (thrown,) 177
STORM (at Land,) Vol. II. [397]
—— at Sea, 353. Vol II. 139, [399]
Suffenus, Vol. II. 251
SUICIDE, 271, 243. Vol. II. 41, 51, [407]
SUMMER, Vol. II. 333, [411]
SUN, Vol. II. [413]
—— Palace of, *ibid.*
—— Chariot of, Vol. II. [415]
—— Horſes of, *ibid.*
—— Signs of the Weather therefrom, Vol. II. 497
SUPERSTITION, Vol. II. [417]
—— Examples of it, Vol. II. 421
Surprize, 161
Swiftneſs, 45, 365. Vol. II. 293, 351
SWIMMING, Vol. II. [423]
SWOONING, 523. Vol. II. 197, [423]

T.

Tantalus, 87. Vol. II 109
Tears, 209, 449
TEMPERANCE, Vol. II. [425]
TEMPEST, 351. Vol. II. 291, 397, [425]
Tereus and *Philomela*, Vol. II. 55
THANKS, Vol. II. [427]
Theſpis, (the Inventor of Tragedy) Vol. II. 389
THIRST, 119, 419. Vol. II. [429]
THUNDER and LIGHTNING, Vol. II. [433]
—— Its Compoſition, 221
TIDES, Vol. II. 115, [435]
Tillage, 15

INDEX.

Vol. II. [435]
ll Things, Vol. II. [437]
d, 327. Vol. II. 23, 171, [437]
, 481. Vol. II. [441]
481, 459
nishment,) 183
Vol. II. [443]
by Boys,) 411
reby most glorious,) 429
RY, 423. Vol. II. [445,] 507
133, 485. Vol. II. 445, [451]
469. Vol. II. [451]
pagated, *ibid.*
fferent Uses, Vol. II. 455
Vol. II. 143
55. Vol. II. [455]
by the *Greeks*,) 161
ns, 241
389
Beauty,) 489
nbat with *Pallas*, 169
Æneas, 173
ath, 179
461
the Gods to Flight,) 459
13, 487. Vol. II. [455]

V.

l, Vol. II. [457]
TY, Vol. II. [459]
he Miser,) 109
179
ine, 483, 509. Vol. II. 53, [461,] 513
Vol. II. [461]
racing *Vulcan*, 293
n worthy Esteem,) 67
Vol. II. [465]
ffive, 11. Vol. II. 505
141

VICTORY, Vol. II. [465]
VIRGINITY, Vol. II. [467]
VIRTUE, 439, 463, Vol. II. 75, 247, 337, [467]
VISION, 421, 477. Vol. II. [471]
VOID, Vol. II. [457]
Voluptuousness, Vol. II. 21
Vow, Vol. II. 351
UPBRAIDING, Vol. II. [475]
Vulcan (entraps *Mars* and *Venus*,) 219
Vulteius (exhorts his Soldiers to kill themselves,) Vol. II. 409

W.

WANT (its Use,) 27. Vol. II. [479]
WAR, 59. Vol. II. [481]
—— Picture of, Vol. II. 203
—— Preparations for, Vol. II. 483
—— Declared, Vol. II. [485]
WAR CIVIL, Vol.. II. [485]
WARRIOR, 421, 489. Vol. II. [489]
Water, (begging for it,) 119
—— clear, 385
Wealth (cannot give Happiness,) 441
WEATHER, Vol. II. [491]
—— Signs of, *ibid.*
WEAVING, Vol. II. [499]
WICKEDNESS, Vol. II. [505]
WIFE, Vol. II. [509]
—— Inconvenience of a learned One, Vol. II. 511
WILL. Vol. II. 513
WINDS, Vol. II. 17, 397, 405, 425, [517,] 543
—— Signs of, Vol. II. 491
WINE, Vol. II. [515]
WINTER, 41. Vol. II. [521]
—— in *Scythia*, Vol. II. 521
WISH, 197, 443, 465. Vol. II. 95, [523]
WIT, Vol. II. [527]
Witch, 305
WOMAN, 205. Vol. II. 509, [527]

WORLD.

INDEX

WORLD. Vol. II [illegible]
——Age of the [illegible]
WORSHIP. Vol. I [illegible]
——Parts required in the [illegible] Vol. I [illegible]
WORD [illegible] Vol. I [illegible]
WRITER, Vol. II [illegible]
WRITING. Vol. II [illegible]

Y.

YEAR, Vol. II [illegible]
——Famous [illegible] 31
Turkish Chronology of 33

Z.

ZEPHYR, Vol. II [343]
ZONES, 295. Vol. II [343]

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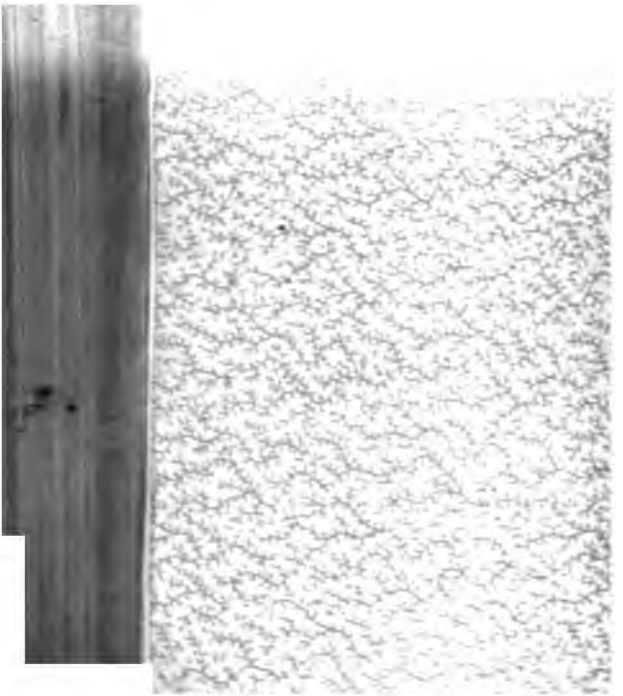

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